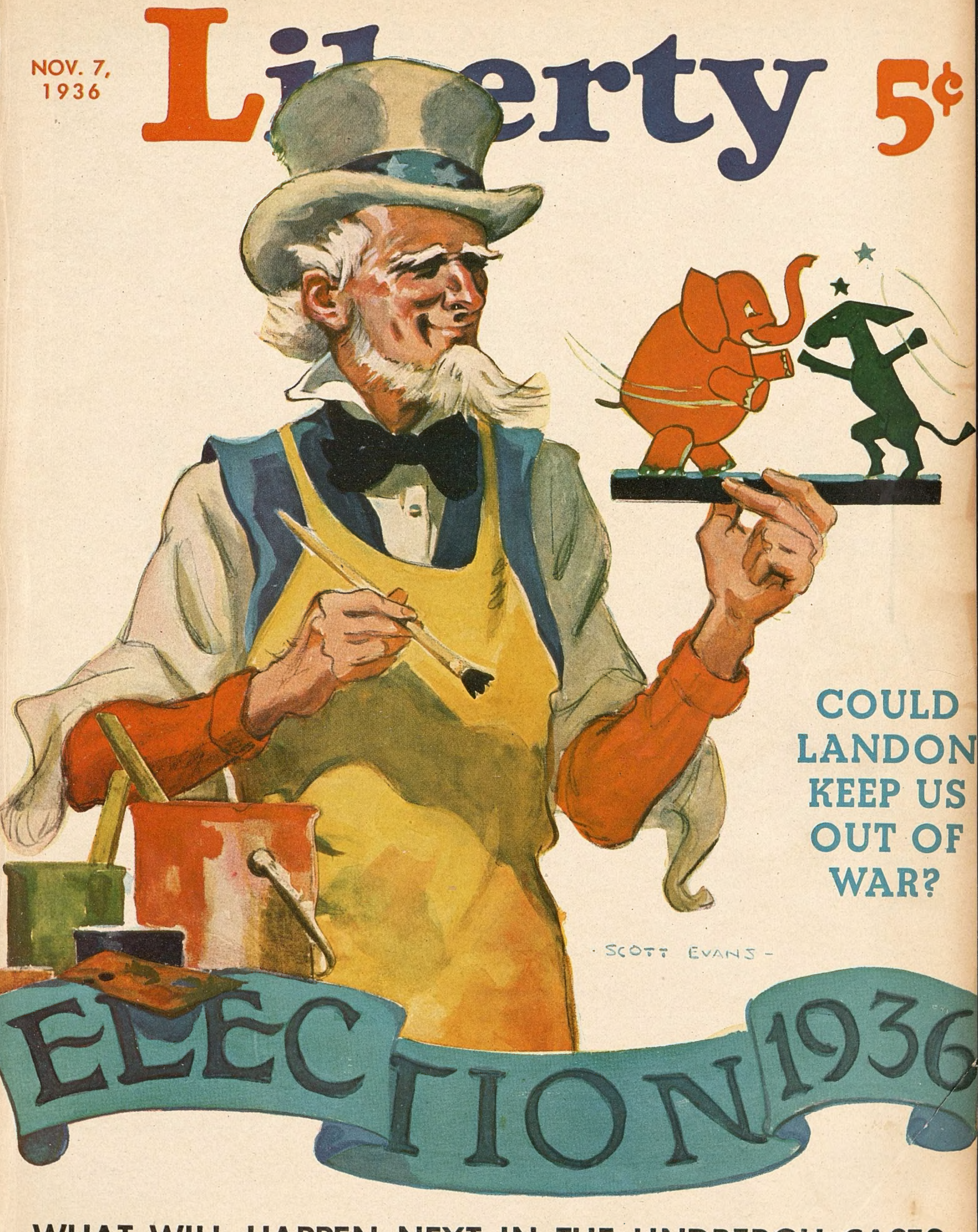
STEINACH'S LATEST DISCOVERIES IN BEATING OLD AGE

NOV. 7, 1936

Liberty

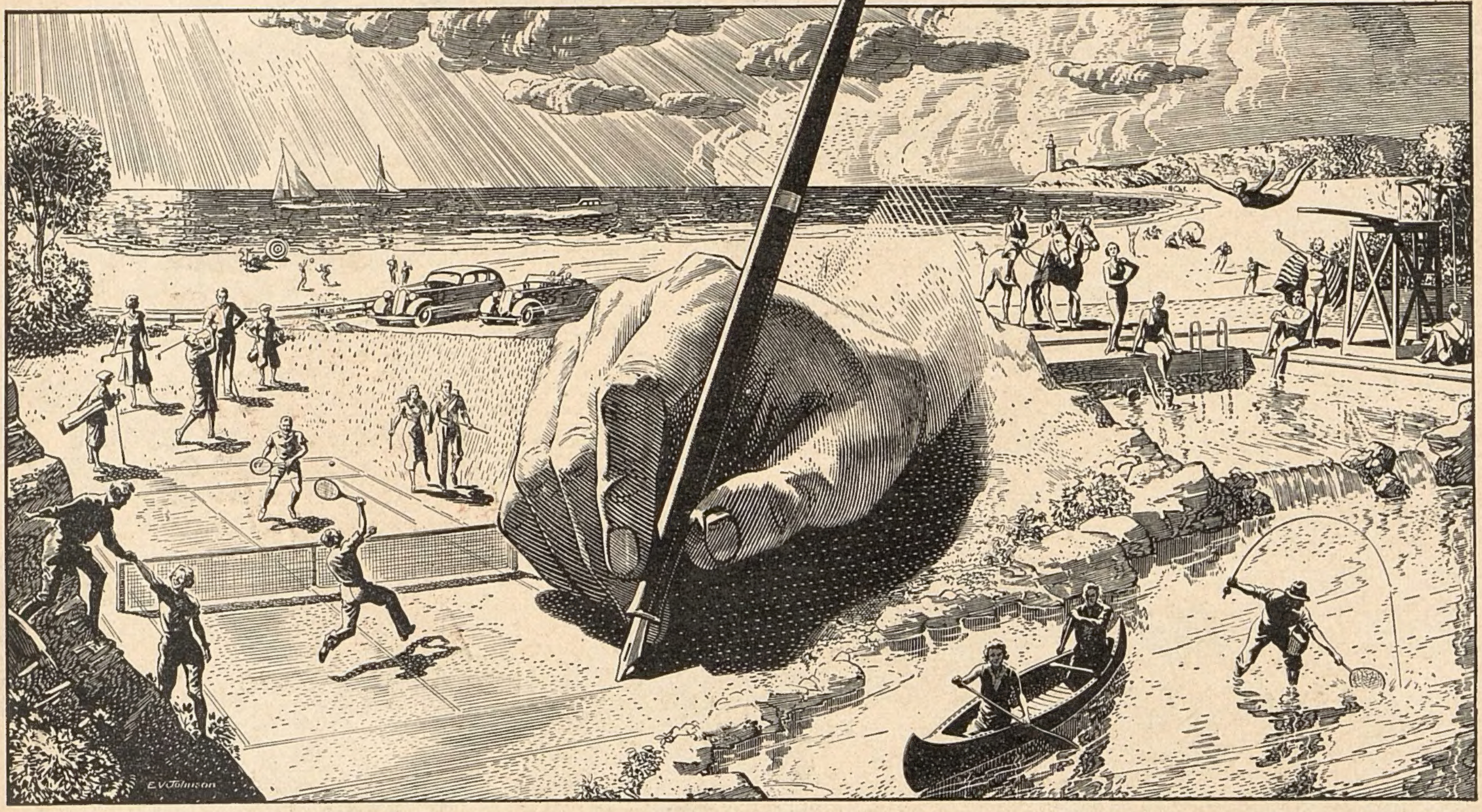
5¢


ELECTION 1936
SCOTT EVANS

COULD LANDON KEEP US OUT OF WAR?

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT IN THE LINDBERGH CASE?

HIS PEN SELLS SUNSHINE TO AMERICA



An obscure "health-crank" becomes a vital force in the lives of millions through his amazing Editorial Technique

NOT many years ago, sunshine was something to stay out of.

George's bathing suit covered most of George. Bessie's covered absolutely all of Bessie. Children's sun suits were unknown. Anthony Comstock, "The King of Prudes," would have arrested girls for playing tennis in their shorts.

Something happened to change all this. Somebody sold the American people on sunshine—to the everlasting good of everybody concerned.

No one has achieved more in this transformation than Bernarr Macfadden, who, for half a century, has devoted his pen, his personality, and his fortune to better the lives of people. In the face of opposition—sometimes even ridicule—Macfadden's pen "sold" sunshine until his ideas took root and grew.

Many other Macfadden principles, radical when he first advanced them, are accepted now as vital to health, happiness and good common sense. Fresh air, wholesome food, sane exercise—to mention just a few.

The key to the spectacular success of Macfadden's crusades and his magazines, is his *editorial technique,* so different from others that it amounts almost to psychological discovery.

The Macfadden editorial technique springs from years of welfare work—a deep understanding of the real interests of people. Love, hope, progress, health mean more to people, he knows, than tax bills or international disputes. His knowledge of people is unique. Gleaned from his millions of letters and personal contacts, it has created a group of magazines entirely unlike any others in the world.

Each Macfadden magazine is vital in its own right. Each meets a need which this keen editor foresaw . . . and that is the story of every editorial success. Look at Liberty, with the swiftest tempo and most human touch of all the weeklies. Look at that great success, True Story. Look at Macfadden's Women's Group.

Today the Macfadden editorial technique with its homely, human qualities, affects the lives of over twenty-five million active, worth-while people every month. It stirs them, challenges them, pleases them. Macfadden's readers follow these magazines for what they are—a vital force in life, as these millions of people themselves live it.

This series of advertisements is sponsored by Physical Culture, the first of the family of Macfadden Magazines

LIBERTY · TRUE STORY · MACFADDEN WOMEN'S GROUP · PHYSICAL CULTURE · PHOTOPLAY · THE DETECTIVE GROUP

When this young Juliet meets her Romeo she'll be glad she guarded against "pink tooth brush"!

IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP YOUR DENTIST KEEP GUMS FIRM AND TEETH SOUND

When you see charming children, when you meet attractive men and lovely women, you can't escape the fact that *personal attractiveness* depends upon dental health—*a winning smile*—sparkling teeth set in firm, healthy gums!

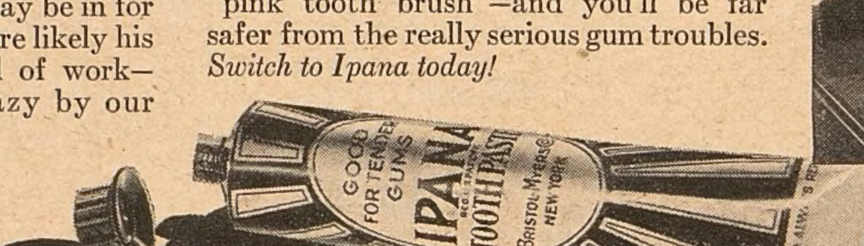
And that fact makes it easy to understand why, in the homes and schools of America, this sensible and modern *dental health* habit is emphasized more and more each year. *Ipana and massage for white teeth and sound gums. Ipana and massage to combat "pink tooth brush"!*

"Pink tooth brush," in itself, isn't serious. It's simply a warning—but a warning you can't afford to ignore. When you see it—see your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble, but it's far more likely his verdict will be gums robbed of work—gums coddled and made lazy by our modern soft-food menus—gums that will quickly respond to the benefits of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed to benefit your gums as well as to keep your teeth white and sparkling. Simply rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and you'll soon note an improvement. Gums feel stronger, more resistant. New circulation brings new firmness.

Switch to Ipana and massage—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of the mouth. Take this sensible safeguard against the threat of our modern menus. You will probably never even see "pink tooth brush"—and you'll be far safer from the really serious gum troubles. *Switch to Ipana today!*

● With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

NOVEMBER 7, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 45

BERNARR MACFADDEN,
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL,
ART EDITOR

I INDICT THE NEW DEAL FOR–

Liberty Magazine favors no political party. It is neutral. But, as the publisher, I reserve the right to express my personal views. I supported President Roosevelt in the last election because of the principles presented in the Democratic platform, but he discarded many of these principles and therefore:

BERNARR MACFADDEN

I INDICT THE NEW DEAL FOR–

1. Adding more than ten billion dollars to the public debt.
2. Failing to balance the budget, a definite pre-election promise.
3. Repudiating definite governmental contracts.
4. Aggravating class prejudice, a criminal use of official power.
5. Abusing the dictatorial powers given to the President.
6. Increasing the cost of living, lessening the buying power of the wage earner, and reducing the standard of living.
7. Spending two dollars for every one it has collected during its tenure of office.
8. Increasing taxes far beyond any previous administration.
9. Diverting relief measures to serve political purposes.
10. Replacing the merit system with favoritism far more than any previous administration.
11. Using Congress as a rubber stamp for passing so-called " must " laws.
12. Passing laws which have infringed the guaranty in the Bill of Rights.
13. Encouraging the passing of legislation known to be unconstitutional.
14. Contemptuous references to the United States Supreme Court—" horse-and-buggy days," etc.
15. Taxing one group of our citizens to favor other groups.
16. Concealing extraordinary increases in governmental expenses by maintaining they were for relief.
17. Making every possible effort to centralize government in Washington, thus robbing the states of their legal rights of self-government.
18. Building up what the President refers to as new instruments of power which would be opposed to the liberties of the people if placed in other hands than his own.
19. Destroying millions of dollars' worth of food while millions of our citizens are subsisting on charity.
20. Using boondoggling to make it easier for politicians to increase expenses.
21. Adding nearly a quarter of a million employees to the federal pay roll.
22. Vastly increasing bureaus and commissions, notwithstanding the pre-election promises to eliminate or " cut to the bone " these governmental departments.
23. Creating a silver-buying policy, spending hundreds of millions trying to raise the price of silver, trading away good American currency.
24. Making trade agreements with favored nations at the expense of American labor, farmer, and consumer.
25. Opening the floodgates of Communism by recognition of Soviet Russia, and allowing that country to float bonds here in violation of the Johnson act, and the employment of Socialists and Communists, and refusing to deport aliens living here illegally.
26. Menacing the safety of every savings account and insurance policy by forcing the banks to buy government securities in dangerously high quantities.
27. Undermining business and industry by threats and the imposition of unjust taxation upon reserves.
28. Establishing the government in countless ways in competition with private business, using taxpayers' money for this purpose.
29. Conducting a ruthless campaign against all critics, even to violating the Bill of Rights.
30. Leaving available for government investment the proposed huge fund designed for the social security of employees and aged.
31. Taking the lives of twelve young army pilots in an effort to turn the air-mail service into a bureaucracy.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Hear Bernarr Macfadden's radio discussion of national questions every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., E. S. T., on Stations WOR, Newark; WLW, Cincinnati; CKLW, Detroit; WGN, Chicago; WMCA, New York.

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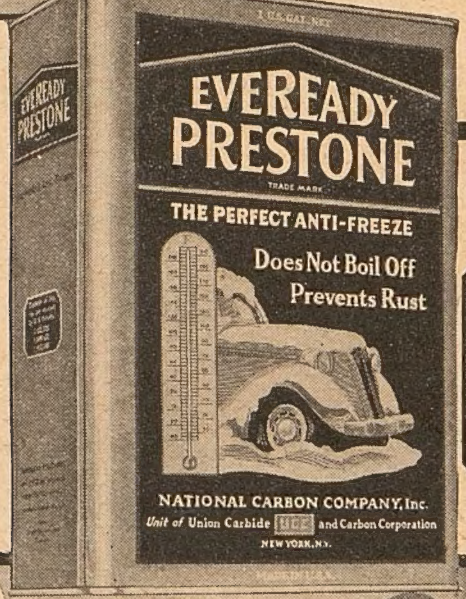
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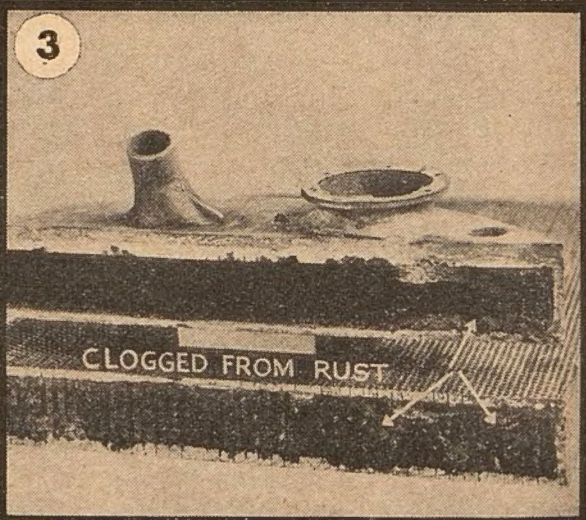
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Rust-clogged cooling systems cost millions every year, ruin fine motors through overheating, burned valves, warped motor blocks, cylinder seepage, seized pistons and bearings. Eveready Prestone users side-step these troubles.

The words "Eveready Prestone" are the trade mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

COULD LANDON KEEP

An Inquirer Seeks an Answer in the Kansan's Home and Heart . . . Is the "Middle Western Mind" What We Need?

by

FULTON OURSLER

EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

IF war comes to Europe, and Alf M. Landon is President of the United States, how is he likely to meet the situation?

If President Roosevelt is re-elected, we know now where we stand. Roosevelt is on record: "I hate war!" He has a knowledge of and experience in foreign affairs second to none. He believes in preparedness and would guide the country with knowledge and understanding. He is not an unknown quantity.

But what about Landon?

At the crisis of war, the nature and temperament of the Executive becomes of extreme importance. One false step, and he may topple his country into war. It is not enough that he is surrounded by constitutional safeguards and wrinkled advisers. When cannon boom, the people look to the Executive as a personal leader. No President can control events, but by his utterances and even by silence he interprets those events so that he leads the people to think war or to think peace. That is a responsibility any President may have to face.

Now, Landon is a man of peace. To President Roosevelt's "I hate war!" the Republican candidate counters with:

"We are all averse to war. It is the supreme human and economic error. We all want peace. Common sense applies in dealing with foreign as well as home problems."

All true and good, but hardly enough. As a man of peace, confronted with neighboring nations at war, Landon may be expected to place his reliance, above all things, on his own native resourcefulness and common sense. His opponents recognize that he has those valuable qualities. But they accuse him of being an untraveled and provincial man, inexperienced in the ways of the great world.

This deficiency, perhaps, is serious. But it is not the damning indictment the Democrats would like to believe. Taking a boat to Europe, touring up and down the Continent in a motorcar, eating luncheon with frock-coated foreign officials—none of these excitements can turn a country cousin into an authority in world affairs, although many a country cousin believes otherwise. You may send a donkey around the world and he will not come home a horse.

One of the greatest studies of any civilization ever written was Prescott's History of the Conquest of Peru—and Prescott never saw Peru. And among our provincial and untraveled Presidents who managed to get a fair grasp on foreign problems, one could mention, among others, Coolidge, Cleveland, and Lincoln.

It was in the nature of these men to meet a foreign crisis not only with good sense but with firmness and good temper. With passions loose in the world, the power of a President over himself, his ability to remain calm, may determine the course of history.

What, then, is the nature and temperament of Alf M. Landon? Traveling home from the West last summer I had the opportunity to talk with Mr. Landon. I stopped off at Topeka in August, with the sun shriveling the corn and blighting the whole landscape; in heat that would dishearten a fire-eater, I arrived at Alf Landon's house, which is the Governor's Mansion, at 801 Buchanan Street, on the corner of Eighth Street. It is an old-fashioned dwelling, probably of the President Buchanan era. One noticed the pointed tower at the corner, the iron balustrade, the ample porch, and the iron fountain on the lawn.

I talked with Mr. Landon as he lay on the couch in his living room. He was in pain, suffering from pleurisy, and, although the heat was intense, he was covered with a blanket. Yet he was amiable and good-natured and natural; his first action, after greeting me, was to begin rummaging through his pockets, frowning intently.

"Are you looking for a cigarette, Governor?" I asked, proffering my pack.

"Just what I was looking for," he said, taking one.

Then I remembered—Will Irwin had reported that Governor Landon never gave away campaign cigars but always managed to borrow cigarettes from new friends. This technique is exactly opposite to the habit of President Roosevelt, who invariably offers one of his cigarettes to a caller. Both methods appeal successfully to the little vanities of human nature.

I talked with Governor Landon on that hot day about many things. The large picture of Abraham Lincoln on the wall told me at once the American he most admired. I learned his favorite authors—the strange bedfellow combination of Sabatini and James Truslow Adams. The matter-of-fact mind of the prairie governor is beguiled by cloak and sword, mask and pantaloon, the impossibly courageous heroes and beautiful heroines of the Sabatini historical romances. Yet for the history of his own people, Landon had turned to an historian whose implacable sense of the realities pricked the bubbles of many pretty stories still being taught as truthful American history to Kansas school children. That Landon knows what Adams can teach him is reassuring.

The Governor's favorite detective-story writers are S. S. Van Dine, Dashiell Hammett, and, I was glad to learn, Anthony Abbot. Out of all the music of the world, he is stirred most by the rhythms of gospel hymns. His favorite is When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder. Perhaps you remember the words—

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall
  be no more,
 And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
 And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Sometimes, when Sunday-evening church service is over, Governor and Mrs. Landon sing that hymn upstairs together. As Robbie Burns once wrote:

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

Perhaps your taste in music would wish for some other type of song. Anyway, you may feel kindlier to Governor Landon when you know that Robert Burns is his favorite poet. Burns was a revolutionist at heart, but Governor Landon does not fear revolution of the right kind. From his point of view Burns was the right kind. Yet Burns was a convivial and passionate man who, knowing so much of joy and exultation, yet lived a sordid life; he was a toper in the taverns, a pursuer of women, a mocker at rules and proprieties. It is natural that Mr. Landon should like, of all the Burns poems, the one that the world likes best—The Cotter's Saturday Night. This genre

US OUT OF WAR?

A simple American, whose Middle Western mind knows little of that thing called diplomacy, may be just the one needed to keep us out of the European insane asylum.

picture in words of family life, humble and devout and beautiful, one feels to be as true of the United States as of Scotland; it celebrates American virtues—

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
  "An honest man's the noblest work of God";
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind:
  What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

Landon has a love for his family that amounts to a deep enduring passion. Of nothing in his life is he so proud as of his children. His desire is to see them away from city life, living with him on a farm, getting closer to nature which he feels is the simplest approach to God. Landon's religious faith is his greatest reliance. Sustained by that trust in the divine, he faces his own fears courageously. He is not ashamed to admit that he is often afraid. His fear these last few months has been that if he is elected, he will not be a good President.

"Governor," I asked him, "what are you most ashamed of in your whole life?"

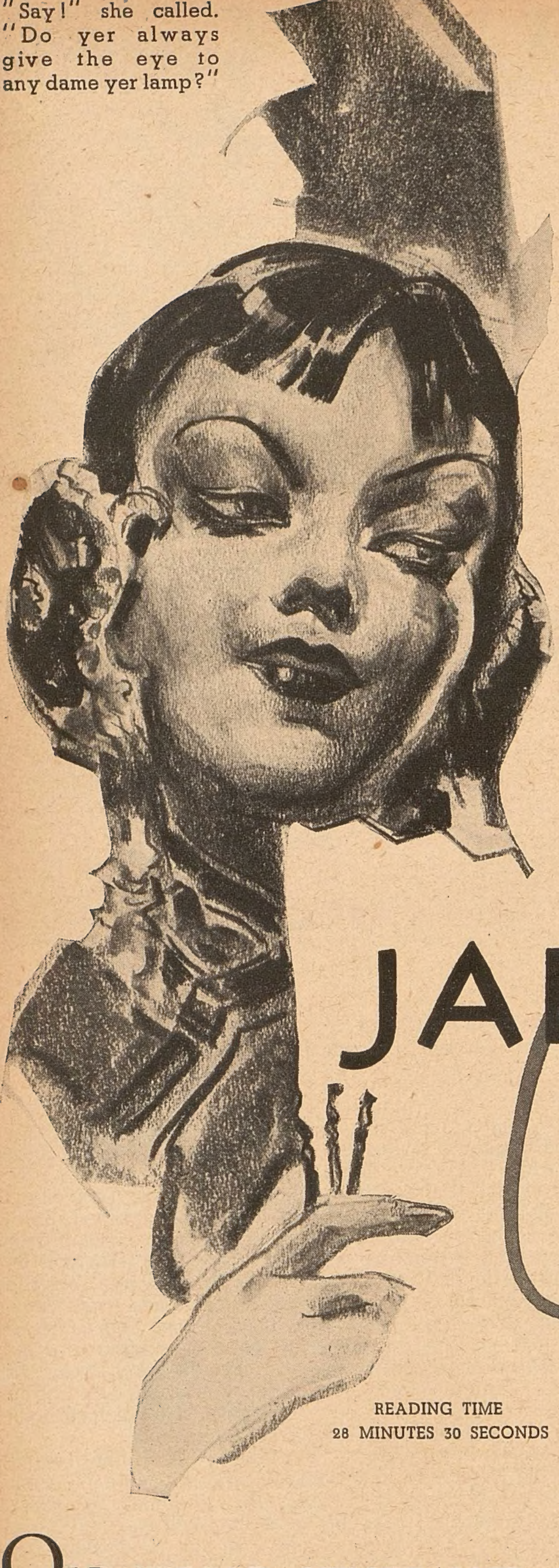
He closed his eyes and thought for a while, then answered, "My temper. It has been the reason for the worst mistakes in my life. I had to conquer it."

This is a startling glint on the quiet surface of Governor Landon's behavior. The imperturbable good nature, the amiable certitude which distinguish him are, one must assume, the product of self-conquest. That, it seems to me, is one of the most important things to know about Landon if he is ever to lead us through the treacherous ways of foreign relations.

Frederick Palmer once quoted Governor Landon as saying that the United States had a well trained diplomatic corps and State Department on which he could rely for counsel in dealing with other nations. He will do better to depend upon himself. It is no secret that the State Department of the United States needs Americanization. No Secretary of State has yet been able to break that Europeanization which infects our undersecretariat as with an Anglophiliac disease. Nor has any President had any influence on the problem. Perhaps it will need a provincial President—a man unmoved by "a lordling's pomp"—to break that distressing tradition.

There is an important "perhaps": A simple American who has never been abroad, whose Middle Western mind knows little of that thing called diplomacy, which is duplicity expressed in high-sounding and self-righteous phrases, might be helpful—one who has no stomach for secret alliances and has a distrust of internationalism, knowing that only the weak nations want to be international and that only the strong can stand alone. Perhaps such a man, guided by native common sense and a deep-rooted religious feeling, might hold fast to that provincialism which some call "our splendid isolation" and which is at once America's glory and her strength. The Middle Western mind may be just what is needed to keep us out of the European insane asylum!

THE END



"Say!" she called. "Do yer always give the eye to any dame yer lamp?"

JADE-WHITE Peace

READING TIME
28 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

OLD-WORLD VENGEANCE IN NEW MANHATTAN!—A COLORFUL TALE OF EAST AND WEST, AND A GIRL'S BEWILDERED HEART

LATER on, when Bill Devoy, once detective of Second Branch and on the Pell Street beat of sewer gas and opium and yellow men and white, had retired from service, he used to remark that he never got the hang of the affair; that, straight through, he mistrusted that there greasy lemon-colored old buzzard of a Sing Yat, the gambler, the poet. Then he'd spit reflectively and say:

"Still—mebbe that Chink spoke the truth. Mebbe he really did wot he claimed he did—though it beats me how in hell he got away with it. For Biff Levinsky was one tough guy. And to the very last, right up to the moment when they toasted his fanny on the hot seat over to Sing Sing, Biff swore that he got framed—even explained how.

"And yet—why, look at the other guy—at Tim—and all the talk there was that he and Sing Yat's daughter—"

He would interrupt himself; would add:

"Too damned pat—the whole thing."

He said it quite without rancor, the years between having given him a philosophical outlook. And quite without rancor, too, was Sing Yat, who just about the same time, having left New York's Chinatown and returned to his native Canton, was confiding to Abbot Shen Chin, keeper of the Temple of the Monkey and the Stork, that foreign devils were very foolish people.

At which the abbot inclined his shaven head, scratched it delicately with a long gold-encased fingernail, and gave a rather mean little laugh; winked a heavy-lidded poppy-reddened eye. He knew the whole chain of events, beginning with an evening, years earlier, when Sing Yat was sitting in the private office of his place of business, on Mott Street, known as the Canton Mutual Endeavor and Temperance Society, in reality a gambling club which he owned. . . .

On that evening Sing Yat was in a happy mood. He had unrolled a scroll of pale vellum; was about to continue the composition of an ode at which he had been busy for over two decades.

For once—and the reason why he had emigrated to America is another story, yet to be told—he had been renowned as a literatus, a classic scholar, in the city of Canton. There, competing against ninety-seven picked youths from all South China, he had passed first in the examination at the Palace of August and Happy Education, and had obtained the eminent degree of Honorable Promoted Man. And his prize poem—was it not quoted to this day by white-bearded ancients sipping their jasmine-flavored tea in the flaunting gardens of Peiping's Lama monastery?

Well—here, under his hand, another, finer poem was shaping. He smoothed out the scroll—Jade-White Peace was the title—and, rather vainly, intoned one of the stanzas:

> "The turbulent waters in the pool of my soul
> Have vanished—vanished.
> The mellow sunlight of growing years gilds—
> Gilds the pagoda of my heart.
> And the autumn winds ply many a charming fan."

He smiled, pleased with himself. He dipped pointed brush into thick purple ink and began composing another stanza—the last.

Its opening lines had come to him this afternoon when he had sipped tea and nibbled rice cakes in company with his daughter. A delightful child, he reflected, whom he had brought up in the good old-fashioned way, nor spared the rod. Edith—her mother, who was no longer among the living, had insisted on calling her. An ugly outlandish name. But then, her mother had been a foreign barbarian from Sweden. And it was not of the latter, but of a sweetheart years ago, back home in China, Sing Yat was thinking as he wrote:

> Across the shadow of my remembrance falls—
> Falls the shadow of her lisping feet.
> But in the Pavil—

He stopped in the middle of the word; sat up, startled, annoyed, as he heard the zumming of the rubber tube that connected with the entrance hall on the lower floor. He spoke into the orifice:

"What is it?"

"The number one foreign devil is on his way up," the doorman's apologetic accents came from downstairs.

SING YAT sighed. He inclined his head in curt greeting as, shortly afterward, Biff Levinsky entered—a short, wiry, elegantly clad young man with kinky hair and amazingly beautiful eyes in a dead-white egg-shaped face. He talked out of the corner of his mouth, that was cruelly thin, yet scarlet with sensuousness:

"Got the mazuma ready, John?"

The Chinese did not reply. He counted out a hundred dollars. The gangster pocketed the sum.

"Thanks. Be seein' yer."

He left—and Sing Yat penned two more lines:

> But in the Pavilion of Exquisite Purity sings—
> Sings always the Lute of Jade.

He paused, debating what the next word should be. But the inspiration refused to come. It was the fault of these vulgar interruptions.

"Buddha!" he exclaimed.

He was angry. Not because of the money, for his wealth was considerable. Nor because it was graft—the fact that, week after week, he paid out the same amount for what the gangster, with a leer, referred to as "protection." Why, four times a year a high police official, a Fourteenth Street politician, and a state senator with a historic Knickerbocker name touched checks—equivocally speaking, as the payments were in cash—running to four figures.

But this, in Sing Yat's oblique Mongol logic, was proper graft, virtuous and honorable, while the men who collected it were soft-spoken and courteous. It was almost a pleasure to gild their fingers. Biff Levinsky's graft, on the other hand, he reckoned dishonorable, since it was plain blackmail from which he received no return, either financial or civic. It meant, therefore, a loss of dignity—of face; and this loss of face was made unbearable by the gangster's insulting behavior.

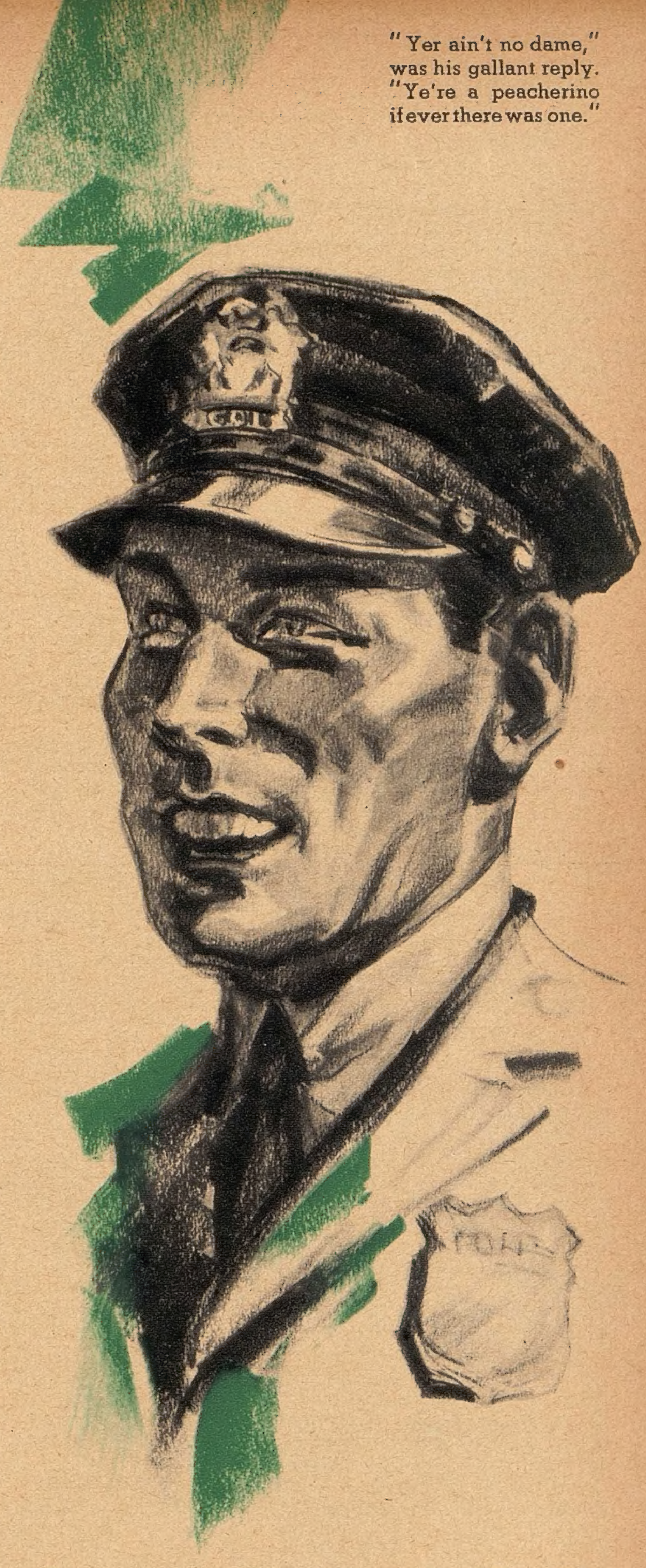
Ah, a most objectionable person! The reincarnation, doubtless, of uncounted generations of lice!

Sing Yat crossed now to the corner of the office where a bronze Buddha squatted on a lotus pedestal. He lit three sweet-scented Hun-shu incense sticks before the idol; kowtowed seven times.

"O blessed Lord Gautama!" he chanted. "Send death to the foreign barbarian!"

He went downstairs.

The place was crowded with Pell Street's wealth and fashion. And his anger disappeared completely as he



"Yer ain't no dame," was his gallant reply. "Ye're a peacherino if ever there was one."

by ACHMED ABDULLAH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO

beheld the scene; as—*hyah!* but it spelled rich, fat profit—he heard the symphony of the felt-covered tables, the rustling and shivering of paper money, the gay chink of silver, the rhythmic roll of the dice, the staccato exclamations of the silken yellow lad who presided over the roulette wheel, the singsong voices of the mah-jongg players calling out the queer archaic score of the ancient game.

And in clipped metallic English:

" Damn it to hell! "

It was the voice of Kang Kee, the hatchetman. Steadily—although with right thumb and left second finger he had made the sign of the Dragon and the Crab to guard against evil luck—he had been losing. Now he was cleaned out; would have to borrow—from somebody; and he saw Sing Yat and drew him into a corner.

" Lend me some money," he began bluntly.

" No. I do not approve of gambling."

" Why—you own this place! "

" But I never gamble myself."

A pause. Then an idea came to Kang Kee.

" And yet," he purred, " I am a useful friend. What about a certain alien pig called—amazingly—Biff Levinsky? Listen! For a thousand dollars—"

" Not even for a thousand cents."

Moral scruples? Not at all. Only he reflected that Kang Kee belonged to the new, American-born generation; that, to him, his trade was not a clean and honorable dispensing of justice according to the ancient law of China, but merely a method of making money. Once the killing had been done, he would—Sing Yat suspected—use the grim secret between them to blackmail him just as Levinsky was doing now.

" Not even for a thousand cents," he repeated. " You see," coldly, " I do not trust you. You are almost like a foreigner, a coarse-haired barbarian, in speech and manner, in vice and, I suppose "—slurringly—" in pale virtue."

Kang Kee licked his dry lips. *Hai!* he thought vindictively, the day would come when he would cause Sing Yat to eat dirt, much dirt. Just as soon as he saw the chance. In the meantime, if he could puncture his stiff-necked pride a little—a foretaste of future revenge—

" Speaking about coarse-haired barbarians," he said, " is it not true that your daughter's mother was of that race? "

" Quite true. But she herself is of China."

" So? "

" So! "

" And yet—I saw her the other afternoon, on the beach, swimming, sunning herself."

" I gave her permission."

" And, surely, you gave her permission, too, to wear the bathing costume of a foreign barbarian? Hardly enough to cover her exquisite nakedness. And—ah—it would have delighted your poet's soul. The charm and beauty of her narrow hips—her small blossoming breasts—to look at her caused my heart to flutter like a butterfly."

Sing Yat made no answer. But his face grew white; his jaws clamped. Tomorrow, he decided, he would talk to his daughter.

HE did; and she talked back.

Why, she demanded, shouldn't she dress like the other girls? Seventeen—wasn't she?—and an American; and as to all those silly old Chinese prejudices—

She said a lot. And so it came about that presently, as she stood on the balcony of her father's house, deep sobs racked her frame. Her lips quivered, and she was thinking, not with loving-kindness, of Sing Yat, who ten minutes earlier had given her a sound thrashing with a leather belt and, between strokes, had confided to her certain hoary maxims anent the respect children are supposed to have for their parents.

For a minute or two she debated if she should jump down and break her pretty little neck. Not, as a white child would have reasoned, to cause her father to be grief-stricken and, therefore, blame himself, but rather to make him lose face with his countrymen, suicide being the blackest disgrace on a Mongol's escutcheon.

Shudderingly she measured the distance, cringed—and saw Tim Gallagher, who was passing—Tim Gallagher, the Irish cop, young and tall and strapping, with brown curly hair and a bullet-shaped head and a prize-fighter's chin and a big nose standing out, hooked and aggressive, between blue eyes.

He heard her sob. He saw her, small and delightful. Her glance, flitting obliquely through brimming tears, held him.

" Geez! " he thought, sincerely if coarsely. " That's a Chink skoit I c'd go for in a strong way."

He smiled at her. She smiled back.

Here, she reflected, was a less painful way of causing her father to lose face. Besides—gee!—that copper was a sure-enough swell looker, big and strong, not like them yaller boys, either too scrawny or too fat.

" Say! " she called down. " Do yer always give the eye to any stray dame yer happen to lamp? "

He twirled his locust stick.

" Yer ain't no stray dame," was his gallant reply. " Ye're a peacherino if ever there was one."

Thus compliments were lightly tossed to and fro until, casually, Tim mentioned that Saturday night he was off duty. Would Edith— She would. A date. Sure—Saturday evening being the time when her father's place was crowded, until all hours, with the cream of Mongol gentry.

THEREFORE, some days later, Tim spent lingering minutes with a razor, plastering his unruly locks down with water, knotting his tie just so, clothing his healthy body in becoming Palm Beach white. And Edith, too, was in white. White with a design of tiny yellow roses—for it was spring.

Pretty! The prettiest—Tim told her—amongst the thousand and ten thousand girls who crowded Coney.

And there were fun and games. And soft drinks and some not quite so soft. And hot dogs and popcorn and ice cream. And dancing. And presently Edith suggesting:

" Wot about a bitta fresh air? "

" Suits me."

They found a bench outside. And they sat there side by side, strangely tongue-tied.

Edith glanced sideways at Tim.

Swell looker! And so strong!

Gosh—suppose he popped the question? To be married to him—a real honest-to-goodness Irish cop—

No! she decided the next moment. Her father'd raise merry hell. And, too, she remembered her mother—her mother, who had been so unhappy; had told her so just before she had died.

" The white and the yaller," her mother had said to her, " don't mix—see? Yer gotta marry a Chink, Ede—because ye're a Chink yerself."

" I ain't! "

" Sure yer are. Half Chink is all Chink."

Oh, yes, Edith said to herself, her mother had been right: half Chink is all Chink. She and Tim could never make a go of it—and she sighed and Tim looked up.

" Wot's the matter, baby? " he asked.

" Aw—nothin'."

He slipped an arm about her waist. Again they sat there, tongue-tied, until suddenly she moved away a little and said in a husky whisper:

" Cut it out! Ye're gettin' too damned fresh! "

For she was afraid as she thought of her father—her father, who just then, at the desk in his office, was thinking of her.

No doubt of it—he considered—he would have preferred a son. Sons gave meaning to a man's life. Yet even some daughters were not entirely worthless. His own, for instance.

He smiled rather tenderly.

In a way, he was proud of her. There were—how could it be otherwise, since she was so young?—her moments of rebellion. Still, he had every right to be pleased with her; had brought her up properly, strictly. And some day she would marry. Would have children of her own; his grandchildren—O Buddha, let them be sons!—to inherit his wealth and the reflected glory of his name as a poet.

For the ode was nearing completion. It made him happy.

There was, of course—wasn't there always?—a drop of gall in the honey. Biff Levinsky.

Well, sooner or later he would eliminate him. Without help from anybody—certainly not from Kang Kee the hatchetman.

More and more he disliked the latter, who for weeks now had been trying to lacerate his pride with small pinpricks and subtle slurring words.

But it did not matter.

What else was to be expected of a man of the newer generation—a man almost a foreigner?

Yet perhaps Sing Yat did Kang Kee an injustice.

The man was American-born. Oh, yes. Still, the essence of him, the inner secret self, was of China. Vindictively so. He had never forgiven Sing Yat for his cold insulting words; was patiently waiting his chance to make the gambler eat dirt—much dirt.

And he saw his chance not long later.

BY this time spring had passed and summer come.

Sordid and spongy hot the Canton Mutual Endeavor and Temperance Society, where, out of rather sneering respect for the white man's police, the Mongol gentry was gambling behind closed windows.

Sordid and spongy hot the little room in the Bowery lodginghouse that had once seemed so gloriously romantic. The pink-flowered wallpaper eaten by rusty stains; the iron bedstead sagging dismally; the naked electric bulb swinging from twisted wires; the basin chipped and discolored; flies buzzing—and Edith Yat, her eyes swollen with tears, facing Tim Gallagher, cursing him.

He looked at her stupidly.

"Gee!" he muttered through a tight throat. "Mebbe ye're mistaken."

"I ain't!" she screamed. "Don't tell me I am when I ain't!"

Gosh—he felt sorry for the poor kid. Tough on her—pretty damned tough. He tried to take her in his arms. She pushed him away.

"Wot yer gonna do?" She shook out the words one by one, between hiccupy sobs. "Wot yer gonna do—eh?"

Only one thing to do—he knew, being a decent lad according to his lights. They wouldn't be happy. He knew that, too. Still—it was up to him; and he said:

"I'll marry yer—sure I will."

She laughed wildly.

"And wot about my old man? Think he'll let yer?"

"Why not?"

"Ye're white—ain't yer?"

"So was yer mother."

"A helluva lot yer know about Chinks! Sure, a Chink'll fool aroun' with a white skoit—marry her if he has to. But"—and she spoke with queer pride—"a white *man* marryin' his daughter—a Chink's daughter?"

"That's a lotta hooey, sweetie-pie. I'll talk to yer old man tomorrow."

"Yer won't! I won't let yer! Want him t' croak me? Aw—" She turned on him suddenly. She pummeled his face, his chest, his stomach with her little fists. "I hate yer!" she yelled. "I hate yer!"

And it was a sending of fate that, a minute earlier, somebody should have passed along the landing outside; somebody who—though this, too, is another story, yet to be told—had gone to the Bowery place to talk over certain business details with a Chicago opium merchant recently come to town and engaged in a private feud; somebody who put his ear against the door, then jumped sideways into the shadows as, a moment later, Edith rushed out.

She ran to her house, up to her room. She threw herself on the bed. A surge of sobs choked her. She stared straight ahead with bleak ravaged eyes.

Her father, just then, was in a cold rage. Because of Biff Levinsky, who had called an hour earlier, had said:

"I gotta new broad. And—take it from me—she's class."

"Delightful!" Sing Yat yawned. "But of no interest."

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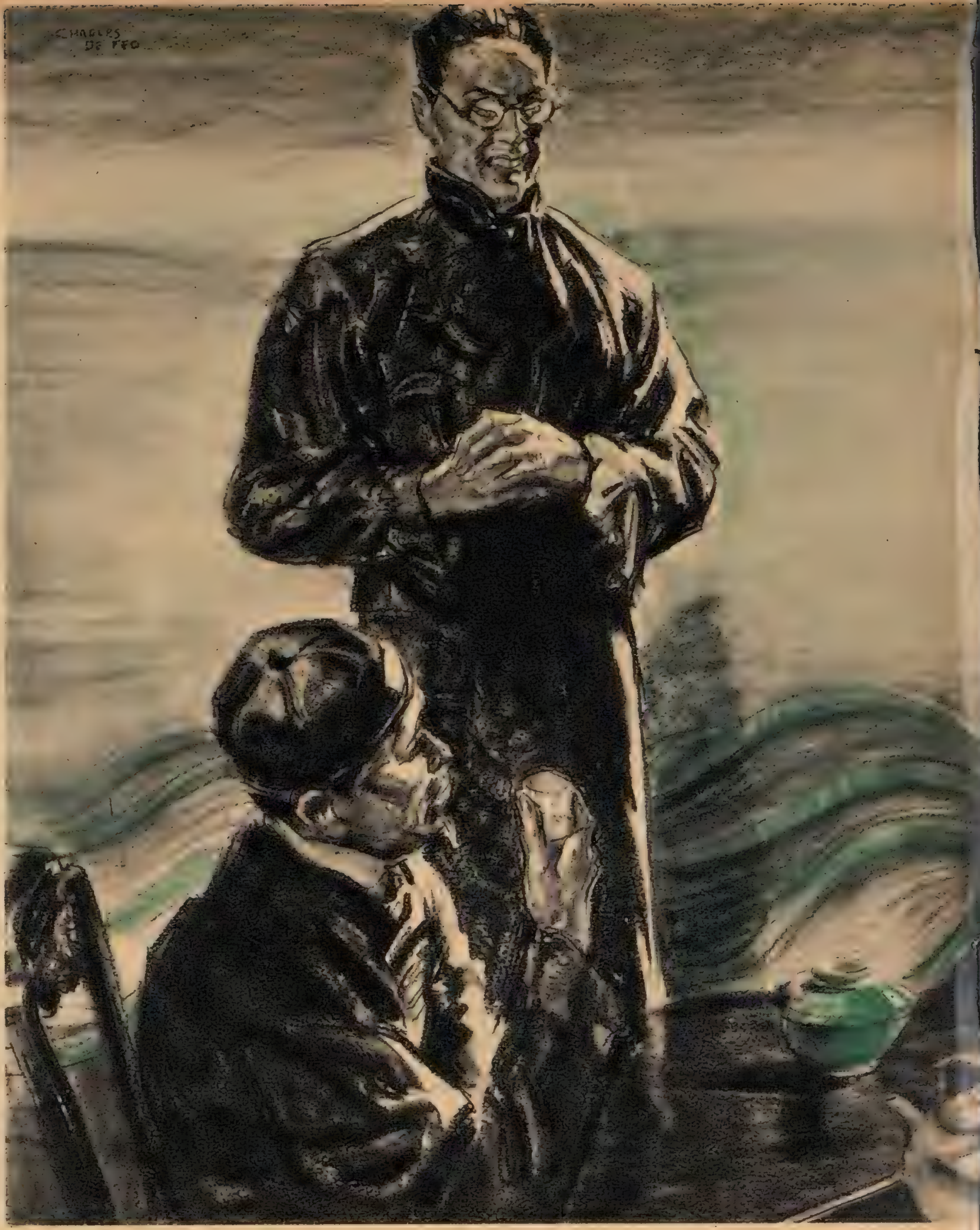


Then there was laughter—pitiless. Kang Kee's laughter. Here

"Sez *you!* Listen! Gwen's an expensive jane—and so I hafta raise the ante."

"Ah," the other had flared up, "not a cent more!"

"Zat so? I'll be back tomorrow same time, yer lousy slit-eyed little Chink—and ye'll kick through with two hundred smackers—and that goes for every Saturday—see?"

He had swaggered out; and Sing Yat walked up and down, debating what he should do.

Perhaps it would be best to make his peace with Kang Kee, hire him after all? Perhaps it would be more honorable to be mulcted by one of his own race?

He must be slow and careful and patient before he took that step.

"Patient! Yes! I shall be patient!"

But his brain, as he went downstairs, was crimson with fury. And he was in an ugly mood as he joined the group of Chinese who, having finished their mah-jongg, were sitting at a round table, smoking, sipping tea, talking about what happened to their countrymen in America.

"Gold happens," said Yung Long, the wholesale grocer, the practical, dissolute man. "Plenty gold."

"Plenty gold," echoed Yu Ch'ang, the priest of the joss temple. "Yet has it ever occurred to you that, by finding here the gold of riches, we lose the more precious gold of our souls? How can we look for the shining glory of the Buddha's face in the stinking rotten heaven of Pell Street? I have thought much. I have thought left and thought right, and"—severely—"I know. I know our fate—and, chiefly, that of our children."

"They have deserted the good ways," sighed Nag Hong Fah, the obese restaurant owner, "the old ways, the ways of their honorable ancestors."

"Indeed!" agreed Sing Yat. "And your own household is an example." He did not dislike Nag Hong Fah, but he had to take his rage out on somebody. "Your household," he went on, "is a stench in the nostrils of the righteous. For I understand that your son has openly declared his belief in the gods of the Christians."

The restaurant owner turned pale. A harsh retort was on his lips. But he reflected that Sing Yat was rich and he himself poor. So he plied his fan with slow dignity and held his peace, while the other continued:

"It is different with my own child. I have brought her up strictly, nor spared the rod. Ah—she is a delightful blossom, filled with seventy-seven excellent virtues."

Then there was laughter—brittle, pitiless. Kang Kee's laughter; Kang Kee telling himself that here—*hai!*—was his chance of settling his score with the gambler. And he made a derisive gesture with thumb and third finger and remarked:

"A thousand deeds build the pedestal. One deed destroys it."

"Eh?" Sing Yat gave a start. "What's that?"

"One deed"—the hatchetman smiled thinly—"in *your* household."

Sing Yat came a step nearer. He said thickly:

"You have either spoken too much—or not enough."

"Not enough." Again Kang Kee laughed—and he related what he had overheard in the Bowery lodging-house.

Then silence dropped. The assembled company sat, staring at their neat slippered feet, intent, by token of their racial austerity, on effacing their personalities from the focus of alien conflict. And Sing Yat went to the door. He left. The others, watching through the window, could see his lean figure pass down the street where the moonlight tinged his black robe with silver and purple.

The shadows of night drifted fast.

"Ah," commented Yung Long, out of the wide charity of his personal laxity, "it is only the relative value which makes good good—and evil evil." . . .

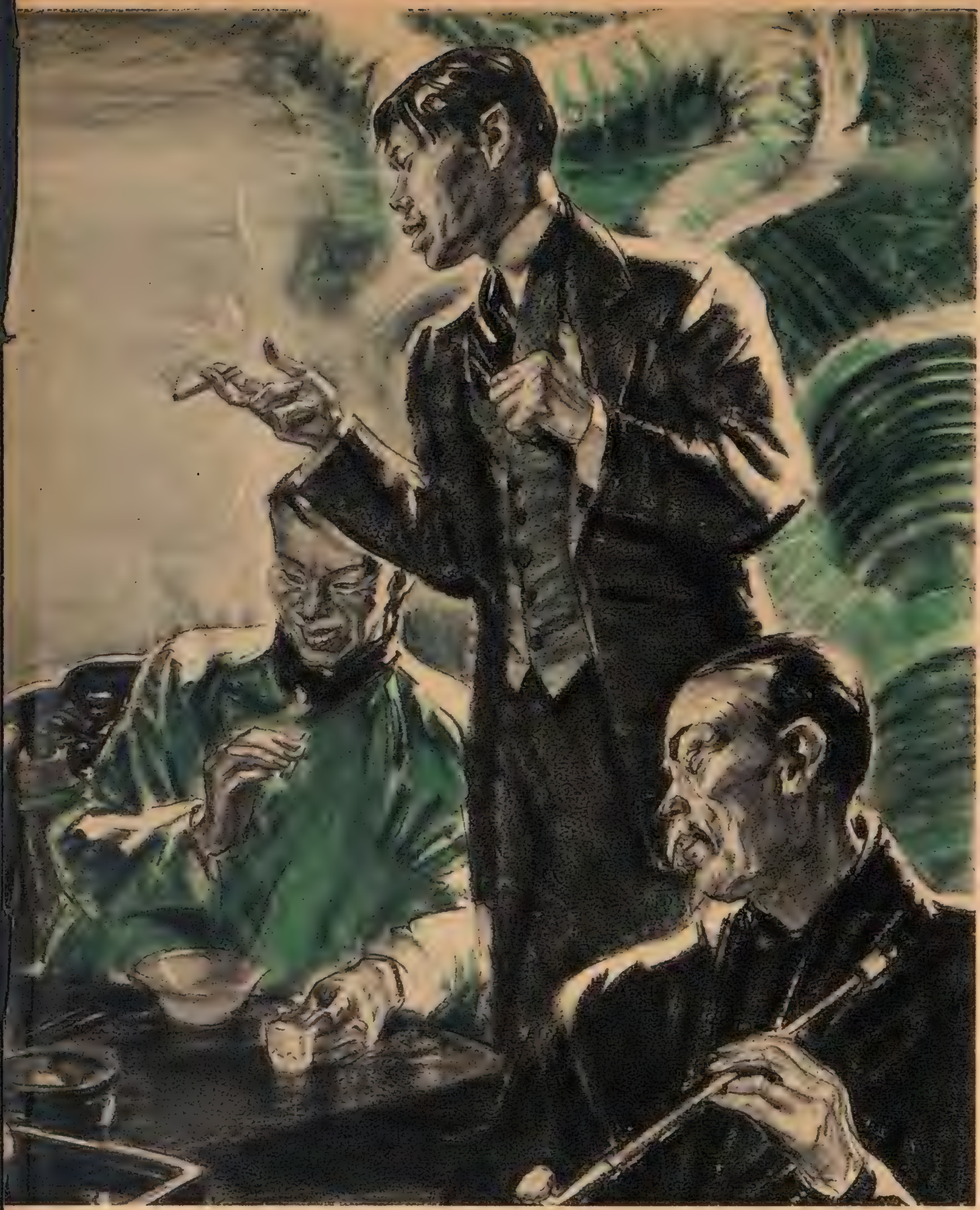
When Sing Yat reached home, he went straight to his daughter's room. She sat up, screamed; and he said:

"Be quiet!"

She stared at him. He spoke a few terse words.

"It is the truth?" he added; and, when she did not answer, only sobbed, he went on: "Yes. It is the truth."

He stood over her. She cringed toward the wall, as far away from him as she could. She shoved her face hard into the pillow. Her words, in Chinese, were muffled:



—hail—was his chance of settling his score with the gambler.

"Don't kill me! Please, please—don't kill me!"

"Why should I? Silly child!" His accents were strangely gentle. He stroked her hair. "I have tried to bring you up in the right way, and it appears that I have failed. Perhaps"—for he was essentially a just man—"the fault was mine as much as yours. And so—don't be afraid—of me—your father."

He bent low to catch what she was saying.

"Ashamed!" she muttered. "I'm so ashamed!"

"And so am I, Plum Blossom. There is this black disgrace which has come to you—and me—which we must face—ah—together."

She felt conscious of a great driving rush of tenderness. She stretched forth a shy, groping hand; she whispered:

"Father—"

"Yes, Plum Blossom?"

"Tim—he wants to marry me. I told him you wouldn't allow it. But maybe—"

"Wait!" he interrupted sharply. "Let me consider."

Sing Yat sat down. He smoked a leisurely cigarette. Then he said:

"Ask Tim to call at my place of business tomorrow, half an hour after midnight. I—yes, I see a way of saving my face—and his." . . .

On the following evening, at the Canton Mutual Endeavor and Temperance Society, Sing Yat imparted certain detailed instructions to Sing Wah, a man of his own clan, who was the servant attending to the opium and the samshu rice wine. He added:

"You understand?"

"I do, O wise and older brother. You—ah"—in a slurring voice—"you have a guest tonight?"

"An honored guest."

They stared at each other. Their lips curled faintly—and Sing Yat sought out the doorman.

"This," he told him, "is Saturday. Levinsky is so punctual. He will be here at midnight. Thirty minutes later I expect another foreigner. A policeman—Tim Gallagher."

The doorman was startled. He had heard the scandal about Tim Gallagher and Edith Yat—and he inquired with malicious amusement:

"You wish me to bar the door against him?"

"Not at all. Let him enter—and when he is on his way up sound the buzzer three times."

He mounted the stairs to his office. He sat at his desk; unrolled the scroll of vellum and read aloud, sonorously, the last stanza as far as he had written:

"Across the shadow of my remembrance falls—
Falls the shadow of her lisping feet.
But in the Pavilion of Exquisite Purity sings—
Sings always the Lute of Jade."

He leaned back. Charming! was his rather vain thought. Tonight, he felt certain, he would finish the ode; would add the completing philosophical twist. He reflected what it would be. He stared through the window, up at the night clouds that clawed at the moon with cool slim fingers of white and silver; stared at the farther wall that was covered by a square of pale yellow silk embroidered with conventional figures, black and purple and maroon, representing the *hei-song-che-choo*, the "spirits of the ink," household gods of poets.

He said to himself: "I am a poet."

He gave a laugh, soft, low; was still laughing when Biff Levinsky came in.

"Wot's so funny, John?" asked the gangster.

"I am happy."

"Gotta boithday?"

"No. I am finishing a poem."

"Of all the nuts! Well—cough up the dough."

"In a moment. Will you first do me the honor of sharing a bottle with me—to celebrate my happiness?"

"O. K. by me." Levinsky was in a jovial mood. Gwen was one sure-enough swell little tart; and tomorrow he'd buy her that white fox scarf. "Bring on the champagne."

"Something better than champagne. A wine from my own country."

"I ain't so strong for that Chinkie stuff."

"This, I assure you, is delightful. As fragrant as—"

"Awright, awright—as long as it's gotta kick. Get a move on, John!"

Sing Yat went to the door. He clapped his hands. Sing

Wah appeared, carrying a bottle and two glasses.

"I call that soivice," remarked the gangster. "Here," pouring out a stiff drink, "is lookin' at yer!"

He tossed it down. Knew, almost immediately, that something was wrong. Funny-tasting booze—burnt his tongue, burnt the pit of his stomach.

"Say—wotta hell!"

His words broke off like metal breaking.

Doped! he thought. Had for a sap! Doped by a lousy slit-eyed—

"Swine!" he yelled. "Stinkin' yaller—"

His knees shook. He grabbed the back of a chair to keep from falling. Fear came to him. He whined, blubbered. I'm gonna die, he thought—I'm gonna die. And I don't wanta die! I don't wanta—don't wanta—

"Swine! Stinkin' yaller—"

His words feathered out in a screechy ludicrous falsetto as an agony of pain gripped him. He swallowed hard. His jaws were loose, sagging, his eyes wide and round and glassy. His fear gave way to hate. He—he'd show that damned Chink! And he tried to drag out his revolver—slumped into a chair before his fingers could touch the butt—collapsed, shoulders hunched forward, head wagging—was unconscious and stertorously breathing a moment later. . . .

SING YAT turned to Sing Wah.

"You did not put in too much, I trust?"

"In twenty minutes, except for a headache, he will be as well as ever."

"Blessed be the Buddha!"

The servant left—and, for a while, the other busied himself. He took the automatic, fitted with a heavy clumsy silencer, from the prone man's pocket, using a handkerchief in handling it. He tied him securely, hand and foot, and inserted a gag between his teeth. Then—quite without rancor, since it was part of his plan and not for the pleasure of revenge—he crashed his fist to the point of the gangster's chin.

His bruised knuckles hurt. He blew on them.

He looked at his watch. Another twelve minutes before the half-hour.

He listened to the tick-tock-tick of the seconds racing past. Eleven minutes. Ten. Nine. Ah, he reflected, the flight of time, halting but unstayed.

Tick-tock-tick. Eight minutes. Seven. Soon the half-hour.

Tick-tock-tick!

His manifest destiny, he thought, tick-tock-ticking to the echo of the clock.

Three minutes. Two.

Then the buzzer sounding. A short wait. A knock at the door. A voice:

"May I come in?"

"Please do!"

Tim Gallagher entered. He was nervous; grew more nervous as he heard Sing Yat wish him good evening in tones that were silvery, though tainted by something unnatural. Perhaps, right then, he caught a glimmer of his fate in the other's opaque eyes. But it was too late. There was a muffled explosion; a ruddy spurt of flame; a heavy body toppling—and that was the end of the affair as far as Tim was concerned. . . .

Sing Yat approached the gangster. He laid the weapon on the floor beside him. He went to the telephone—was presently talking to Detective Bill Devoy.

"A murder has occurred," he reported in measured accents.

"Eh—a moider?"

"At my place of business." And he went on to relate that Biff Levinsky had shot Policeman Gallagher; that he himself, though not given to violence, had succeeded in knocking down the gangster, had disarmed him and tied him to a chair. Yes, yes, he would wait—wouldn't touch a thing. . . .

HE turned from the telephone. He surveyed the two men. One unconscious, the other dead.

He shrugged his shoulders. Life, he thought, was as uncertain as a Tatar's beard. Yet life was satisfactory if a man be just and shrewd and honorable, as—Buddah, Buddha!—he himself was just and shrewd and honorable.

Everything had been arranged, except the Plum Blossom's future. She must marry—soon, of course. Must marry one of her own race. But—whom?

He frowned, wondered. He went to the window; stared with his black eyes into the black night. Then he smiled. For an idea came to him.

Kang Kee!

Of the younger generation? Precisely. Thus—surely—less rigid than the older, Chinese-born men of Pell Street. He would see sense—if sense were well gilded. Besides, he was a man of pretty wit and subtle mind; had proved it, only last night, the way he had wiped out the score against him by causing Sing Yat to lose face.

Yes, yes! The hatchetman would make a most excellent son-in-law. And he needed such a one in his family—clever and ruthless—to help him with his business, to step into his shoes as manager of the Canton Mutual Endeavor and Temperance Society when—soon—he would return to China.

They would welcome him there—the scholar, the poet. Would quote his last ode with hushed reverence.

And he crossed to the desk to finish it. He dipped pointed brush into thick purple ink. Inspiration came to him. His fingers flashed over the vellum. He wrote:

> Always, beyond the Rain Dome,
> In the Pagoda of Chang O, the Moon Goddess,
> Is there the Purity and the Jade-White Peace.

He looked up, annoyed, as, on the street outside, a police whistle screamed sharply; as, a few moments later, heavy feet clumped up the stairs; as the door was pushed open and Detective Bill Devoy crossed the threshold.

THE END

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CAN HOLLYWOOD HOLD ERROL FLYNN?

Between Captain Blood and wild-Irish Errol himself (at right) the differences are fewer than you might think!

The Strangely Ironic Success-Story of a Swashbuckling Rover for Whom the Picture Paradise Seems Too Tame

by CLARA BERANGER

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

A YEAR ago no one in America had ever heard of Errol Flynn. Today letters come flocking in to executives, exhibitors, and editors, saying, "Who is this man Flynn? He's a wow!"

The truth about the twenty-seven-year-old six-foot-two Irishman named Flynn is stranger than the most sensational fiction. In one picture he clicked so effectually with the public that he earned the standing and salary of a star. Captain Blood was a rare case of man meets part—part makes man.

Errol had been in Hollywood less than a year as a stock player when Warner Brothers began that favorite indoor sport of the movies, looking for a leading man. They tried to borrow Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Leslie Howard, and half a dozen other well known "it men." To no avail.

All this was taking time, and all the time young Flynn was haunting the casting office. "I can do it, I tell you!" he begged. "Please give me a test."

"Scram!" said the casting director. "You're crazy! Think we're going to hand the choice plum of the year to a guy nobody knows?"

Errol scrammed. Only to return the next day. "Say, listen," he urged. "I've had adventures that make Captain Blood look like a fairy tale. I can shoot and ride and swim. I know how to handle all kinds of boats. Hell, man, I'm a natural! You won't have to get a double or stunt man, either—I'll do my own dirty work. It can't do any harm for you just to make a test of me, can it?"

Errol's persistence and the studio's desperation won him a test. His good looks, self-assurance, and swashbuckling manner did the rest.

He has been places and done things. He has traveled all over the civilized and uncivilized world with only his hard body and strong fists as capital. "Life isn't worth a damn to me if I'm tied down," he says.

And because he never stayed put anywhere for long at a time, the movie world, which usually wonders how long a newcomer will last in Hollywood, is saying about Flynn, "How long will he *stay* in Hollywood?"

His first move from the North of Ireland to England can hardly be credited to his own love of adventure, since he was only four at the time. His father, a professor of biology at Belfast University, was called to Cambridge and took the whole clan with him.

Errol was placed in St. Paul's School in London—and promptly expelled. He was sent to the Lycée Louis le Grand in Paris—and expelled from there.

In every school he attended he was known as "that wild Flynn boy." Perhaps his mind was not being adequately developed, but his fists were. He learned to fight and fend for himself on the streets of London and Paris.

When British boxers were training for the 1928 Olympics at Amsterdam, eighteen-year-old Errol Flynn entered the preliminary bouts and won a place on the team.

Shortly afterward his father made another major move. "When we got to Australia," says Errol, "father enrolled me at a high school in Sydney. He himself was going off on a scientific expedition into Tasmania, and although I begged hard to go along, he wouldn't take me."

Angry at being left behind, he took French leave from school, wrote a brief apology and farewell to his mother, and signed on as a member of the crew on a cargo steamer bound for New Guinea.

He landed on the island of Papua, flat broke. For bed he had the clean white sand of the beach, canopied by the star-studded tropical sky. For board he had to fight—literally. He challenged for a few shillings anybody and everybody who was willing to take him on. "I managed to eat," he says, "but it was a hell of a way to earn a living. I was so tired at nights that I dropped in my tracks wherever I happened to be."

The District Commissioner heard of the lad and decided that he would be a valuable addition to the constabulary. Now, the constabulary of British New Guinea, in case you don't know it, is maintained to protect planters, missionaries, and explorers from depredations by head-hunting and cannibalistic natives.

ERROL got into a uniform and reported for immediate duty. With a native guide and three other blacks to carry two months' supplies and ammunition, he set out to capture and bring back a native chief who had been head-hunting in an unprotected village.

He carried gifts of beads and knives and silver. But he knew that was not enough. He had been warned that he would have to pretend somehow to be a master magician, and as a prop he took along fireworks which spit red and green and yellow flame.

When he reached a settlement bordering the village of the offending chief, he at first could not see the natives, but he could feel eyes glaring at him through the tangle of bush. He lighted a rocket and, holding it aloft, hopped about chanting in pidgin English that he and he alone could make the magic of three-colored fire.

Bushy heads emerged. Hostile eyes became childlike with wonder. The trick had worked.

For two days the natives paid tribute to the "great white master of magic," and the friendship was cemented with gifts and feasting. Then Errol sprang the purpose of his visit. He wanted the chief who had been head-hunting. "If I don't bring him back," he said sternly, "the British government will send troops and everybody will be punished." His new friends were only too ready to help him round up the leader of the raiding party.

He is writing a book about his South Sea experiences and calling it Beam Ends. Somewhere along the trail of his colorful life he has learned to think straight and to express himself in language that is picturesque and terse. When excited or angry, he is apt to revert to short Anglo-Saxon words such as Captain Blood might have used in the picture, had not the scenario writer been afraid of censorship.

Maybe the yarns that Errol spins are all true. Maybe some of them are augmented by his vivid Irish imagination. But two scars bear witness to the truth of at least two of his adventures.

After six months as constable he wanted to earn more money, and applied for a license as a recruiter of labor. Traveling up and down the coast in a hired launch, he put in at any island where he might find native boys willing to be indentured for two or three years' service on copra plantations.

He made plenty of money. And spent it. It was on one of these trips that he got his first scar.

Unable to navigate his launch through a narrow stream, he prepared to ford it as the natives do—on a raft of bamboo logs. The number one boy went first with supplies and most of the black cargo. When Errol and the remaining boys were on their way, the binding rope came apart. All of them were pitched into the water.

AS he tells it: "I looked around to find out if the boys could swim. When I saw they were all right, I headed for shore. Suddenly a boy near me screamed, '*Puk—puk!*'—crocodiles. The boys on shore were yelling and pointing to a spot near us in the water; but there was such a splashing from the terror-stricken swimmers that I couldn't see a thing. I was scared to death myself, and swam like hell.

"I knocked against something hard and thought I had struck a log. When I got to shore and the boys pulled me up, I saw the croc no more than two feet behind me. I had brushed against his horny hide and the blood was streaming from my knee. My number one boy handed me a gun and I fired. Then I fainted dead away."

When he came to, he was in a hospital at Port Moresby. Fever and the wound had reduced his strong body to skin and bones. "If you want to get well," said the doctor, "you'll have to stay out of the jungle."

He had saved enough to buy a little schooner for independent coast trading, and characteristically he named it Maski—meaning Who Cares?

For a year any one traveling in the Coral Sea or along the islands of the South Pacific might have seen a tall lean young man, brown body bare to the waist, brown hair ruffled by the breeze, hazel eyes fixed on the reef-streaked waters, sometimes engaged in pearl fishing, sometimes in copra trading. Life on the open sea was restoring him to health.

Anchored one day near a coast port, he was approached by a scout from an Australian film company who wanted him as guide for an expedition into the bush country. Ready now for a new adventure, he accepted the offer.

They started off in the Maski, but had to leave it and trek on foot into the jungle. As they moved along silently, there was not a sign of life—a bad omen, as Errol understood only too well. A few moments later he knew the answer. Straight ahead on the trail lay a number of headless mutilated bodies.

The movie troupe shuddered. "Want to go back?" asked Errol grimly.

"No," answered the leader. "We came here for pictures, and we're not leaving till we get them."

"Right you are!" said Errol. "We'll go on—" He stopped abruptly and sniffed the air. "Smoke!" he cried. "They're trying to trap us in a circle of fire! We'll have to run like hell for the boat!"

Pictures were forgotten in the mad rush to the schooner. One of Flynn's boys let out a scream. An arrow had pierced his neck.

From behind the bushes leaped the head-hunters, their naked bodies fantastically painted, their thick lips spitting bloodthirsty yells, their arms raised to throw spears and arrows. Flynn shouted orders—the white men whipped out revolvers. The photographer kept one hand on the crank of his camera, the other on a trigger.

The battle was swift and fierce. After a few moments the head-hunters disappeared. Flynn had lost three of his boys, and had himself been struck in the ankle by an arrow. That accounts for his second scar.

The movie outfit got their precious pictures. And Errol Flynn was started on the road to Hollywood. Not that he knew it. He had no idea that he had been photographed as he leaped about in the jungle, snapping orders, firing a gun.

A year later the film company, preparing to produce The Wake of the Bounty in Tahiti, cabled him an offer of the part of Fletcher Christian.

He had spent the intervening months in a hunt for gold in New Guinea and had had a lucky strike. He had sold out to a syndicate for stock and five thousand dollars in cash. But a few months in Sydney with other young men—and women—to help him spend had soon cleaned him out. Applying for more cash to the syndicate, he had found that it had "reorganized." He was broke again. The movie offer seemed like a gift from the gods.

The picture, an earlier version of Mutiny on the Bounty, was made, and Flynn, by his own admission, was terrible in it. "But I was bitten by a bug more deadly than the jungle mosquito," he says—"the desire to act. I decided to go to England to learn how."

He had to tour the provinces for two years before he got a chance to appear in London. The play, A Man's House, by John Drinkwater, was seen by Irving Asher, head of Warner Brothers' English studio, with the result that Flynn was offered a contract to go to Hollywood. He saw another chance for adventure, and grabbed it.

What he could not foresee was a love adventure on the way. Long lazy days at sea, soft moonlight nights, and the enchantment of Lili Damita were too much for him. And the gorgeous Lili, sought after by men of wealth and title, accepted an unknown stock actor earning a hundred and fifty dollars a week. A month later, in Hollywood, they were married.

THERE'S an old adage that love flies out of the window when poverty knocks at the door. In this case trouble seems to have started when riches arrived. As long as Errol couldn't afford anything better, Lili was satisfied with the quiet life he wanted to lead. Now a separation is rumored, and the reason given is that Lili likes partying and bright lights, whereas Errol prefers to stay at home to read and work on his book.

Perhaps the realization that fine birds need fine feathers is another source of dissension. Recently, on a trip to New York, Errol asked a certain well groomed woman how much a silver-fox cape would cost.

"Oh, about a thousand dollars if you want a really good one," she said.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he scowled. "I had no idea women's clothes were so expensive."

He's a strange study in contradictions, Flynn. He spends heavily on the studio expense account, and saves all he can on his own.

In Captain Blood he swung on a rope from a burning ship without batting an eyelash—but ran away from the studio because he was afraid to see himself on the screen.

No trip into the jungle was too hazardous for him—yet the thought of a trip to the dentist keeps him awake all night.

He will attack any man with his fists—and retreat in fright from a spider.

For the screen and for social functions he dresses immaculately. Around the studio he wears unpressed slacks, worn-out shoes, and a gravy-stained sweater.

His main extravagance is food. And how that boy can eat!

He tells the waiter exactly how everything should be prepared, how crêpes Suzettes should be rolled, how wine should be cooled. If he hears of a trick dish he has never tried, he orders it right away.

By temperament he is reckless, restless, with a primitive love of life. Whatever may be lacking in the Flynn make-up, it isn't nerve.

Nobody can predict the future of a lad like that. But I venture a guess that sooner or later he will leave Hollywood. "There isn't a place on God's green earth," he says, "that can hold me if I really get the urge to go."

THE END

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Tracking NEW YORK'S CRIME BARONS

Rackets Within Rackets Come to Revealing Light as Dewey Swings into Action . . . The Dramatic Inside Story of the Greatest American City's Revolt Against Gangster Rule

by FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

EARLY in 1935, with New York City becoming more and more terrorized by racketeers, a Grand Jury went over the head of the District Attorney of New York County and asked Governor Lehman to appoint a special prosecutor. They suggested six distinguished lawyers including young Thomas Edmund Dewey, who had returned to private practice from the United States Attorney's office, where he had shown his mettle in prosecutions of racketeers. After a deadlock, the Governor himself recommended four other legal lights. All four declined the appointment—and told him Dewey was the man for it. Badly though Dewey needed a vacation, and well aware though he was of the magnitude of the task, he accepted because it promised a good fight. As chief assistants he picked four young men who had worked under him in the United States Attorney's office: Gurfein, Herlands, Rosenblum, and Ten Eyck. He also included on his legal staff a brilliant young Negro woman, Mrs. Eunice H. Carter. He prepared headquarters in the Woolworth Building. At his request, Inspector John A. Lyons was assigned to head a police undercover squad. To every one concerned Dewey made it very plain that he was after higher-ups and was not going to engage in yet one more futile "reform" crusade against prostitution.

When all was ready, he broadcast an appeal to the public to come to his offices and tell of the criminal underworld's demands for "protection" money.

PART TWO—THIRTY MAN-EATING SHARKS

DEWEY'S radio invitation to the public elicited an unexpected response. The day after it, his waiting rooms in the Woolworth Building were jammed. For weeks they came, at the rate of a hundred a day. Three in every four of them were cranks. Dewey's young aides listened, ever courteously, to incredible stories. Patiently the psychopathic callers were weeded out.

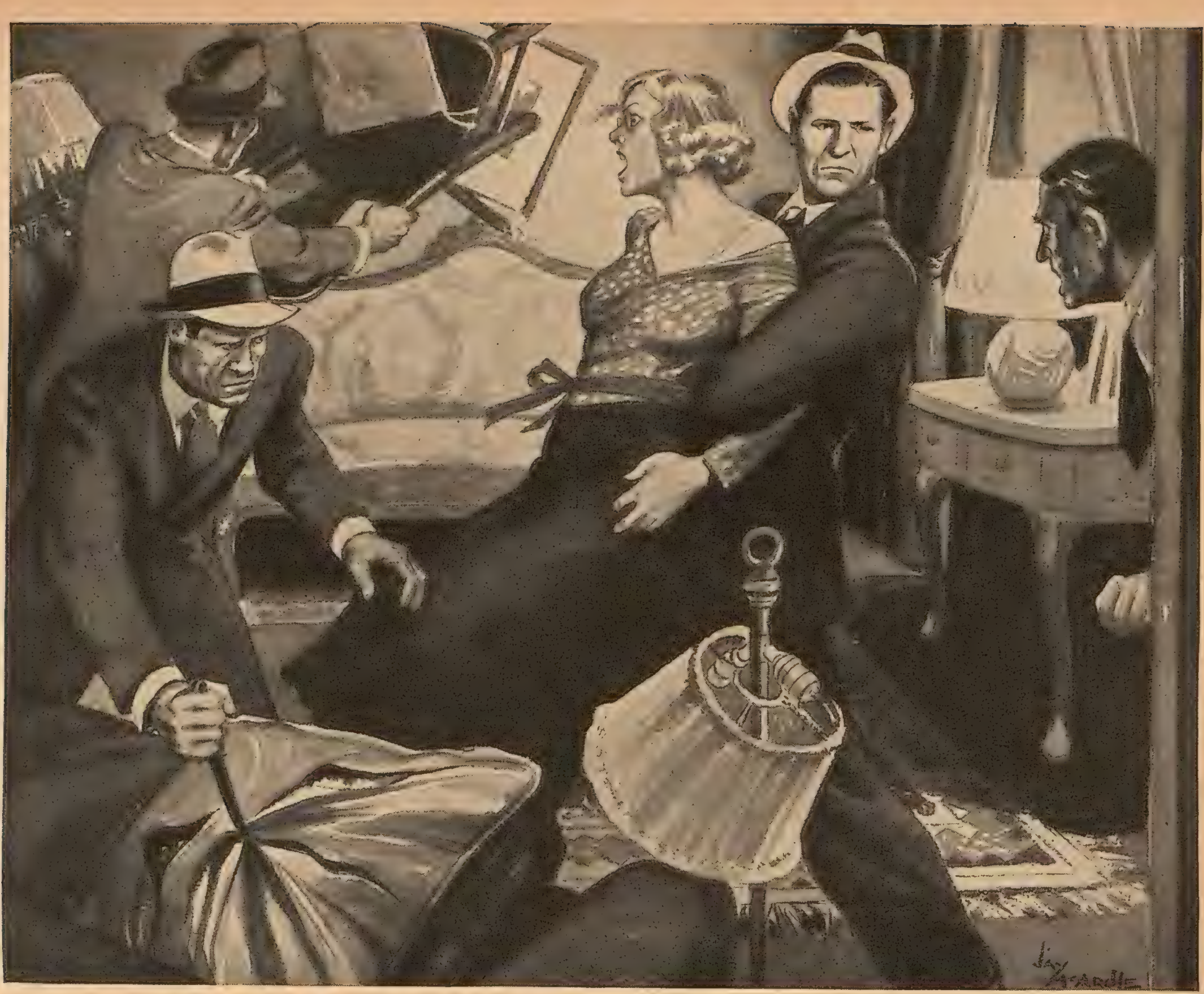
That left another ten per cent consisting of persons who obviously sought to use the Dewey Investigation as a business weapon with which to attack competitors, or who lived outside the jurisdiction covered by it.

Worthless anonymous letters and phone calls poured

Dewey with Chief Assistant Murray I. Gurfein, who, with Mrs. Eunice H. Carter of the legal staff, uncovered the vice racket's setup.

Photos Acme and Pictures, Inc.

Police Commissioner Valentine and Mildred Harris, a "booker's" wife.

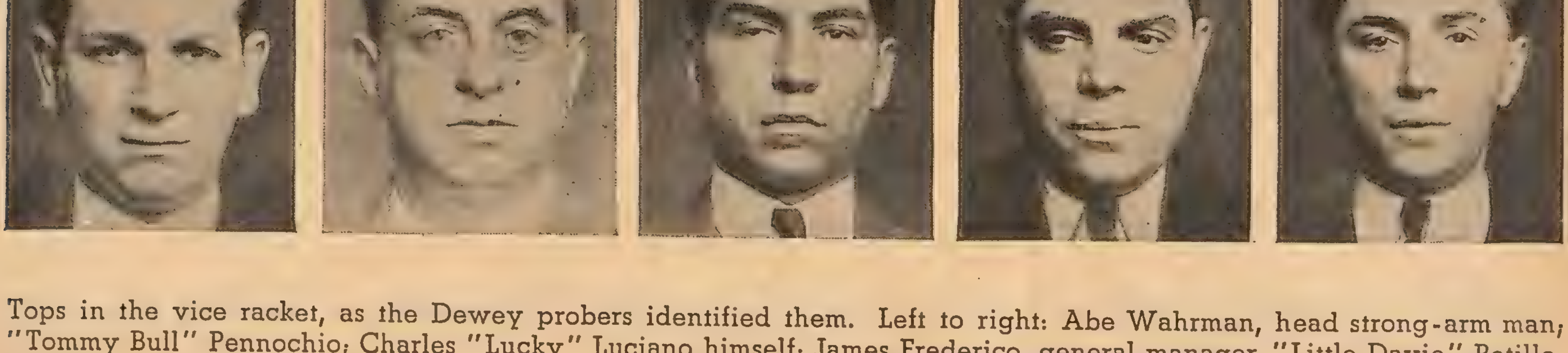


Little Abie nodded to the others. "Take the place apart," he said.

in. Yet legitimate business men—the class the probe was designed to assist—did not come near the Woolworth Building. The young prosecutor was not disturbed by this, or even much surprised. Racketeering had become so commonplace in New York City that the average business man, paying tribute that he might continue in business, kept his mouth closed. He preferred to pay rather than to fight.

But there were legal tricks—scores of them—by which these men could be forced to co-operate. Business men kept books. Dewey subpoenaed those books. His skilled accountants went to work. Usually they found payments to racketeers classified under the heading: *Expenses.* Some charged it to *Professional Services.* One entered it under *Holdup.* A Greek restaurant proprietor, Americanized enough to know what it was but not enough to know how to spell it, listed his monthly payments to racketeers under the heading: *Craft* (Graft).

By whatever term they sought to conceal their payments, Dewey's accountants uncovered them. Ultraviolet rays were employed to disclose erasures. As this is written, Dewey's comparatively small staff of accountants has examined thousands of canceled checks and the



Tops in the vice racket, as the Dewey probers identified them. Left to right: Abe Wahrman, head strong-arm man; "Tommy Bull" Pennochio; Charles "Lucky" Luciano himself; James Frederico, general manager; "Little Davie" Betillo.

accounts of five hundred large and small business firms. And, as this is written, not one business man in New York City possessing useful racket testimony has voluntarily offered complete co-operation.

Once a payment to racketeers was found recorded in his books, the business man was summoned and ordered to explain it. He was taken before the extraordinary and special Grand Jury convened for the probe. If he refused to answer, he could be brought before Supreme Court Justice Philip J. McCook, designated to hold the special trial term. If he still refused, he could be sentenced for contempt of court and jailed. At the expiration of his sentence he could again be jailed if he still failed to answer.

Realizing the dangers of silence, the average business man sought refuge in evasive answers. But Dewey had a trick, learned in federal practice, to cope with this device. He pronounced an evasive answer to be the same as no answer at all—a technique never used before in a state court—and sent the man to jail. One by one he convicted them, startled business men who had never been in a jail before, and one by one they weakened and began to lay before him the evidence he needed.

It was a colossal uphill job. Simultaneously Dewey found himself investigating more than a hundred separate rackets. He divided these among his four chief assistants: Gurfein, Herlands, Rosenblum, and Ten Eyck. To each assistant were assigned four members of his legal staff of nineteen men and one woman.

The Dewey Investigation possessed the broadest scope of any criminal probe in the history of Manhattan. Governor Lehman had specifically directed the Special Prosecutor to inquire into: Any and all acts of racketeering and vice. Any and all acts of organized crime, or any other crime. Any connection between such acts and any law-enforcement officials.

Dutch Schultz and Charles Lucky Luciano were the recognized rulers of organized crime in New York City. The Dutchman had ridden to the top on the wet waves of prohibition. He had extended his control from the Bronx to all four other boroughs, and from beer-running to the policy, numbers, and narcotic rackets.

Charles Luciano, who vied with him for leadership of the underworld, was an even more shadowy and sinister figure. He remained eternally in the background, directing with rare ability his interests in the fields of narcotic, policy, loan-shark, Italian lottery syndicates, receipt of stolen goods, and industrial rackets that preyed directly upon legitimate business.

DEWEY at the very outset was determined to smash them both if his investigation uncovered evidence against them. He had promised to try to get the big shots of crime.

It would not, he realized, be as simple as it sounded. They were clever. Schultz, by ingratiating himself with the small-town citizens of Malone, had managed to beat his income-tax rap. Luciano, even cleverer, had filed income-tax returns for the past six years. Beyond that, he was not liable to prosecution.

Meanwhile the Woolworth Building continued to be the busiest spot in New York. Lights shone from its fourteenth floor every night and at all hours as Dewey and his staff quietly amassed evidence.

But none of that evidence led to Schultz or Luciano.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

To many readers the most interesting part of this story will be the amazing way Lucky Luciano and his associates put vice in New York City on a highly organized big-business basis.

But not to Thatcher Colt, the great police chief, who is more impressed by the way Prosecutor Dewey handled the big and little business men who refused to tell how or by whom they were being victimized.

In previous attempts to suppress rackets, as Colt and all other honest policemen know, prosecutors have been successfully blocked by this unwillingness of respectable merchants to appear against their tormentors.

Dewey didn't wait to be balked. He seized their books and records—using ultraviolet rays when necessary to detect erasures and alterations; and then, if their owners refused to testify, he had them jailed for contempt of court. After a few days in the pen they decided to come through.

Jailing the victimized to catch the victimizers! That *is* a story—and a heartening one, not only to policemen like Mr. Colt, but to Mr. Average Citizen like you and me.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

A splendid youthful spirit existed in his offices despite the days and nights of unending work. Wealthy young lawyers and law students were added to his staff as dollar-a-year men. They bore good-natured kidding within the organization and were assured that they would be expected to work nights to earn their "salaries."

Dewey issued no more statements. His entire investigation had dropped out of Manhattan's newspapers. But the Grand Jury daily heard dozens of witnesses as he and his staff prepared to lash out at gangdom.

Late in October, 1935, Dutch Schultz was shot to death by unidentified assassins in a New Jersey bar.

CHARLES LUCIANO now held undisputed sway over organized crime in New York City. When police sought him for routine questioning in the death of his only rival, they found that he had gone to Miami, Florida.

Police Commissioner Valentine, dubbing Luciano Public Enemy Number One, freely admitted that his department did not have sufficient evidence to extradite this enemy.

Dewey, reading of Schultz's death, took stock of the resulting tough problem. So Luciano had become the czar of crime in New York City? Luciano was unquestionably one of the most dangerous criminals in the United States. He was clever — damned clever. He left his work to underlings, remained in the background. The underlings might fall into Dewey's net in time. But Luciano himself?

The man seemed to bear a charmed life.

. . . . . .

The prosecutor looked up from a sheaf of papers as the door of his office opened.

"You were to see Mr. Gurfein and Mrs. Carter this afternoon," said his secretary.

Dewey pushed the papers aside and nodded. In they came—Gurfein, one of his four chief assistants, and Mrs. Carter, only woman member of his legal staff.

Gurfein, short, slight of build, young, resembled a college student. Quietly, without preliminary, he plunged into the matter at hand.

"Chief," he said, "when Mrs. Carter first joined us, she felt that the prostitutes in New York City were being exploited by a bunch of gunmen. She has made exhaustive studies since then. She has interviewed and listened to the complaints of a number of girl prostitutes. She has made reports of what she has uncovered and turned those reports in to me. I have studied them carefully.

"As a result, I'm inclined to agree with her. There is definite evidence that the whole business of prostitution in the city is being fundamentally revised so that its control rests in the hands of a few men who are under the domination of one top-flight racketeer."

"And that man is—"

"We don't know, chief. The girls themselves don't. Whenever he is mentioned at all, he's called simply 'the Boss.' It's an incredibly smooth job of reorganization he is doing—just as effective as 'Muskie' Castaldo's organization of the artichoke racket."

Dewey's mind leaped back to those days in the United States Attorney's office when he and Gurfein had sent Castaldo to jail. Castaldo had made a racket of artichokes by a simple and efficient procedure. The artichokes were grown largely in California. The grower delivered them to the shipper, who sent them to one of six commission houses in Washington Market that handled the entire supply for Manhattan.

The commission houses became the "bottleneck" through which artichokes passed. Castaldo went to the commission houses, forced them to sell him their entire supply. He then moved the artichokes to a warehouse in West Street, purchased by him and called the Union Pacific Produce Company.

Small wholesalers found that this was the only place in New York where artichokes could be purchased. They found, too, that artichokes now cost fifty cents more per case. The wholesalers passed the price increase on to the retail stores, markets, and peddlers, who in turn passed it on to the consumer.

Now, if Gurfein and Mrs. Carter were right, prostitution was being just as tightly organized. If so, it constituted a racket. And if it were a racket it came within Dewey's scope. It would be his duty to investigate—and smash. He leaned forward in his chair.

"Frankly," he said, "I'm not at all enthusiastic about tackling anything that involves prostitution."

MRS. CARTER leaned forward. "Mr. Dewey," she said, "I realize that no investigation can hope to eliminate prostitution. Unfortunate women will be plying that trade long after we are dead. But if we permit the combination that is being formed to gain the control it seeks, prostitution will not remain a mere trade. It will become a source of continual revenue for criminals who, by terror and violence, appropriate the earnings of these women.

"Originally prostitution in New York City existed much as it does in any other city. The girl worked in a house with other girls. Each girl turned over half her earnings to the woman who conducted the house. If she slept in, she likewise paid rent and board. All of these might be classified as—as—"

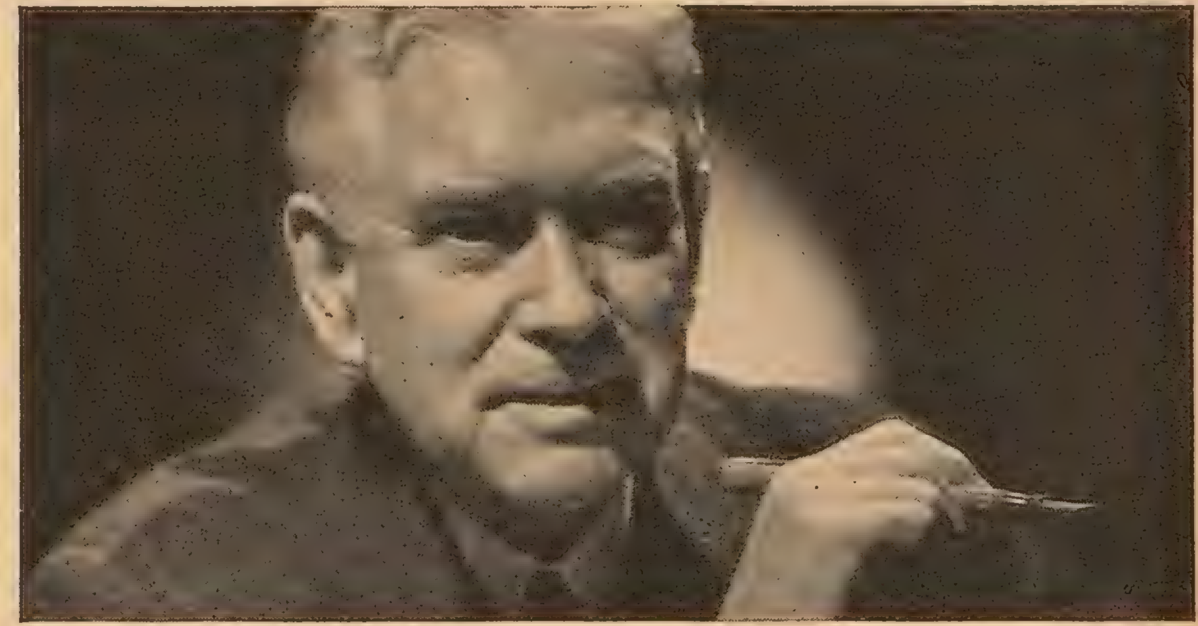
Dewey smiled. "As legitimate expenses."

Mrs. Carter nodded. "Yes. As legitimate expenses in an illegitimate business. When police drives against vice became popular, these girls were scattered. They moved into apartments, hotels, roominghouses. To avoid arrest, they had to keep continually on the move. It became difficult to keep in touch with their customers.

"Thus the booker came into being. He would have, let us say, the names of two hundred girls. He booked them into houses on his circuit. It was his job to keep the houses supplied with girls. He soon found that customers liked variety. Only one or two girls now were in a house at one time. After a week they were moved to a new house. It might be two years before they put in a second week in a house where they had been.

"The entire procedure worked exactly like theatrical bookings of vaudeville acts. The booker charged the girl ten per cent of her net earnings. He performed a service, charged for it. Although his very work was

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



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illegitimate enough, he was not a terrorist, a racketeer.

"The average girl makes two hundred dollars a week. Of this, she gives half to the madam. She pays perhaps twenty dollars for room and board. She pays five for medical examination. And she pays ten to her booker. She is left with sixty-five dollars of her two hundred.

"That was the way prostitution worked until the summer of 1933. Then the combination stepped in. Each girl now, in addition to her other expenses, must pay ten dollars each week as a bonding fee. For this, the combination guarantees that if she is arrested she will not go to jail. And that guaranty is made good. Mr. Gurfein and I have checked back over court records. One lawyer who represents these bonded girls has not lost a case in three months."

Gurfein spoke: "Mrs. Carter is not suggesting, chief, that we arrest bookers. That has been done. It means nothing. When Nick Montana, a supposed 'vice czar,' was sent to jail, the racket went on without a moment's interruption. Another booker, known as Jack Ellenstein, just stepped to the phone and continued routing the girls. The same thing happened when Cock-Eyed Louis Weiner was sent up the river. His son, Dumb Al Weiner, simply took over his business.

"Despite all the newspaper hullabaloo about 'vice kings,' the bookers are mere small fry. Years ago, when they first began booking, they made big money. But not since August, 1933. That was when the combination stepped in. And the combination has placed the New York bookers—Jack Ellenstein, Al Weiner, Pete Harris, and David Marcus—on small salaries. Instead of their big commissions, the bookers get a straight salary of fifty to a hundred dollars a week. If they get unruly or try to hold out, as Nick Montana did, the combination's strong-arm men beat them back into line.

"Prostitution today is one of the most amazingly organized rackets in New York City. There are big criminals behind it. We still don't know who the top men are. But we feel that, with your permission and the facilities of this office, we can find out. Shall we go ahead?"

Firmly opposed though Dewey had been to plunging his investigation into anything connected with prostitution, he now agreed with his two aides and gave them his permission ungrudgingly.

"By all means," he said. "Uncover the whole structure. Uncover the top men. Then come back and see me."

When they had gone, he again took up his sheaf of papers and ran through them. He came finally to a letter. It was intelligently written:

"Under forced circumstances, my husband was advised to make a small loan from a loan shark. Since then he has been paying interest continually and has paid back the amount of the loan at least four or five times. If he stops, he will be bodily injured, so he keeps on paying. He is afraid to leave the house. Isn't there anything, Mr. Dewey, that your office can do to help us?"

WHEN the young prosecutor finished reading the letter, his brown eyes were angry. Here was a complaint typical of scores that had come to him. And here was a racket that was the lowest of the low.

The loan-shark racket!

That very morning Victor F. Ridder, Works Progress Administrator, had charged that the ranks of the WPA workers were being victimized by loan sharks. Dewey knew that this was true. Utterly vicious, based on intimidation and violence, this racket preyed upon the poor and low-salaried. Clerks, office workers, newspapermen, post-office employees, even men and women on relief were the victims of the "six-for-five" boys.

A racket of mushroom growth, it was essentially simple. You borrowed five dollars from a loan shark. At the end of the week you paid him back six. And so on: The annual interest charge amounted to 1,040 per cent.

The racket was designed to victimize men and women who needed small loans and thought, erroneously, that reputable loan companies would not serve them. It was designed, too, for borrowers who could not obtain co-signees or whose employers would discharge them for borrowing money from any source.

During the past six months it had become one of the most important rackets in New York City. For its $20,000,000 annual "take" the thugs and ex-convicts who operated it were waging a merry fight. Three brothers in one family of four Shylocks had been assassinated by gang guns in this war for control.

The technique of the loan shark was to keep his victim hopelessly in debt. Failure or inability to pay brought ruthless violence. Strong-arm men roamed the city at night, threatening borrowers. One victim had been told, "I get seventy-five dollars a week for bumping off guys like you. You'd better find that dough."

Victims were tortured, even kidnaped. Harry Smith, a New York laundry worker, was kidnaped by loan sharks who held him for a month, beat him daily, refused him food. When police finally found him, he was mad.

Another victim, Dewey learned, had attempted suicide. Still others, terrified, had become criminals themselves, stealing from their employers to pay the loan sharks.

On October 31, 1935, Prosecutor Dewey made his first smashing drive against rackets in New York City.

FOR three months, since taking office, his assistants had been investigating the loan-shark racket. Long before then, the Dewey Investigation had turned up the names and addresses or hangouts of two, three, a dozen loan sharks. But Dewey had made no move. He had played a waiting game, uncovered more witnesses. He had brought them before the Grand Jury, where they had given their testimony.

It was not until he had the names of thirty loan sharks—enough to break the back of the entire ring—and iron-bound cases against them that he cracked down.

Although he had obtained the testimony of hundreds of witnesses, there was no leak. With machinelike precision the loan sharks were taken into custody.

Inspector Lyons started the raids at seven o'clock in the morning. Until six o'clock that night his men worked in small squads. Loan sharks were picked up near the spots where they operated. They were brought to the Woolworth Building, where Dewey's whole staff had dropped other work. An office had been cleared for them there. It contained nothing except two rows of fifteen chairs each. The loan sharks were seated in their chairs and Chief Assistant Jacob Rosenblum made a chart of the seating.

The room was brightly lighted. A Venetian blind had been removed from the window of the room and placed in the doorway. The corridors outside were dark.

One by one, the hundreds of witnesses were led to the Venetian blind.

"Raise a slat," Rosenblum ordered. "Peek in. Don't be afraid; they can't see you. If you see any one from whom you borrowed money, tell me what row he's in."

The first of the witnesses peered through nervously.

"In the second row I see—"

Rosenblum shouted, "Second row! Stand up!"

In the room a sullen line of men obeyed.

The witness started to speak. Rosenblum motioned him to silence, motioned him away from the doorway.

"He's the third man from the left."

Rosenblum consulted his chart. "Sam Faden. Where did you borrow money from him and on what date?"

On and on it went. Late that night Sergeant William Grafnecker of Inspector Lyons's undercover squad went downstairs for something to eat. He noticed a man lounging in the lobby. The man's explanation of his presence there didn't suit Grafnecker, who brought him upstairs. He was placed in the brightly lighted room with the loan sharks. By four o'clock that morning five victims had identified him as a Shylock. His name was Joe Allen. He had made enough money in the racket to enable him later to retain Edward J. Reilly of Hauptmann case fame to defend him—unsuccessfully.

Dewey's smashing of the loan-shark racket was characterized by the complete protection of witnesses he had promised them. Using a little-known legal trick, he did not indict the loan sharks but filed informations against them. New York law requires a magistrates' court hearing before every trial, except where the Grand Jury authorizes the information. Usually a lapse of several months occurs. Dewey's unusual procedure—bringing misdemeanor cases before the Grand Jury—avoided magistrates' hearings. Thus the defendants never saw those who would testify against them until the actual trials started.

Dewey tried the first-day cases himself. His assistants then carried on. As this is written, thirty-eight loan sharks have gone to prison for terms ranging from six months to five years. None has won an appeal.

Having brilliantly scored a complete victory, Dewey considered other rackets that his staff had been investigating. He had not yet determined where he would strike next.

One day Gurfein and Mrs. Carter came as usual to his office for a conference.

"I think," Gurfein told him, "that we now have a pretty complete conception of the structure of the prostitution racket. Until August, 1933, the bookers worked independently, were competitors. Then the combination chiseled in. Four bookers were given all of the houses. They were virtually put on a salary, the combination pocketing the rest. Naturally, the bookers couldn't make any money. The combination made it all. But, whether they liked that or not, they had to stay on. They were in the racket, and—"

. . . . .

MILDRED HARRIS sat at the table with the Boss. She had waited months for this opportunity. They were in the Villanova Italian Restaurant on Forty-sixth Street in the heart of the Times Square section.

The Boss, dapper, immaculately dressed, seemed bored. His dark eyes were half shut. Mildred Harris pushed a stray lock of red hair back, spoke softly, pleadingly:

"You remember me. I talked to you down in Florida. It's about Pete. Pete Harris. He books girls for your combination. I suppose you know I'm married to Pete now."

The Boss nodded. "Well?"

"You've got to help us," the girl insisted. "You've got to help Pete. He wants to quit, to get out of the business. He's not making any money and we can't go on. He had to borrow from a couple of Shylocks in the ring to make his bond payments. He's going hopelessly into debt. We're just running around in circles. I saw Little Davie. He said I'd have to see you. They're constantly shaking him down. Won't you—"

She didn't finish the sentence. She saw the Boss shake his head, saw his cold eyes open a trifle.

"What do you expect me to do?" he demanded. "If Pete's in debt, he'll have to pay. That's the way the racket works. You're old enough to know that. Pete will have to stay in, and he'll have to pay."

Red-haired Mildred didn't see the Boss get up silently from the table and leave her. She was crying.

. . . . .

"If the bookers found the new combination tough, the madams found it even worse," Gurfein explained to Dewey. "They were ordered to bond

OH BEAVER!

How long since you've seen a barber?

If you're keeping a red hot date, hitting the boss for a raise, applying for a job or calling on a big prospect—

By all means see your barber!

When you want to look your most impressive best, invest in a haircut, a manicure, a shave and a shine.

And when the barber reaches for the brush and comb, tell him to top off his handiwork with Kreml.

Wave aside those sticky, gummy, perfumed concoctions that glue hair down tight to the scalp and make you look like a gigolo.

Say K-R-E-M-L . . . Kreml, and point right at the big yellow bottle.

Nothing like Kreml for chasing dandruff off a snowy scalp.

Nothing like Kreml for stopping excessive falling hair and stimulating hair growth.

Nothing like Kreml for helping hair to new life and lustre.

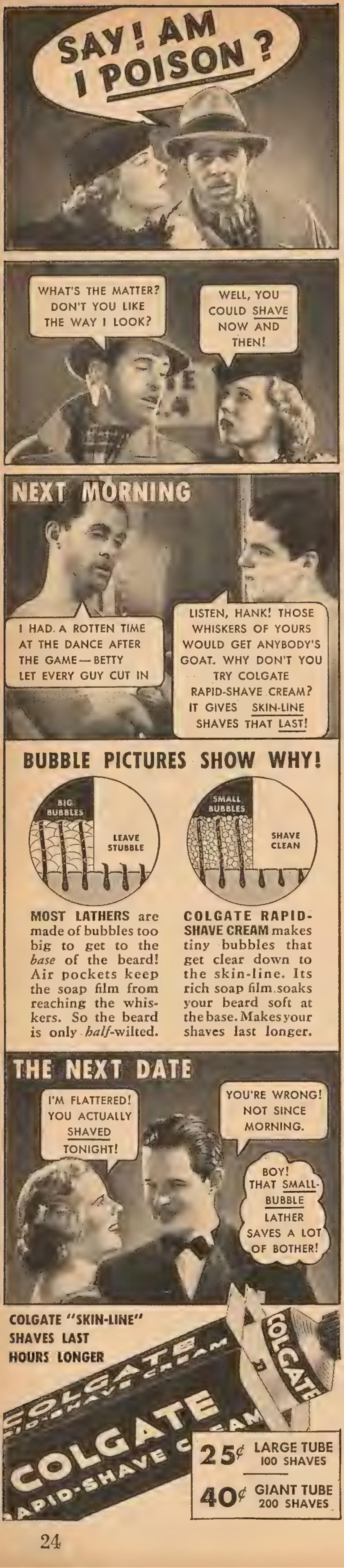
A marvelous hair dressing, not sticky or greasy, it makes the most stubborn hair lie down beneath the brush and comb; makes every Kreml customer a walking advertisement for the shop.

Ask your barber for his special Kreml Treatment—consisting of a cleansing, invigorating treatment of the hair and scalp with Kreml Tonic and the new Kreml olive oil base Shampoo.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE



SAY! AM I POISON?
WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU LIKE THE WAY I LOOK?
WELL, YOU COULD SHAVE NOW AND THEN!
NEXT MORNING
I HAD A ROTTEN TIME AT THE DANCE AFTER THE GAME—BETTY LET EVERY GUY CUT IN
LISTEN, HANK! THOSE WHISKERS OF YOURS WOULD GET ANYBODY'S GOAT. WHY DON'T YOU TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM? IT GIVES SKIN-LINE SHAVES THAT LAST!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
THE NEXT DATE
I'M FLATTERED! YOU ACTUALLY SHAVED TONIGHT!
YOU'RE WRONG! NOT SINCE MORNING.
BOY! THAT SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER SAVES A LOT OF BOTHER!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

their girls and pay a ten-dollar bonding fee for each girl. If they refused, they were visited by one of the higher-ups, Abe Wahrman, a strong-arm man. He would rough them up.

“The next day, James Frederico, the combination's general manager, would call. If the woman still refused, he would either give her a beating or go away, leaving the job to other strong-arm men who would visit her soon after.

“Frederico likewise gave the bookers their orders. In this he was assisted by David Betillo, known as ‘Little Davie.’ Betillo is one of the Mott Street gang. He's a big-time gangster. He and his partner Thomas Pennochio, alias ‘Tommy Bull,’ seem to be the top men in the racket, though it is entirely possible that they receive their orders from a racketeer even more powerful—the man known as ‘the Boss.’”

. . . . .

DAPPER, sleepy-eyed, the man known as “the Boss” switched off the lights in his tower apartment on the thirty-ninth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria. A moment before he had put in a telephone call to a restaurant in Mulberry Street, in New York's lower East Side, where he had been born. That call had summoned to the restaurant for a weekly “board of directors” meeting the higher-ups of the vice-racket combination.

As he passed the desk of the floor clerk he nodded. The floor clerk said: “Good evening, Mr. Ross.”

Outside the hotel, the dapper little man hailed a cab.

The lighted room in the rear of the Mulberry Street restaurant contained no furniture except a table and five chairs, in four of which men sat awaiting him. They were Tommy Bull Pennochio and Little Davie Betillo, his first lieutenants; Little Abie Wahrman, strong-arm man; and Jimmy Frederico, general manager, boy friend of the madam known as Cokey Flo.

For half an hour the combination's problems were discussed, the Boss curtly ordering strong measures. A booker was holding out on his collections.

“Beat him up and fine him two hundred dollars.”

A madam wouldn't bond.

“She won't? Then give her the works.”

“We'll straighten her out,” Little Davie promised. Wahrman and Frederico nodded without speaking.

. . . . .

Joan Martin was damned if she'd bond with any man's combination. It wasn't fair to her. It wasn't fair to her girls. She didn't need any high-powered vice combination to spring them if they were arrested. It was just a racket.

Her booker had tried to collect it from her last week when he came for his ten per cent. Maybe he was just chiseling. Maybe there wasn't any combination.

She sat in her parlor, a middle-aged, bespectacled Rumanian woman who looked more like housewife than madam. She had a mind of her own, and her face showed it. They could all go to hell!

The doorbell rang. It was her booker, with three men she'd never seen before. She hesitated, then let them in.

Little Abie Wahrman was their spokesman: “I hear you don't want to bond with us.”

“You hear right.”

“You will or we'll run you out of New York.”

Joan Martin's eyes flared behind her spectacles.

“Get out of here, you ——”

Little Abie nodded to the other two men.

“Take the place apart,” he ordered.

They grinned. They drew knives and walked to the silk-damask-covered couch. They began to rip it with long, practiced strokes. Joan Martin started toward them. Wahrman grabbed her, held her screaming. When the men had ripped the couch to shreds, they kicked off its arms.

They turned to the overstuffed chairs, ripped and broke them. Straight-backed chairs they smashed against the walls. They were at work on the carpet when a startled man entered the apartment.

“I'm the superintendent. What's going on here?”

“Get out! This is the police department.”

He went away. The men began smashing vases, lamps, pictures. Joan Martin was limp with helpless rage. Wahrman relaxed his grip and she slumped to the floor.

“Maybe you'd better bond with us, after all.”

She lay there trying to get her breath. “I won't! I won't!” she screamed at last. Only the echoes answered her. The men were gone. She kept screaming it. After a while she quieted, went out in the kitchen, and sat down on a chair. It was the only chair in the place that hadn't been broken.

THE next day suave Jimmy Frederico called on her.

“Look,” he said pleasantly. “You'd better bond. You simply collect ten dollars from each of your girls and pay it. That insures the girl against going to jail. The minute she's arrested, we bail her out. We'll guarantee her an acquittal when her case comes up. Or if the case against her is too bad, we'll bail her out and advise her to lam.”

Joan Martin's eyes grew wary. “You'd risk losing all the bail money?”

“Not all of it. We'll take care of half of it. You have to put up the other half.”

“Where would I get that kind of money?”

“You can make the security payments on the installment plan. We'll carry you along on those as long as you pay the ten-dollar bonding fee for each girl weekly.”

“Suppose I put up two hundred and

fifty dollars on a girl. She's bailed out. Her case comes up and she's acquitted. The bond money is returned by the court. How do I know I'll get my half back?"

"You don't think we'd—"

"I think you'd do anything. Look at my place here! They wrecked it last night. If it wasn't for that radiator you're sitting on, you'd have to stand up to talk to me."

"The ruffians that did that weren't our men. You bond with us and there won't be any more trouble."

"All right, I'll pay."

"You're a smart girl," said Frederico heartily.

It didn't work out well. Times were tough. Joan Martin and her girls found it hard to make a living and pay the bonding fee. She moved quietly to another end of New York City and opened up a new place.

Two days later Frederico came. He was no longer suave. "Trying to pull a fast one on us? Pay up, and pay now!"

Joan Martin rebelled. "Get the hell out of here."

She saw his hand come out of his pocket with a blackjack. When she woke up, she was in a doctor's office, where two of the girls had carried her. The doctor put eleven stitches in her head.

Joan Martin moved again. She gave the moving men money so they wouldn't tip off any one to where she had gone. She was in her new place three days. On the night of the fourth day, three men came. They seemed to be customers. One had a husky voice and a broad expressionless face. He asked for one of her girls by name. She let them in. They sauntered into the parlor. One of them pulled a gun. The fellow with the husky voice said, "It's a stickup."

They went through the rooms. They emptied her pocketbook and got thirty-six dollars. They found some more in the girls' purses. They even went through the coffee and cereal cans, looking for money, making a mess of the kitchen. Then they went away without saying anything.

THE next day James Frederico rang her doorbell. "Maybe you'd better bond again," he said.

Joan Martin did. She paid the money every week. But times were still hard. She moved into a cheaper flat. Not secretly, though; she told them where she was going.

It cost money to move, and she was short of cash that week when their collector came.

"You'll have to wait a week," she told him.

She had a little dog that kept her company during the day. After the collector left, she sat on the couch with the dog and petted him and wondered what would happen.

Early the next morning Jimmy Frederico was there.

"What's the idea of stalling?" he demanded. "The collector says you won't pay him for a week."

Joan Martin spoke quietly. "That's right, Jimmy. I need time. I simply haven't got it."

"You lying bitch!"

He started the blow low. She was too discouraged to try to duck. It caught her flush in the eye. Another crashed against her jaw and she went down.

She heard a noise and she heard Frederico cursing. She looked up blearily. She saw her little white dog snarling angrily and nipping at Frederico's ankles. His hand dove to his hip pocket. This time it came out not with a blackjack in it but a revolver. She saw the light gleaming along its barrel.

Frantically, on all fours, she threw herself forward toward the man with the gun.

Risked her life for her dog! Did Joan Martin live to tell it—and did the bestial Frederico shoot the dog? Mr. Allhoff will answer next week as he rounds out this typical example of terrorism. He will make known to you Dewey's discoveries about the super-racket's legal division, show you how greasily it worked when bonded girls were arrested. Then he will tell in full the intensely dramatic story of the Special Prosecutor's sudden crackdown on it: of the night and day of raids and the courteous questioning of the astonished girls; of the grim situation that caused Dave Marcus, booker, to divulge to Dewey the identity of—"the Boss" himself!

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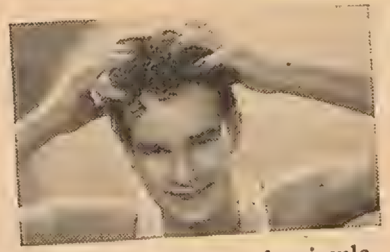
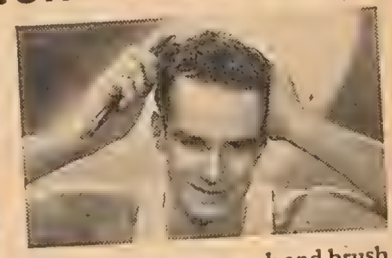


● **50 SECONDS** to rub—circulation quickens—needed oils are restored—your hair has a chance!



● **10 SECONDS** to comb and brush—your hair has a lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

IT TAKES more than well-groomed hair these days to register a success—social or financial! The competition is keen. But good-looking hair can help—it rounds out the picture of the up and coming man. And on that count alone every man should know Vitalis—Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout."

When you massage Vitalis into your scalp that tight, dry skin loosens. Circulation speeds up around the hair roots. There's a healthy stimulation that helps restore the flow of natural nourishing oils.

Your hair gets a new, good-looking lustre—not a "patent-leather" shine. It feels stronger, healthier. Loose dandruff disappears. The hair roots—actual source of hair health—respond quickly to Vitalis and the invigorating "60-Second Workout." And your hair keeps looking more and more alive as you give it this sensible treatment. It's smooth, natural. It stays where you comb it. Start your own "60-Second Vitalis Workout" today.

Ask your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. He is recommending Vitalis in the new single-application Sealtube. It is the *most sanitary* package ever made. Be sure to get a Sealtube.

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THE Admiral's TEAM

A Sparkling Story of a Pair of Smiling Eyes and the Hazards of Football Fame

by

NEWLIN B. WILDES

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

DENNY CARLAND, lean and long and bronzed, thick-shouldered, slicked a comb through his sun-bleached hair and frowned at himself in the little bathhouse mirror. "You're some master-minder, you are, Carland," he informed his gray-eyed reflection, "some little pigskin genius. Here you come down to Marstable to get a month's rest before the season starts, and what do you do? Instead of resting, you worry. You've been here two weeks and still you haven't had an idea. Get going, boy, get going!"

He tossed his trunks on a line and went out to his roadster, parked in the sand. "A hell of a football coach you are," he muttered to himself, stamping on the starter.

He was, as a matter of record, a very fine football coach. One of the best. One of the youngest, too. Seven years he'd been at it, Denny Carland had, seven years since he'd graduated, himself. Three of those years had been at Kingston. This would be his fourth.

Kingston had been at the bottom of the football heap when he'd started there. The second year he'd lost only three games in nine. Not so bad with a tough schedule. Only about a quarter of the grads had growled. Then, last year, he'd dropped only two.

This year, this coming fall, he had the same gang back to work with. Sixteen letter men, a veteran line and a veteran backfield, big, husky muscle men, quick on their feet, sure-fisted for passes, shifty, wise.

It looked, on paper, like a cinch, an undefeated season, a national championship. But Denny Carland was afraid of overconfidence. Damn well afraid of it. So far, all through the summer, he hadn't found any way that he could count on to guard against it. And here it was only a month from first practice.

"Well," he decided, "I can have a few of the boys down here for a week or ten days, and look 'em over. Then I'll know just what I am going to be up against and how tough I'll have to be." He loafed the little car leisurely up toward the village, waving to people as he passed.

He liked Marstable. It was still unspoiled, still easy-going, unhurried, small-town. Not many summer people either. Mostly just the natives who'd lived there for generations, fishermen, lobstermen, workers in the little ivy-covered mill that made fine woolens and not too many of them, clerks in the stores, mechanics in the garage. A good gang. They enjoyed life.

Particularly did he like the young crowd, lads of twenty-two or twenty-three. They were keen about sports, and he spent many evenings talking with them on the porch at Ma Turnbull's, where he boarded.

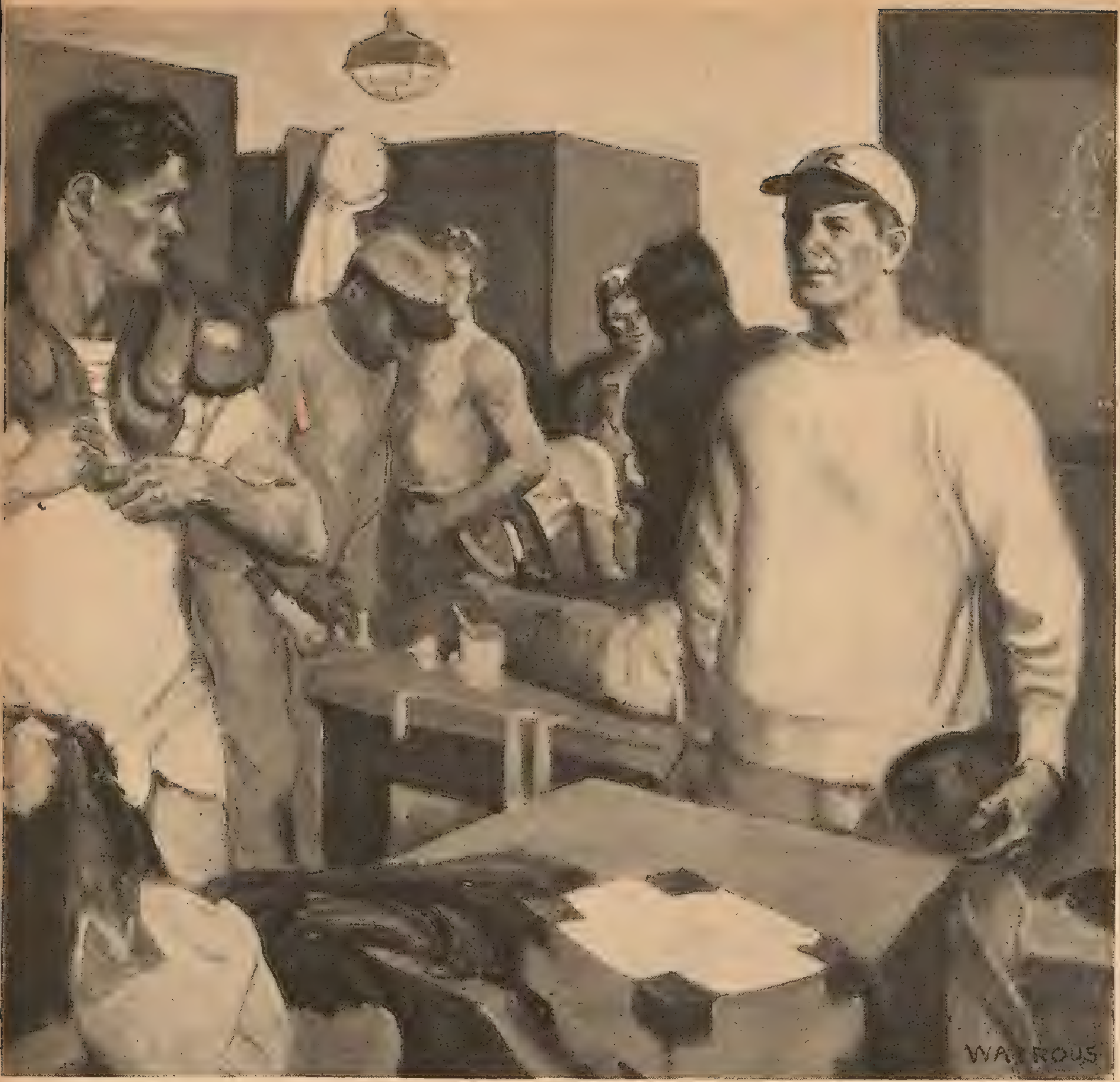
One of them was standing on the steps in front of Donovan's Drugstore. "Hiya!" Denny called, untangling his long legs from beneath the steering wheel, and Dory Hanlon grinned a little sheepishly. He was big and blond and powerful in dungarees and a quarter-sleeved blue jersey taut across his chest, a battered yachting cap tilted skyward over his blue eyes. It wasn't often that the Dory looked sheepish. Only coming into or going out of Donovan's.

It was because Jeannie Lait worked in Donovan's. Jeannie Lait, who was nineteen and black-haired and had dark eyes that snapped, and very red lips. A keen girl, Jeannie, not very big, but very alive, very vibrant.

An independent little person, Jeannie. No one ever quite knew where he stood with her. Even Dory Hanlon didn't, although she did let him take her to the movies and to dances and along the beach of a Sunday morning far more often than she'd let any one else. He was crazy about her, the Dory was.

"Come on in," Denny invited, "and I'll buy you a drink."

Jeannie Lait was behind the soda fountain. She looked at them, hands on hips that were trim and slender. "Dory Hanlon," she demanded, half pleased, half scorn-



At one o'clock Denny went into the dressing room. "I've got a little scrimmage lined up for you this afternoon," he said casually.

ILLUSTRATION BY J. B. WATROUS

fully, "are you back here again?" and the Dory edged on to a stool.

"He made me, Denny did. Ask him," he protested, and Denny Carland grinned. "Sure I did," he said. "He didn't want to come—much. What'll it be, Dory?"

"I—I think I'll have—a vanilla malted."

"Oh, you will, will you?" Jeannie questioned; then, turning to Denny, "Do you know how many malteds he's had today?"

"I couldn't imagine," Denny admitted.

"Well, he's had five, and it isn't afternoon yet. Do you know," to the Dory again, "what happens to little boys who drink too many malted milks?"

"Sure," the Dory grinned broadly. "They grow up and marry the girl behind the soda fountain. Not a bad idea, either."

"Not in this town, they don't," Jeannie said composedly. "They just get sick and nobody feels sorry for them. I won't, and so here you are," and she gave them their drinks and vanished into the back of the store.

The Dory grinned. "I suppose," he said, as if girls were just a passing fancy, a mere incident among far more important matters, "that you're getting things pretty well charted out for the season by now. Gee, it must be the nuts running a championship outfit."

"They're good," Denny admitted with a touch of pride. "I'll know better just how hot they're going to be in another couple of weeks."

"How come?" the Dory asked, puzzled. "First practice isn't till September, is it, under the new agreement?"

"No," Denny told him; "but I'm having a few of them down here to hash things over."

"You are?" The Dory beamed. "No foolin'? Who's comin'?"

"Well," Denny was just deciding himself, "I guess Curly Odin, my quarterback; and a pair of tackles, Tiny Whitehead and Jim Lane; Gear Marston, who's my triple threat, if there is such a thing; and maybe my center, Pete Purvis. If they can make it."

"Boy, oh, boy!" the Dory thrilled. "Say," with a sudden idea, "you wouldn't mind if I dropped around once in a while and listened, would you? I might get some ideas I could use on the Gulls."

Denny controlled a smile. The Gulls were the Marstable town team. Or rather, they were Dory Hanlon's team. They played the rest of the small Cape towns in games that for sheer recklessness and brutality would have made a pro wince.

"Glad to have you," Denny said. "Drop around any time."

"I'll be there," the Dory assured him. His eye caught the clock. "Uh-oh," he pushed back his stool, "I got an engine to get turnin'. Thanks for the drink," and he slammed through the screen door with only one quick and hopeful look toward the back of the store where Jeannie Lait remained in seclusion.

Denny was just draining his glass when she reappeared. "I eavesdropped," she confessed, unashamed. "Is it really true that those boys are coming here—to Marstable? Can I meet them?"

"Sure you'll meet 'em. They'll probably get in your hair once they see you. They're just like any other kids—like Dory Hanlon for example. Matter of fact, I'd trade any one of 'em for the Dory—raw material."

"Pooh!" Jeannie Lait sniffed disdainfully. "Why, they're stars. They're famous. I've read all about them in the papers. I have pictures of them. Isn't Curly Odin wonderful!"

Denny regarded Jeannie with amusement. “You're just like all the rest of the gals,” he told her—“anything in a uniform or the headlines.”

“‘I'm not at all!’” Jeannie denied indignantly. “But nothing ever happens down here. Nothing that's thrilling or exciting—just the same old people and the same old movies and dances. No crowds and excitement like you have at Kingston.”

“Well,” said Denny, getting up, “you've got the Gulls.”

“The Gulls!” she said. “Just a lot of boys you know. When—when will Curly Odin and the rest of them come down?”

“Week or so,” Denny said. He paid and went out.

NEWLIN B. WILDES
took all the courses in writing fiction, at Harvard, that he could, then went into the business of advertising and did nothing about fiction for ten years. But now he's writing distinguished stories. His chief hobby is the farm which he owns.

They arrived some ten days later, all five of his keymen, rolling up to Ma Turnbull's just before dinner, with Curly Odin at the wheel of the battered touring car.

Denny got them all settled and then retired for a minute to his own room for a clean shirt. He could hear voices from the next room. Ma Turnbull's partitions were thin.

“Wonder what he wants to drag us down to a dump like this for,” Gear Marston was grumbling. “It's deader than a polka. I was goin' good up at the lake. Had myself a blonde.”

“I dunno.” It was Curly Odin. “Probably he's got some new plays an' stuff to talk over. You know Denny.”

“Sure. But we can pick up all that in the first week's trainin'. We ain't freshmen. Honest now, Curly, do you see what's goin' to stop us this fall?”

Their voices drifted off as they clattered downstairs.

Denny Carland sat on the bed in his room and his shoulders drooped. Well, there it was. He hadn't been so far wrong after all. He had a new fellow playing for him now. A big guy named “Overconfidence”—a guy that could wreck his whole season, and would wreck it, too, unless he, Denny Carland, did something about it.

They were sitting around in the leafy stillness of Ma Turnbull's veranda that night, just gabbing, when a car eased up to the curb and a voice called tentatively, “You up there, Denny?”

“Come on up,” Denny invited, and the Dory appeared at the steps. Denny introduced him around.

“I've been reading about you fellows for years,” the Dory said, and Denny could tell by the quick glances that that was a laugh line for the gang. He guessed they'd been hearing it too often.

“Thanks,” said Curly Odin dryly. “You look as if you'd played a little football yourself.”

“I have,” the Dory admitted, and Jim Lane said innocently, “What school?”

“Oh, no school,” the Dory said; “just around here. We've got a town team. The Marstable Gulls.” He was too serious, too much in earnest. They couldn't resist the temptation, the gang couldn't. Denny felt it coming.

“YOU don't mean,” Gear Marston said in deep mock awe—“that can't be the same Marstable Gulls who held Vassar to a nothing-nothing tie last fall? Not that team?”

Denny wasn't sure, for a second, just what the Dory would do. He grinned, but it wasn't an altogether happy grin.

“O. K.,” he said. “I get it. I shouldn't have mentioned it. I know it isn't your kind of football.” And Denny eased things away with, “All football's pretty much the same, wherever you play it.”

He went up and brought down the diagrams for a new play and its checks, a play that he was banking on for fall. They went over it in detail, even lining up on the porch. They forgot all about the Dory until, suddenly, Curly Odin remembered him and said, “Listen, fellow. Keep this stuff under your hat, won't you?” And the Dory grinned, shrugging his big shoulders.

“Who would I tell it to?” he asked. “Vassar?” And the grins were with him.

At twelve o'clock he got up to leave. “Drop around any time,” Denny invited, and the Dory said, “Thanks, I will.” The next day, after a workout at the far end of the beach and a long swim, the gang suggested a fountain drink, and Denny Carland herded them into Donovan's.

He had to grin when he saw Jeannie Lait. She was so obviously ready for them, her hair a dull-sheened carefully careless swirl, her lips a vivid red, white dress crisp-starched and very trim where trimness counted. There were some wise and highly approving nods exchanged up and down the fountain bar.

Denny introduced them, and then they went to work.

When they left, after almost an hour, it was time for Jeannie's lunch, and she went with them, enthroned in the tonneau of the touring car between Curly Odin and Gear Marston, her eyes sparkling, cheeks flaming, having the very time of her life.

Dory Hanlon was standing at the corner, and they all waved a hello, with Jeannie's cheeks going a little redder, her chin rising just a shade. And the Dory raised his hand to his battered old yachting cap in a slow silent salute, his face unsmiling.

IT was all new and pretty thrilling to her during the next ten days. Five men, five pretty famous men if you didn't read much beyond the sports pages, all eager to take her to dances and the movies and anywhere else that her little heart desired.

She was smart about it too. She played the crowd against the crowd. No favorites, although once or twice she did go soloing with Curly Odin. It just so happened that the Dory saw her starting out on both those rides.

The Dory was very busy these days, working on his boats in the harbor. He had three lobster men, the Dory had. Not bad for a kid of twenty-two. He made good money, too. He'd told Denny about that. Told him about his plans, about having a fleet and supplying hotels and a private trade. A smart lad, the Dory.

There was going to be a carnival, the gang's last day in town, and it was the big event of the summer in Marstable, that carnival.

The gang wanted, of course, to take Jeannie. Denny heard them talking about it. “Oh, come on, Jeannie. It's our last night to howl. How about it?”

But she wasn't sure. “I don't know,” she hesitated. “I—I promised some one else, a long time ago. We go together every year.”

Tiny Whitehead nodded wisely, grinning. “Bet the Admiral's at the bottom of all this,” he opined. They always called the Dory Admiral.

Jeannie said, “I—I'll have to let you know later,” and that was all the gang could get out of her.

On Thursday afternoon when Denny and the gang came into Donovan's after a swim, the Dory was at the end of the long fountain bar, leaning across toward Jeannie, speaking forcibly. Denny caught just the last words:

“You either make up your mind to go with me, and make it up right now, or you don't go with me at all. Ever or anywhere. I'm through.”

Jeannie's mouth was set, her dark eyes snapping. She gave the Dory one look. Then she came over to the gang, ranged along the counter. “I'd like very much to go to the carnival with you boys,” she said directly to Curly Odin, “if you still want me.”

They still wanted her all right. They told her so. “Swell,” said Curly Odin. “We'll have ourselves a time.” Then he turned to the Dory. Kids can be cruel sometimes. “Ah, Admiral,” he saluted with mock gravity, and the Dory got off his stool and moved toward them.

His jaw stuck out and there was a thin scornful little smile at the corners of his mouth, his hands hanging limp, fingers curled. Jeannie looked frightened.

“Quite a gang, you are, aren't you? Pretty big, pretty important. Boy, you certainly get 'em all right.” The

Dory laughed out loud. "And you're the bunch who're supposed to be a championship outfit this fall—who're going to take every team in the country." He laughed again. "Gee, I think that's funny. Honest I do. Why, this little town team that I've got here in Marstable—the Gulls, that you think are so funny—why, we could take you fellows and then play another game after lunch! Easier than comin' in with the tide. Champions! Oh, boy!"

Curly Odin smiled pleasantly. "Really?" he said with an exasperating calm. "Well, that might be arranged. We might work up a little game early in the fall. Might be kind of fun, eh, gang?" He turned to Denny. "How about it, Denny? Give us a change from running over the scrubs."

"Cut it," Denny said sternly. "That's enough. Pipe down." And the Dory turned to him.

"That's right, coach," he said soothingly, "you take care of 'em. Keep 'em in cotton batting and don't have the field too hard," and he went out, chuckling aloud.

The gang turned to each other. "Imagine a guy like that!" said Pete Purvis. "We ought to take him apart." But Denny Carland sat in his corner of the fountain bar, thinking. He had, all at once, the beginnings of an idea.

Jeannie Lait went to the carnival with Curly Odin and the rest. Denny Carland saw her for just a glimpse, and she didn't seem to be having a very good time.

Denny went around to the little house on the shore where the Dory lived, a little white-shingled, green-trimmed house with nets and lobster traps strung up out back. The Dory was out there. Denny wandered up and sat down on a chopping block.

"YOU serious about wanting a game with the boys?" he asked, sucking his pipe.

"You're damn right I am," the Dory said. Then, eagerly, "Any chance of it?"

Denny fired his pipe carefully. "I don't know," he said. "Might be something worked out. Not a scheduled game, of course, but maybe a little preseason practice scrimmage. Say the second week in September. Just a workout."

"Workout, hell!" the Dory said. "I don't want any whistle-blowing and side-line coaching. I want to play 'em a regular game. Fifteen-minute quarters and all."

"Oh, sure," Denny told him; "that's the way we'd handle it. Only it wouldn't appear on any records. Just something informal. Put it down for, say, the second Saturday in September. I'll see what I can do and let you know. See you later." And he ambled off casually.

But, looking into the lighted house as he swung his car around, he could see the Dory cranking furiously at the telephone. And he grinned happily to himself. His idea was beginning to look better and better.

Practice began at Kingston the third of September. That gave them ten days before the second Saturday. Denny didn't mention Marstable to the gang, purposely didn't, and they seemed to have forgotten it.

Denny didn't even tell his assistants about his plan. Not even Sparky Grey, who handled the backs, or Dink Warren, his line coach. This was his idea and he was going to see it through himself. There was no doubt now about his squad's attitude. They knew they were good, all right. They knew all the answers and they kidded through the workouts. Sparky and Dink were worried.

"Aren't we taking things a little easy, Denny?" Sparky asked one evening, sprawled in a big chair in Denny's rooms. "You gotta bear down with a bunch of third-year men." And Denny grinned easily.

"Oh, they'll be all right," he shrugged. "Wait till the season starts." Leaving Dink and Sparky to stare at each other in amazed bewilderment. This wasn't the usual Denny.

At the end of the first week he was about to call Dory Hanlon when the Dory beat him to it. "How about it?" the Dory demanded. "All right for us to come up Saturday, like you said?"

"Why, yes," Denny said. "I guess so. I'd almost forgotten it. But come ahead if you want. Get here early. You got enough equipment—pads and everything?"

Sore Throat Pains
DUE TO COLDS
Eased Instantly

Crush and stir 3 Bayer Aspirin tablets in ⅓ glass of water.

GARGLE thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat.

Repeat gargle and do not rinse mouth, allow gargle to remain on membranes of the throat for prolonged effect.

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Here is the most amazing way to ease the pains of rawness of sore throat resulting from a cold we know you have ever tried.

Crush and dissolve three genuine BAYER ASPIRIN tablets in one-third glass of water. Then gargle with this mixture twice, holding your head well back.

This medicinal gargle will act almost like a local anesthetic on the sore, irritated membrane of your throat. Pain eases almost instantly; rawness is relieved.

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2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25c
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BAYER
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Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Plenty," the Dory reassured him. "We'll be there."

Then Denny Carland got busy. He called three newspapermen whom he knew well. "Listen, you guys," he said, when they were all in his rooms. "I've done you a lot of favors, haven't I? Always given you the dope and no foolin' about it. Now I want you to do me a favor. Will you?"

"Why, sure, Denny," said Bill Williams, "long as it isn't Yale's signals or a sure thing on the Derby. Tell us."

Denny took a deep breath. "You know the spot I'm in here," he began—"overconfidence." The others nodded. They knew things. "Well," Denny went on, "I want you three fellows to drop out here this Saturday about two. We're going to have a little game. Just an informal little game; nothing for the records or the Athletic Association. But it may turn out to be something. I'm gambling that it will. And if it does," he eyed them levelly, "I want you fellows to write me the kind of story that I can use. And you know what I mean by that. I want something that I can paste up over every locker in the dressing room. I want something strong. I want it laid on. Do you get me?"

They got him, and he gave them a little more of the story.

At one o'clock Saturday Denny Carland went into the Kingston dressing room. The gang was getting into their togs leisurely.

"I've got a little scrimmage lined up for you this afternoon," Denny said casually.

"What is it today, Denny?" Curly Odin said easily, lacing a shoulder pad.

"The Marstable Gulls," Denny said, and Curly straightened up, grinning broadly.

"No kiddin', Denny," he said. "You don't mean the Admiral's outfit from the Cape?"

"That's the bunch," Denny admitted, and Curly turned to the others.

"Say," he cried, "this'll be more fun than a frat initiation! Wait till you see this small-town outfit!"

Tiny Whitehead, Pete Purvis, and Gear Marston were busy explaining things to the others, the ones who hadn't been to Marstable.

"Say," Curly had a sudden thought, "maybe that cute little black-haired trick, Jeannie Lait'll be up for the workout. Hope she is. I'll carry the ball over for the first one myself. She's something."

Denny Carland went out, smiling to himself.

He dropped into the visiting-team rooms. There were only fifteen men there—Denny counted them quickly—but they were big fellows, all of them. He spoke to the ones he knew. They were dressing quietly, not smiling, their thick fingers fumbling over laces, tense, the way he'd seen college teams before their final game.

DORY was over in a corner. Denny went up to him. "Everything O. K., Dory?" he asked, his tone friendly. "Getting what you want? Tape? Ankle bandages?"

"Never use 'em," the Dory said, not offering to shake hands; "don't need 'em."

Denny looked the equipment over. He wasn't going to have any serious injuries. "We'll have only ten-minute quarters," he said, and the Dory didn't like that. He wanted regulation fifteens, but Denny wouldn't listen to it.

"Too early in the season," he said.

He went out to the big empty stadium. For the next half-hour he was busy watching his own squad and the Gulls working out at separate ends of the field. Busy, too, explaining things to his assistants, Sparky Grey and Dink Warren. They thought he was a little crazy. Well, maybe he was. He'd know soon enough.

Then the teams were off the field and the officials had Curley Odin and the Dory out for the toss. Curly was grinning under his big helmet. He was enjoying himself. The Dory didn't have any helmet. His hair was very blond in the sunlight and he wasn't grinning. He won the toss.

Denny got his team around him. "Just simple stuff," he told them, "nothing fancy, but for the Lord's sake let's see a little drive, a little spark for a change."

"O. K., Denny," Curly said. "We'll make it a good circus for you."

Denny sat down on the bench. Behind him in the stands there were perhaps a hundred people. Most of them he recognized vaguely as being from Marstable. There was old man Donovan from the drugstore, and Cap Leary and one or two others. Then, sitting by herself at one side, he saw little Jeannie Lait. Very serious she looked, in a tiny red hat, her eyes very wide, watching the Dory. Denny smiled again to himself.

The three newspapermen, Joe Hayward, Bill Williams, and Tony Bogart, came and sat beside him.

CURLY ODIN kicked off. "Ready, Admiral?" he called, and the Dory's hand went up. The ball arched high and straight down the field. Denny tensed forward. The Dory caught it on his five-yard line. He started up the field, running hard, looking for a hole. Then the black-and-gold Kingston tornado hit him, crashed him, crunched him down. He got up, shaking his head.

"Get those guys, will you, gang?" he yelled, his voice harsh, commanding. They lined up, the Dory back in the number three spot, the carrier's spot. They were on their own fifteen, over at one side.

Then the whole left side of the Gulls' line was swinging out, running like hell, running low, cutting almost straight across the field. The Kingston team followed over after them, coming in fast. When he'd run twenty yards sideways, the Dory stopped still, poised, then lateraled the ball another twenty yards and slightly back, where another Gull caught it.

The Dory cut back and through the line, away over to one side where the play had started. Then he turned.

The Kingston team was rushing the ball carrier. They were almost on him, half a dozen of them, for a ten-yard loss, when, suddenly, he threw the ball. Threw it straight, spiraling, across the field and down to the Dory, standing almost alone by the side lines. The Dory caught it, caught it cleanly, then broke for the goal line, sixty yards away.

"Get that guy!" Jim Lane called frantically. He was forty yards out of the play. So were all the rest of the Black-and-Gold. All except Curly Odin, the safety man. He cut over after the Dory, pounding fast, trying to keep him in the corner. He was catching him, he was beside him almost, the tiny crowd shrieking, when the Dory slowed, swung, caught the tackler with a short vicious straight arm—a straight arm that landed flush, cracking.

Curly Odin slumped down, his clawing fingers sliding off the Dory's legs, and the Dory ran the last thirty yards easily, the ball cradled close.

Denny slumped back. "Well, I'll be damned!" he heard Tony Bogart's voice. "Where in hell did they get a play like that?"

The Dory dropped back and booted the ball straight through the uprights. Seven to nothing. Denny stole a quick look over his shoulder. Jeannie Lait was jumping up and down and beating her little red hat against the concrete.

Then the Black-and-Gold team went to town. They received, and they weren't grinning. Three plays and the Gulls piled them all up. They were getting in low, knifing through. The Dory was backing up the line, into every play, driving, diving under, his blond head at the bottom of every pile. Gear Marston kicked and the Kingston ends smeared the receiver.

The Gulls couldn't gain. It went back and forth and the quarter ended. The teams streamed over for water, towels. It was hot work out there. Denny could hear his gang crabbing each other.

The second quarter started. Kingston was beginning to roll up. The Gulls were pushed back and back. The line play was hard, cracking, smashing. The teams were talking back and forth. Curly Odin was ranging up and down his line, kicking the guards, the center. "Get in there, you guys." Denny had told him not to do that. Dory Hanlon wasn't saying a word. The half ended with the ball on the Gulls' seven-yard line, first down for Kingston.

Denny didn't go into the locker room between the halves.

They weren't dumb, the Black-and-Gold outfit. They were smart players. They knew what was gumming their works. The towheaded guy, Dory Hanlon, was doing most of it. He had help all right, plenty of it, but he was the monkey wrench in the gears. They went after him. They did it well too. Most of the time he had two men, sometimes three, on him, catching him high, low, boxing him, cutting him down. He fought them off with his big hands, banging heads with the crack of leather, struggling.

But they pushed him back. Back and back. To the twenty, the ten, the five, and then they fumbled. Curly Odin fumbled. The Dory had knifed through, and there was a line tackle like two trucks on the open road, and the ball popped out, dribbling along the ground until a Gull end fell on it.

The Dory dropped back to kick. The ball arched up and over, fifty, sixty yards in the air, over Curly Odin's head and back to the Kingston fifteen. Then the quarter ended.

The fourth quarter was the ball game. Both teams were dead tired, log-footed. Kingston wasn't in schedule shape yet. It was a good thing for the Marstable Gulls and for Denny Carland that they weren't. But he had counted on that fourth-quarter lack of condition—that and the pitch that Dory Hanlon had worked his gang up to and was keeping them up to.

THEY went to work, though, the Kingston boys did. They opened up and they went down the field. Six plays took them to the middle stripe. Then Curly Odin swung wide behind a Black-and-Gold wall. A Kingston end went after the safety man, blotted him. Dory Hanlon went down. Then he got up.

Curly Odin was heading for a corner of the field, streaking it. The Dory cut across, sidestepping a diving interferer. At the ten he had Curly almost cornered. At the five he made his dive, a long, low, hard dive. Too hard a dive, too late. They went over the goal line with the Dory's arms locked around Curly Odin's legs and the ball just over the pay marker.

The score was seven—six for the Gulls and there were three minutes.

The teams lined up. Then Dory Hanlon called time out, and his gang huddled around him. He was talking to them, his fist pounding the ground. The whistle blew and Curly Odin dropped back, Jim Lane holding for the conversion, the lines digging in.

Curly's hand went down and the ball snapped back, and as it hung in the air, a long towheaded fellow with big holes at the elbows of his jersey hurtled, half dove across the lines, his huge hands sweeping a blocker from his path, the ball thudding dull against his chest, dropping dead at his feet.

The Gulls received, and the game ended two minutes later with the ball nowhere in particular and both teams out on their feet.

Denny Carland got up and walked to the field house. On the stone steps at the visitors' entrance he saw a girl sitting. A small girl with black hair and a very badly battered red hat. Jeannie Lait looked up at him.

"Will—will it be all right if I wait here for the Dory?" she asked, and Denny grinned. "I wouldn't be surprised if it was," he said, and went on in.

The Dory had his jersey off and his face looked as if it had just been plowed. He'd found his old yachting cap and stuck it at an angle on his blond head. Denny put out his hand and the Dory grabbed it.

"Well," he demanded, "how do you like America?" and it seemed to make as much sense as anything he could have said.

"I like it all right," Denny told him; then he added, "That's a pretty good play you pulled for a touchdown, kid."

The Dory's grin threatened to split on him. "It ought to be. I got it from you that night on Ma Turnbull's front porch," he said. "You ain't mad, are you?"

Denny Carland shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm not mad. I've got an idea that that play will win about nine scheduled games for me this fall."

And he was right about that.

THE END

COLD WEATHER doesn't put a stop to *this annoyance*

You can offend with *underarm odor* even though you don't perspire

YOU'VE often heard women say, "No, I don't use an underarm deodorant in winter. I don't need to, because I don't perspire in cold weather."

They're perfectly sincere — but how horrified they would be if they knew the facts!

For, far from putting a stop to perspiration odor, winter often makes it worse. Tighter sleeves, and heavier materials keep air away from the underarms. And indoor life, with too little exercise is apt to result in ugly underarm odor.

The only sure way to avoid this danger is to give your underarms special daily care. And why not do it the quickest, easiest way? With Mum!

Just half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful smoothed under each arm — that's all there is to using Mum! Then you're safe for the whole strenuous day.

Mum soothes and cools skin. You can use Mum right after shaving the underarms. Even a sensitive skin won't mind!

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed, for it does not injure fabrics.

Does not prevent perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do — prevents the *odor* of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Make Mum a daily habit, *winter* as well as summer, and you'll never need to fear perspiration odor! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS and enjoy the comfort of knowing you can never offend!

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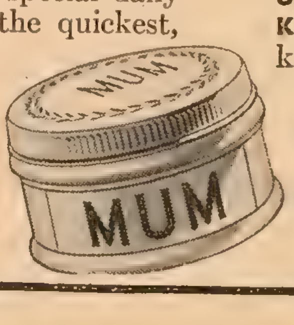


TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

What Will Happen Next in the LINDBERGH CASE?

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

1. LINDBERGH will hurry back from England and insist on an official reopening of the entire case.

2. The Morrows will be asked to tell everything they know about the night of March 1, 1932, and after.

3. Betty Gow will be brought back from Scotland, Red Johnson from Norway, the Whateleys—unless they are really dead—from Denmark.

4. The Morrow and Lindbergh households will be turned upside down in an effort to find the inside help without which, many authorities insist, the kidnaping could never have taken place.

5. Jafsie Condon will be forced to clear up several points which he did not clear up in his Liberty articles or his Flemington testimony.

6. J. Edgar Hoover will resign his job in Washington and personally direct a nation-wide investigation.

7. Clarence Darrow will come out of retirement to prosecute *all* the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby at a trial presided over by a federal judge specially designated by Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes.

At least, that is what will happen next in the Lindbergh case if the earnest men and women who write letters to Liberty have their way—and there is more than a little evidence that they are going to have it.

All of which is in addition to what is *already* happening in the Lindbergh case.

Washington, through G-men, is actively investigating the whole case from the Wendel-Parker-Hoffman angle on the strength of new evidence hitherto unsuspected by the general public.

The federal grand jury, sitting in New Jersey, has already indicted Anna Bading, Ellis Parker's secretary, and another of his aids, and will, it is believed, throw the whole case wide open.

Governor Hoffman, after months of nation-wide investigation, is now busy preparing a Lindbergh broadside which will make his previous fulminations on the subject seem like Sunday-school chats.

C. Lloyd Fisher, Hauptmann counsel, has in his possession a well substantiated version of the Hopewell crime, which, when adequately presented, will be important enough to precipitate a speed reopening of the entire case.

Ellis Parker, Burlington County sleuth—with his whole reputation and future at stake—is on the track of the man whom he expects to prove beyond question a participant in the kidnaping and extortion plot.

Paul H. Wendel, most mysterious of all Lindbergh case figures, has already told a story to a Brooklyn grand jury which was sufficiently convincing to cause the indictment of the Parkers, father and son—and he has just begun to tell what he knows!

But to get back to those Liberty correspondents—

I have a high pile of their letters in front of me as I write. And such letters! Three hundred of them, three hundred solutions of the Lindbergh mystery, each different from every other, all different from the one reached by the jurors at Flemington!

These three hundred letters have been selected from thousands which have come to the editor of Liberty since Hauptmann was electrocuted.

"The case is closed," said the New Jersey authorities.

But the case was not closed. These letters from every corner of North America are the best proof of that.

When the letters began to arrive, they were almost equally divided between those who praised Liberty for continuing to investigate the Hopewell crime and those who chided it for doing so. The chiding letters have now practically ceased. Reader opinion has solidified.

Not necessarily in favor of Hauptmann. A great majority of the letters contain some such statement as "Not that I believe Hauptmann wasn't mixed up in it." But even more contain phrases like these:

"There's something wrong."

"Somebody is being covered up."

"The trial was a farce, a circus."

"There are too many unanswered questions."

"There's a whale of a lot more to this story than has been told."

"The whole thing stinks to high heaven."

Of course, some small percentage of these letter-writing thousands are cranks. There are also the usual number of accusations against racial, religious, and political groups.

There is a contingent which does not believe that the baby was ever kidnaped at all, insisting that it was simply "removed" by members of the Morrow family or household—presumably against Colonel Lindbergh's wishes and without his knowledge—with the idea of placing it for treatment in some institution or home; and that, when it died in the process through the carelessness of an intermediary, the kidnap story was invented.

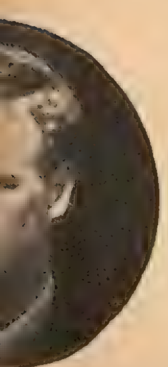
As I say, there are crank letters and border-line letters. That was inevitable. But the great majority are from obviously intelligent and thoughtful citizens. Some occupy high political positions. Others are members of the bar. Still others are ministers of the gospel, doctors, business men, wives and mothers. Some are banded together in associations and committees whose fixed purpose is to see this thing through.

I am not discounting the work of Governor Hoffman, Ellis H. Parker, C. Lloyd Fisher, or the militant groups who do not believe in capital punishment or circumstantial evidence, or the people who still believe they can prove by handwriting and other tests that Paul H. Wendel was concerned in the extortion plot. But I believe that these letters

Will Public Demand Reopen It?— Consider This Surprising Survey of Opinion as Revealed in Letters to Liberty

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS



The question mark includes J. Edgar Hoover, Clarence Darrow, Betty Gow, Dwight, junior and Constance Morrow, Mrs. Morrow, Mrs. Lindbergh, "Red" Johnson both the Whateleys—Mrs. Ollie and her husband, Dr. "Jafsie" Condon, and (in the dot below) Colonel Lindbergh.

from the American people will do more than all of them together to force a real Lindbergh case showdown.

At first, the seeming unwillingness of the New Jersey authorities to admit the possibility of new evidence, their insistence on speedy execution—these were the prime objects of epistolary comment.

"What was the hurry about killing Hauptmann?" one man wrote. "They had him in jail, didn't they?"

"Wilentz, Hauck, Schwarzkopf, and the rest ought to have welcomed a postponement," said another, "until every last clue was run to earth."

But since Bruno's death, with the passing of Schwarzkopf from public life and the dying out of the last echoes of the prosecution's forensics, the public has seemed to look over and beyond these political "front men" of the prosecution.

Frankly, they are looking at Colonel Lindbergh.

There is nothing sinister in this new attitude of the people toward their national idol. The sympathy which went out to him and Mrs. Lindbergh at the time of their bereavement is still theirs. But running parallel to, and not necessarily inconsistent with, that sentiment is a growing feeling that since it was Colonel Lindbergh who directed the long chase for the killer, who lent all of his great influence to the prosecution of the accused, he must therefore take the responsibility for what obviously is, to many, an unsatisfactory result.

Here is a letter from a man in Albany, New York, which more or less sums up this whole attitude:

"I fully believe that Hauptmann had something to do with this crime—plenty. But I don't believe one person in ten thinks that Hauptmann did this thing alone. Surely Colonel Lindbergh can't think so.

"If it were my child, I should want to have the case solved, and convict all that had anything to do with it. I should have objected very strongly, were I Lindbergh, to having Hauptmann electrocuted until I found out who the others were.

"He must know that the very first thing in the case has not been solved—whether the kidnaper ever did get into the nursery, whether he went up or down the ladder, or if the ladder was used at all, and if so, how to account for all the fingerprints, none of which were Hauptmann's.

"He must know that it has never been proved whether the baby was killed by a blow, a fall, or exposure.

"He must know that nothing was brought out at the trial about the man with the handkerchief at the cemetery with whom Condon is said to have walked off later. Doesn't Lindbergh want to know who owned this handkerchief, which was picked up later and yet no trace made of it?

"And why does he think Violet Sharpe committed suicide?

"If I were Lindbergh, I should want to hear more from this man in Virginia—Curtis. At least, I should have wanted to bring him face to face with Hauptmann and Condon at the trial. I should want to know why nothing had been heard of the other $25,000 or $30,000 of the ransom money which has not been accounted for in any satisfactory way. I certainly should want to know who that person was who spoke in Italian over the phone when Condon and 'John' first talked together.

"I should want to know who was the owner of that plaster footprint which was never brought into the case after it was found not to be Hauptmann's. And, by God, I'd want to know more about this Condon!"

There is nothing unfriendly about a letter like that. Yet it is clear that this intelligent citizen feels that somehow his hero has failed him.

When Colonel Lindbergh, a true patriot, realizes that his silence, his aloofness, his flight—no matter how justified—from the country which has so honored and loved him might create an unfortunate impression among large sections of the American public, it is inconceivable that he should not return and demand to be heard.

And demand that everybody else be heard.

And that this whole thing be settled once for all.

It would seem, therefore, that *Lindy* will *come back and insist upon the truth!*

The Morrow family's participation in the new inquiry should be automatic if Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh request it. Any one can understand how a sensitive person like Mrs. Morrow shrinks from another public appearance in this hideous situation. Yet if she is the woman I believe her to be, she will see her duty and see that *all* of her children see it—and do it.

Then, too, there are people who believe that they have seen the baby and know its actual whereabouts—for example, that woman in Dallas who said she had been trying for a year to get the authorities even to look at the child she claims to have identified.

SPRAINED BACK while coaching

Takes own medicine relieves pain with Absorbine Jr.

WHILE coaching his team, H.P.* of Detroit, accidentally sprained his back and suffered acute pain.

Ordinarily a man would be laid up for days. But not H. P. A great user of Absorbine Jr. to relieve bruises, pain and strain for his athletes, he had his own medicine rubbed on his back. Absorbine Jr. soon had him feeling fit and limber.

He also finds Absorbine Jr. excellent as an antiseptic dressing for cuts.

Make Absorbine Jr. your own family liniment. For relieving sore muscles, strains, sprains, muscular rheumatic aches and pains, this famous old remedy carries the highest recommendations of many doctors, nurses and athletic trainers. Famous, too, for destroying the fungus of Athlete's Foot.

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr. You'll find it thrifty to use; a little goes so far. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

There are other reasons also why our readers feel that all the baby's relatives should be questioned.

The Morrow and Lindbergh households were, to all intents and purposes, one. The servants on both estates were really one belowstairs family—and not a very large one. Our correspondents think that it is a most unusual circumstance that, in the months following the baby's mysterious disappearance, four of these servants should have died.

Violet Sharpe took cyanide rather than face a police examination. The Whateleys were allowed to leave this country for Europe, where they were reported dead from sudden mysterious diseases. Septimus Banks, the Morrow butler, reputed lover of Violet Sharpe, died under circumstances which have been only vaguely explained.

If there is a scandal in the Morrow household, it is too bad. But our letter writers do not seem to think it is so important as the possibility that a condemned man has been allowed to go to his death with the scandal unrevealed, or that perpetrators or co-perpetrators of a monstrous crime should go unpunished.

ONE thing that our section of American opinion most resents, if we can judge by their letters, is the fact that so many individuals connected with the Morrow and Lindbergh families or with the events which led to the trial at Flemington were allowed to proceed outside the jurisdiction of the United States courts.

"A man's life was at stake," wrote one man, "also the integrity of our courts and the good name of a great state—and what happens? Betty Gow, the last person known to have seen Baby Lindbergh alive, goes to Scotland. Red Johnson, her boy friend, to whom she admits she telephoned that the family would be in Hopewell that night, goes to Norway. The Whateleys, the only other servants in the house at the time of the kidnaping, started for Denmark. God only knows where they landed! The Morrows go to China. Jafsie goes to Panama. And, to top it all off, the Lindberghs themselves go to England.

"Have we no laws in this country to keep material witnesses within the scope of the courts' authority until a man's fate is finally decided?"

There is no way of forcing Betty Gow or Red Johnson or the Whateleys—assuming that they are still alive—to return to this country unless they are formally charged with some crime; but if they are honest God-fearing people, they will insist on being brought back.

As for Dr. Condon, he has *got* to come through.

If he could read the mass of correspondence I have read, he would not sleep in his bed—if he is the honest man I have always believed him to be—until he had joined with Colonel Lindbergh in demanding an absolutely unrestricted public airing of the whole extortion and ransom transaction and his part in it.

It shouldn't be supposed that Dr. Condon is without friends among Liberty readers. Some exclaim: "Would that there were more God-fearing men in this country like Dr. Condon!" One reader went so far as to call him "the Don Quixote of the Lindbergh case." But others countered by comparing him to "Oxman of the Tom Mooney case" and "the pig woman of the Hall-Mills case." Still others go so far as to accuse him of being the brains behind the whole kidnaping and extortion plot.

Personally, I do not believe any such charge; but it is hardly the kind of thing Dr. Condon will wish to let go unchallenged.

More significant are those letters asking questions which only Jafsie can answer. This one is typical:

"First, where did Jafsie get all the money for this investigation of his? He assertedly spent thousands of dollars of his hard-earned money, yet he was unpaid (so he says). It's a cinch that he didn't make that kind of money just teaching school.

"Second, Jafsie admits that Hauptmann handed him a note one night, yet no effort was made to secure the fingerprints from that note, or any other note for that matter. It is a known fact that portions of fingerprints on these ransom notes (useless for identification) did not match Hauptmann's fingerprints in any way.

"Third, in the trial no mention was made of other parties involved in the kidnaping, yet in Liberty Jafsie has named other figures and other evidence that should have interested that jury who decided Bruno's fate.

"Fourth, Jafsie says he did not trace the phone calls for fear that it might impair his chances of getting the baby back. Those calls could have been easily traced. The kidnaper would have been none the wiser."

THERE is a strong and growing sentiment among our readers that the mere fact that the Hudson River flows between the State of New York and the State of New Jersey is no reason why this important witness should not be forced, if need be, to answer these and other pertinent questions as to his activities before and after the Lindbergh tragedy.

The presumption that these various individuals—Lindbergh, the Morrows, Betty Gow, Red Johnson, possibly the Whateleys, surely Dr. Condon—can, if they will, furnish enough new evidence to justify any court in reopening the case—that J. Edgar Hoover, given a free hand and all of his time, would uncover still more evidence—and that Clarence Darrow, given such an adequately and impartially prepared case, would achieve a settlement of the entire matter that would be satisfactory and final—these things are taken by our letter-writing Liberty readers to be self-evident.

What do you think?

THE END

One of the elaborate scenes in the French score, La Kermesse Heroique, a tale of turbulent times in the seventeenth century.

DALLIANCE SMILES from a DUSTY YESTERYEAR

France Sends a Sly and Mellow Item of Seventeenth-Century Drollery to the Land of Twentieth Century's Miss Temple—Who is Winsomely with Us Again

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★★★½ LA KERMESSE HEROIQUE (Carnival in Flanders)

THE PLAYERS: Françoise Rosay, Alerme, Micheline Cheirel, Bernard Lancret, Jean Murat, Louis Jouvet. From a novel by Charles Spaak. Adapted by Bernard Zimmer. Directed by Jacques Feyder. Produced by Films Sonores Tobis.

THIS is recommended for those who love good pictures in any language. Its American presentation is a little belated, for this French production already has won the Grand Prix du Cinéma Français and the gold medal of the Venice International Exposition.

Our protest against Hollywood-made historical films is that they reek of studio artificiality, that they are too spick and span, that they have none of the mellow, dusty flavor of their age. Hollywood unfolds its history before magnificent sets—but they still are sets. Mary of Scotland, that too studied study of murder and royalty, was a recent case in point. On the other hand, European movie makers seem to be able to get past the fresh-paint sign into the past.

Jacques Feyder's mature intelligent direction makes this story of nineteen hours of a September day and night in 1616 a richly colored tapestry brought to life. The background is the village of Boom in Flanders. Muddy arrogant outriders announce the coming of a Spanish invading contingent. The timid burgomaster hits upon the idea of feigning death, believing that his fancied demise will send the invaders on their way immediately. But the housewives have ideas of their own. Headed by the shrewd wife of the mayor, they give such a hospitable reception to the cavaliers that they move on—at sunrise next day—with considerable and varied regrets.

In the interim things have happened, we regret to report, that would bring blushes to Elder Will Hays's cheeks if he understood the subtleties of French.

The dialogue is French, of course, but the superimposed English translations are admirable. The acting, particularly of Françoise Rosay as the shrewish, tender, resourceful wife of the burgomaster, is excellent. We particularly commend the invading Spanish duke of Jean Murat and the hypocritical Dominican brother of Louis Jouvet. But every role, down to the smallest bits of soldiers and peasants, is perfectly done. All the players become authentic figures of a swiftly moving pageant. The direction superbly conjures up the Renaissance; better still, it keeps a whole seventeenth-century town in focus. And the human, detailed direction is pointed by droll, impudent Gallic humor.

VITAL STATISTICS: A *kermesse* is equivalent to a fiesta—derived, some say, from *ker*, meaning church, and *messe*, mass, in old French patois. Probably original kermesses were super strawberry church socials in which heretics were burned, dancing was unrefined, food was plentiful, and a good time was had by all. . . . Though it all takes place in Flanders, picture is Paris-made. It took six months to research, and scenes were especially planned to resemble paintings of the period it represents, 1616, Breughel, Teniers, Van Dyck, and the Flemish masters obliging. Even manners are period true and expressions on faces of actors supposed to resemble painted characters—which is doing a mighty fine lot of observation for accuracy. Picture took eight weeks to film and cost 2,000,000 francs, or about $140,000, which is big money in France, even for such a big supersuper as this is. Equivalent in Hollywood would cost a modest million. Reason for small costs: France is noted for its economy, or hadn't you heard? Salaries are tip money compared to Hollywood fabulosities. In Paris Kermesse Héroïque played five months. . . . French being the official language of many a European, African, and Asiatic colony, state, and union, and French being spouted in Turkey and other culture centers, French pictures probably make more money abroad than any other pictures made there; but America stands financially and filmily supreme in France! . . . Since picture stresses feminist angle and makes Flemish gents out timid in the face of danger, picture was banned in most of Belgium. Brussels saw it and loved it. Generally, part of Belgium sympathetic to France hated it, while regions strongly German liked it. . . . Incident that forms core of picture may or may not be true historically, but march of Spanish army of occupancy on L'Anvers (Antwerp) during Thirty Years' War was actual; there is actually a town called Boom in Flanders, as in picture; and spirit of picture is faithful to the people and times. . . . Alerme, who plays the rotund burgomaster, is about sixty, hails from the north of France, is an old hand at vaudeville, clowning, and comic characterization in theater. He is known by no other name, Alerme being both front and rear handles. . . . Jean Murat is the Fred MacMurray of France. He looks, acts, and is like Fred, but doesn't play the saxophone. He's about thirty-five or thirty-eight, happily married to Annabelle, étoile numero une de France—beg poddon, number one French star. Both Murat and Annabelle (her full name, folks) started in the movies, and she's of the Sylvia Sidney variety. . . . Françoise Rosay is Director Régisseur Jacques Feyder's wife. She and author Spaak always assist Feyder in scenario preparation and, like Shearer and the late Thalberg, Feyder has great faith in her judgment. . . . Régisseur Feyder is number one director of France. He's of good family, an avowed intellectual, very artistic, very individualistic. Did a turn in Hollywood, directing a couple, but didn't care much for stress on business-over-artistic side of films. Admires Hollywood's efficient technical side but not its waste, horrific to a Frenchman of stout economy. He and Mlle. Rosay live in Paris and, unlike Hollywood types, are never trying to get away from it all. When French actors vacation they go to St. Moritz, Côte d'Azur, but don't own simple 300-room ranches 100 miles away—they simply haven't the money. . . . Micheline Cheirel is twenty-year-old dotter to a French actress. She's new and as ingénue as a French actress ever is. For in France forty- and fifty-year-old women usually play ingénues, stress not being on bodily physical beauty but on sober reflective qualities. In fact,

Many people tried it last fall and are doing it again

—building general resistance now for winter months ahead!

Last year they may have been doubtful. This year they're *convinced* that it pays. Instead of doing nothing about common, winter hazards, they are making use of new facts to help *avoid* discomforts.

These winter conditions, as you know, are not confined to any special month. Any time after early fall, you're likely to get them. But in January and February they reach their peak—when your general resistance is likely to be low.

That's why people are learning to take precautions in *advance* of the "peak months." They've found it is sensible to use some resistance-building measure *as a regular routine every day.*

Many use *Adex*. It helps build up a reserve of Vitamin A, the factor which is a definite aid toward good general resistance. Adex also supplies extra Vitamin D with its special "sunshine" benefits. Both vitamins come from natural sources, like good cod and halibut liver oil.

Why not try Adex this winter for comfort's sake? Put a bottle on the breakfast table. Its use *every day* is important.

Now in pleasant tablets or small gelatine capsules at any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D—

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

they say an actor or actress doesn't really get going in France till he or she's around thirty-eight. . . . Louis Jouvet's well known to French stage; owns several legit theaters; is considered one of France's best stage actors and directors. . . . M. Depluis is a real midget or *nain*, and makes up to resemble famous picture of Goya's called Le Nain. . . . Not as much fuss made over movie stars in general in France as America, staging having priority over movies. Fan mail is judged by number of post-card pictures of actor sold to fans. . . . Picture theme, "In big events let the women act first," attributed to Talleyrand.

★ ★ DIMPLES

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Frank Morgan, Helen Westley, Robert Kent, Stepin Fetchit, Astrid Allwyn, Delma Byron, Berton Churchill, Julius Tannen, Hall Johnson Choir. Screen play by Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin. Directed by William A. Seiter. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is an institution. And she will keep on being one until she grows to awkward proportions. Perhaps it is a little sad to contemplate, this gangling future. But oncoming nonentity will be tempered with a fortune, as was the freckled adolescence of Jackie Coogan.

Shirley Temple dramas should be simple. And this one is, without question. It is something or other about a shabby old professor and his pert little ward, who, as a child stage star, plays Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and dies dramatically, only to return before a minstrel background for a glorified tap dance, for which she was tutored by that dark dean of dancing, Bill Robinson.

There are a lot of prominent players in the background of the Temple antics, but what chance is there for them? Even my favorite exponent of dramatic indolence, the dusky Stepin Fetchit, is buried beneath the Temple supercuteness.

If your weakness is Shirley Temple, here's your evening's entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: An origie taken from the slenderest idea of some studio non-lit light, and blown to full flower by skilled low comic script specialists Sheek Sheekman and Nat (Sauce) Perrin, they tried calling this The Bowery Princess. Preview audience was so incensed at associating Shirley Temple with the Bowery, studio hastened to redub it original handle: Dimples. Curiously, Mrs. Temple wishes Shirley would get something to do in which she's not so goody-goody. Thousands write in asking for Shirley as a fairy princess; studio turns thumbs down on idea because fantasy is not considered healthy to a realistic box office. Fox did try to get Peter Pan for Shirley, but Paramount owns rights and refuses to relinquish for art or money. . . . Dimples was made in thirty-five days, five days under sched, maintaining usual Temple speed. After finishing, Shirley left on 3,550-mile auto jaunt with Paw and Maw Temple and one press agent. They did the West Coast from Hollywood to British Columbia. Shirley fished, drew crowds from 250 to 10,000, jammed traffic, hotel lobbies, took it all unconcernedly, remaining an amazing unspoiled seven. Went unannounced to see Poor Little Rich Girl in Victoria, B. C. Theater was empty when Shirley and family arrived; when party left it took a troop of mounted policemen and an army of Boy Scouts to clear path for Shirley aboard Father Temple's shoulder. Crowds insist Father Temple carry Shirley on his shoulder; but in Seattle, while shopping, pa didn't. Crowd jammed Shirley and mother apart and Shirley got a bit scared. Otherwise she has no nerves. Wherever she went people sent hundreds of pounds of candy, flowers, gifts—which usually went to orphanages. At lodge on Mount Rainier, Shirley played with four Boy Scouts; then, wanting to do a little stepping, was disgusted to find they couldn't dance. Shirley has no political party affiliations; recently had her first ice-cream soda, liked it; gets no allowance; never has occasion to spend money. She saves coins which are sent her, and Farley always provides her with the first stamp of a new issue. Her father still bathes her every night, then reads to her while Mrs. Temple puts her hair up in bobbie pins. She's asleep by eight thirty, awake by six forty-five, when she switches on her radio and listens to a homespun philosopher who makes her meditative and whom she wrote a letter of "recommendation" recently because she thought he made people happy. Peanut-butter sandwiches and milk shakes are her favorite supper. She likes Little Miss Marker best of her pictures, and is keenly critical of her own work. Her greatest improvement has been in dancing. She's been photogged about 150,000 times, people being crazy to snap her—often only getting an arm or a long shot of her panties, hazards of getting good angles in crowds being what they are for amateur snapshooters. Her favorite toy is a fifteen-cent rag doll sent her by a poor child. Father Temple is great ribber; delights in *(a)* making out he is unacquainted with Shirley Temple or *(b)* actually insisting he never heard of her. Temples have just moved in new home which hasn't a swimming pool, orgytorium, gold slide for Shirley, but represents quiet middle-classism. Only luxury: a little complete movie theater with stage. During Dimples, Shirley was visited by Jap ambassador en route to Belgium; but Colonel Knox, speaking in L. A., was seen off at his train only by eleven private detectives. Shirley learned all steps she does herein in two hours. Bill Robinson did the teaching and says she dances with her mind and can actually improve his steps. Shirley can rehearse dances lying on her back in bed and using the bedboard as a floor. . . . Helen Westley, the terror woman of the New York stage, admitted terror at having to face Shirley, but was soon put at her ease by S.'s naturalness. . . . Astrid Allwyn has the disagreeable task of calling Shirley a "dirty little street urchin" and "brat," but made up for it by falling heavily offscene for her. She's also a profound and hearty admirer of Rob Kent, a high-spirited young fellow expelled from practically every school he's attended, but who has boxed, sailored, bank-messengered, farm-handed, riding-instructed. . . . Stepin Fetchit took the name from a winning race horse on whom he'd bet all his clothes against thirty dollars, having been teased into the bet by fellow vodvillains. Step wrote a song about the nag, sang it for years. Real name's Lincoln Perry; wasn't always minus zero I. Q.d and African-slow; developed character some years ago, and now believes it. Has plan to create Harlemwood, a sector of Hollywood devoted to Stepin Fetchit credo that work is ruining the race. . . . This is first time Frank Morgan has ever Shakespeared, danced, and appeared in blackface (lampblack). Each misstep he does in dance with Shirley is studied move and was veddy *difficile* to learn. . . . Jonah Scott and Demitasse Black are both thirteen, prize kids of Los Ang-Hahlem; weren't scared to debut and dance with Shirley but admitted they were mighty shaky.

★ ★ MISSING GIRLS

THE PLAYERS: Roger Pryor, Muriel Evans, Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Ann Doran, George Cooper, Dewey Robinson, Wallis Clark, Vera Lewis, Oscar Apfel, Warner Richmond. Screen play by Martin Mooney and John Krafft. Directed by Phil Rosen. Produced by Chesterfield Pictures.

ANOTHER melodrama of the missing-girl racket, but a little better, a little more authentically detailed. Perhaps—and probably—this is due to the fact that the screen yarn was written by Martin Mooney, who knows his jail. He is the newspaperman who gained considerable notoriety in Manhattan a year or so ago when he went to a cell rather than divulge to a New York Grand Jury the sources of his information for a series of racketeer stories.

Here you have a reporter who goes to prison to protect his informants à la Mooney just as his sweetheart, daughter of a reforming state senator, is stolen by racketeers. The melodrama moves along swiftly to a G-man attack upon an armed hideaway in the country.

We found bridegroom Roger Pryor plausible as the pleasant upright newsgatherer. And we like Sidney Blackmer as a smooth racket overlord and Vera Lewis in a bit as an unpleasant old woman-hating hag who keeps house for the gangsters.

VITAL STATISTICS: Produced by a Hollywood independent. An indie differs from a major in that indies cut the picture while writing the script, whereas majors write their script while cutting the finished picture. . . . Indies, known for their Scotch natures, should have emblem of crossed razors, for shaving costs, over a chisel, surrounded by a low moan about high production costs. If any film should be left on cutting-room floor of an indie studio, it's made into celluloid collars worn by indie executives. Chief indie trouble is utter lack of ideal and utter love of money. Chief Hollywood problem: To find an indie with courage enough to form a Film Guild with something of Theatre Guild purpose! Chief problem of said indie, should he arise—to find a banker with enough faith in program to advance money to carry it out! . . . Author Martin Mooney bases this story on incident in his own experience when he was fined two hundred fifty dollars and jailed for thirty days for contempt of court when he refused to divulge special information to a Manhattan Grand Jury as result of series of crime articles on big-business racketeering. Mooney lost appeal in higher courts and served sentence last January, after successful junket to Hollywood, where he divulged information to movie companies for high wages. Upon completion of sentence, Mooney turned down personal-appearance offers, theatrical and radio, amounting to more than $100,000. Knows all the law enforcers, all the ace racketeers, ace G-men; is frequently suspected of special-agent proclivities, which he denies. Married in 1915, Mooney's been divorced, and jailed fifteen times for nonpayment of alimony, which resulted in his introduction to gangland, which resulted in fame and fortune through writing means. Happily remarried six and a half years ago, he's father of twin dotters, under contract to Hearst. Thinks finest praise is, "He was an A-1 newshawk." . . . Roger Pryor, a minor player in the majors now being a major player in the minors, was recently married to Ann Sothern. Noel Madison is son of Maurice Moscovitch, London stage luminary, but you wouldn't catch it from the name. Noel's gradded from Lausanne, a Swiss U., and London House, London. . . . Dewey Robinson, who plays toughies, is a Rutgers grad, weighs 260, almost managed to die for dear old Rutgers every Saturday afternoon when bigger Princeton backs ran over him.

★ ★ IN HIS STEPS

THE PLAYERS: Eric Linden, Cecilia Parker, Henry Kolker, Charles Richman, Olive Tell, Harry Beresford, Roger Imhof, Clara Blandick, Robert Warwick, Warner Richmond, Donald Kirke, Stanley Adams. From the novel by Charles M. Sheldon. Directed by Karl Brown. Produced by Grand National Pictures.

THIS screen version of a best seller for the past forty years is one of the first productions of a newcomer to the movie field.

It is the story of the runaway marriage of a boy and a girl from two wealthy bitterly antagonistic families. The fathers fight to break up the match—until the spirit of tolerance, preached by an old gardener and his friend, a retired preacher, swamps them in a big moment of lightning flashes, forgiveness, and generosity.

The gardener and the ex-preacher are played by Harry Beresford, onetime variety headliner, and Roger Imhof, who used to be a burlesque comic. The boy and the girl are pleasantly done by Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker, and there is an excellent bit by Robert Warwick.

This is not for sophisticated audiences. Yet there is no denying a certain simple elemental appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Whenever you hear the sound of the chimes striking the hour and see a moderne clock on the tower of a skyscraper with the letters Grand National in place of the hour numerals, folks, you will probably be in a theater watching a picture by a new movie company of same name. Said company has just been formed by simple process of getting together a few handfuls of millions, taking over the disgruntled sensitive Jimmy Cagney from the dictatorial extroversial Warners, and announcing fifty pictures for the first year, including Five Little Peppers and How They Grew, and St. Elmo. Grand National's ambitions are (*a*) to twist the tail of Leo, the M-G-M lion and the most overweening beast in the film business; (*b*) to make money; and (*c*) to make dough. To show what it's made of, Grand National modestly offers as its firstie this modernized verzh of the world's most read book next to the Bible. Book's been translated into twenty-one languages. Author Sheldon realized practically nil from the book, and though he had many unhappy moments therefrom, he never did manage a lawsuit to reap some of the enormous filthy lucre made from his heavenly theme. . . . Producer Benny Ziedman was first personal press agent to stars; started on a round-the-world tour with Romanine Fielding, old-time Lubin star, got as far as Phoenix, Arizona, in old jollopy, separated, Ziedman going on to California and a struggle for power occasionally realized, and Fielding on to oblivion. . . . Cecilia Parker's a trailer fan, Eric Linden a Honolulu fan; Harry Beresford was pelted by orange skins when a boy on the London stage; has hated them ever since.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold.

★★★—Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—His mother was a lady known as Speranza; his father an oculist. Born in Dublin, he wrote in French a sensational play for Sarah Bernhardt and was satirized in Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience. What poet, wit, and dramatist is pictured to the reader's right?

2—Which country issued the first postage stamp?

3—Who that commanded 373 ships "never liked going to sea"?

4—What is the modern method of branding cattle?

5—The eldest son of what London dancer was made Duke of St. Albans?

6—Which is the largest of the Philippine Islands?

7—Who in 1921 played his first picture role with John Barrymore in Sherlock Holmes?

8—What were Mme. Roland's last words before her execution?

9—How many doughnuts are annually consumed in the United States?

10—What country executes criminals doomed to death twenty-four hours following their conviction?

11—Which of Upton Sinclair's novels has proven most popular?

12—How many fingers has Mickey Mouse?

13—Who in 1853 induced Japan to trade with the United States?

14—Nitric acid is a compound of what?

15—In the United States about forty thousand pilots and students are licensed; how many planes are there?

16—Which American college has the largest enrollment?

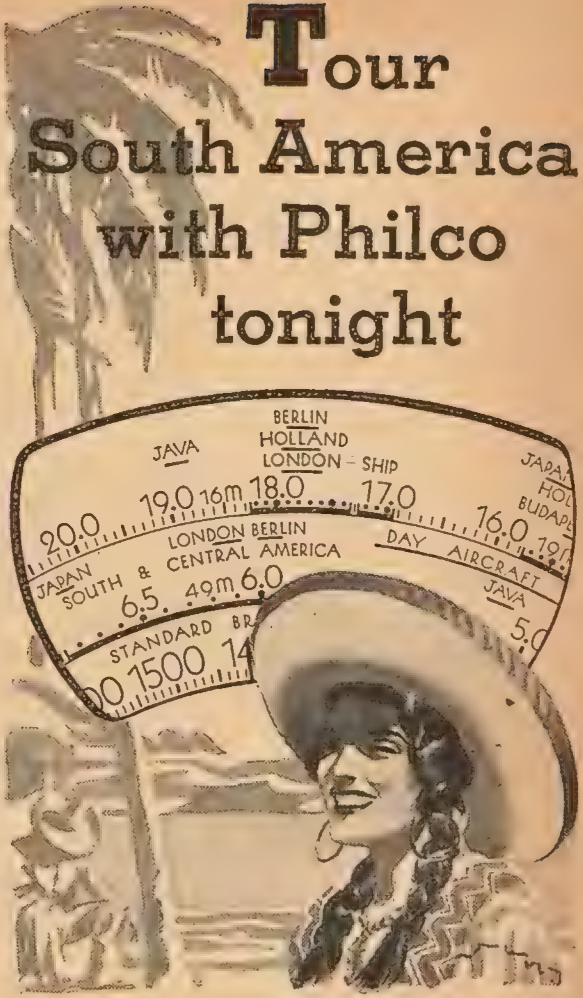
17—Is tauromaquia cruel?

18—In a battle between a black rat and a brown rat, which should win?

19—What Biblical character's hair became feathers?

20—Who painted The Gleaners?

(Answers will be found on page 40)



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READING TIME ●

THERE was a time when we were sure that men were men and girls were girls, and that age would steal upon all of them. Modern science has removed some lines of demarcation between the sexes and has shown that the wheel of time may be turned back—at least by a spoke or two. Both age and sex are reversible within certain limits! That is the sum and substance of Professor Eugen Steinach's teaching. It is a conclusion reached after forty years of intensive experimentation. In the course of his studies he turned female guinea pigs into males and endowed male guinea pigs with the equipment to nurse their young. He created artificial hermaphrodites and performed biological miracles which have made his name immortal.

Until recently, in a summary published only a few months ago, after his seventy-fifth birthday, Steinach maintained that the surgeon's knife was the most efficient instrument for reactivating the aging male organism. He still believes in the " Steinach operation," but he now concedes that laboratory workers have found a formula as effective as his operation, a formula equally effective in men and women. Youth can be purchased at the chemist's. Biochemistry has at last discovered the Elixir of Life!

This in itself is sensational news. But the aged scientist has made another, even more sensational discovery. To be fully effective, the chemist must still go to nature's workshop for certain material. Man is born of woman, and must go to woman for the one substance that makes the draft from the chemist's phial potent. Man must go to woman; woman (it seems) need not go to man.

Steinach himself (if he practices what he preaches) is the best exemplar of the efficiency of his method. Nearing seventy-six, he looks younger than when I saw him some ten years ago. He enters the room with the aplomb of a man of forty-five or fifty. In spite of his long white beard, with just a lingering suspicion of red, he is so young-looking that I did not instinctively treat him with the deference due his years.

Steinach's extraordinary announcement appeared in a recent issue of the Vienna Klinische Wochenschrift. I did not " interview " Professor Steinach, but an illuminating conversation with him and a visit to a great biochemical laboratory in the German capital, where the mysterious internal secretions known as hormones, which will be described more fully later, are extracted and tested on monkeys, rats, chickens, and guinea pigs, enable me to interpret his astonishing discoveries.

I may add in parentheses that Professor Steinach's aversion to interviews dates from the time when he first, in 1920, transferred his investigations from animals to human beings, and demonstrated in his laboratory that the forces which " rejuvenate " aging guinea pigs also " rejuvenate " human beings. His experiments before that period revealed that many symptoms of old age were similar to those which follow the loss or deterioration of the sex glands, and could be combated in a similar manner. In other words, the process of age in either sex is bound up with the gonads or sex glands.

Forthwith religious fanatics insisted that it was wrong to reverse the process of nature. The same school had objected to the use of anesthetics on the ground that the Almighty intends man to suffer pain. Then the funny papers got hold of rejuvenation. Men who speak of sex in terms of rude jests made Steinach the butt of their wit. Some of their stories were bawdy, some amusing.

A gentleman meets a lady of fifty pushing a baby carriage. " Ah," he says, surprised, " may I congratulate you on this new addition to the family? It is, I presume, your infant? "

" No," the lady replies dolefully, " it is my husband. He went to Professor Steinach. Unfortunately rejuvenation took too well! "

All these stories, now bewhiskered with age, seem harmless enough, but they interfered with the acceptance of Steinach's work by his colleagues, in spite of the fact that he was—even in those days—recognized as one of the world's great biologists. Sensational items in newspapers purporting to come from his laboratory, increased the resentment against the professor in the medical profession. The newspaper exploitation of his work cost him 200,000 gold francs and the Nobel prize, to which he was clearly entitled by his scientific achievement. If Steinach had devoted himself to a less vital subject, he would not have been denied the distinction.

It is impossible to reiterate too often that the purpose of Steinach's studies and experiments is not to enable elderly rakes to sow a second crop of wild oats, or to permit gay ladies to resume petting parties at sixty. Steinach's primary purpose is to revitalize the brain and the entire body, to perpetuate or restore the mental and physical efficiency of the individual and to preserve his usefulness to society. The sex aspect is secondary. Steinach selected the sex glands because they offered the

Latest Discoveries
OLD AGE

by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

most convenient way of affecting the entire glandular system.

Undeterred by criticism, he continued his work. The Academy of Sciences in Vienna begged him to do so, but did not provide him with funds after the war. He was able to keep up his laboratory with the aid of individual donations, some from wealthy Americans. Both the labor and the expense were prodigious. Four tons of ovarian animal matter yield only six milligrams of the female hormone.

Hormone, the name given to the internal secretion of a gland, is derived from a Greek word meaning "to rouse or spur into action." Glands are the chemical laboratories of the body. Some glands, like the tear gland, have only an external secretion which they eliminate through a duct or channel. Others, like the pituitary or the thyroid, have only internal secretions which they pour directly into the blood. Still others, like the sex glands, have both.

After innumerable experiments by patient investigators in many lands, it was found that it is possible to reproduce various (but not all) hormones in the chemical laboratory. Today the male hormones and certain components of their female counterpart are distilled from vegetable matter like the soybean, and from divers animal sources. Chemically both hormones are very similar; they are closely related to vitamins and are found throughout nature. The large-scale production of hormones by synthetic methods has made them available in price to the many.

The two known male sex hormones can be produced synthetically. The two known female hormones cannot be produced synthetically in their entirety. They still need some addition from life's own laboratory. Science has solved the secret of Adam. Eve is still a mystery not only to the poet but to the biochemist.

Ingenious methods, perfected in many instances by American skill, make it possible to test the physiological efficiency of natural and synthetic hormones. A rooster is converted into a capon. Immediately his appearance deteriorates. He no longer pursues the female, ceases to hold up his head, his comb shrivels and assumes pinkish-white hues. Then the scientist injects a measured dose of hormone. After two or three dosages the demeanor of the fowl is revolutionized. He becomes once more the cock o' the walk—amorous, aggressive, pugnacious. His comb assumes its royal color and its ancient dimensions. The strength of the male hormone is measured by the increase in the comb of the capon after a specific dose of the male hormone.

Similar tests have been devised for the female. Science extirpates the ovaries of a female rodent. Immediately Aunt Rat or Miss Mouse becomes listless, uninterested, and completely uninteresting to the males of her species. A male rat or a he-mouse (as the case may be) sniffs and passes her by. But the moment the hormone made from the secretion of the female sex gland is injected, she prims herself and all the male gallants in the neighborhood compete for her favor. The strength of the female hormone is measured in mouse or rat units. A unit is the specific amount required to induce in the rodent certain physiological phenomena.

Of course when we come to human beings the amount injected is immense compared to that given to our more lowly fellow creatures. Dr. X, who rejuvenated Gertrude Atherton, has sometimes given as many as 100,000 of the hormone units in a single injection. Another distinguished physician who, for the sake of what is called "medical ethics," shall remain equally nameless, started the cycle of life again in a woman of eighty long after her change of life by injecting huge loads of nature's own dynamite.

Man is a complex creature, influenced by many factors that play no part in the animal kingdom. The experienced physician tests not merely the sex gland of the body but the thyroid, the adrenal, and, especially, the pituitary, etc., etc., in the attempt to accelerate life processes that have gone sluggish. A hormone secreted by the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland is particularly important in any attempt to stimulate sex. Not every attempt to stimulate human glands succeeds, though Steinach and his followers claim success in 75 to 80 per cent of their cases. Sometimes psychic factors, concerning which Steinach has made another remarkable discovery, thwart the work of the endocrinologist.

Reactivation by the Steinach operation, or by the injection of hormones and other methods, activates the entire organism. It does not confine itself to the sex glands. Frequently the sex glands remain dormant in spite of the new stimulation, but the patient—whether hod carrier or novelist—is able to resume his active place in life. The skin clears, eyes sparkle, muscles straighten, sometimes even new hair begins to sprout.

After many experiments and many failures, Steinach eventually discovered that wherever success was achieved

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there was a marked increase in the blood supply, a condition medically known as "hyperemia." The synthetic male hormone frequently fails to induce this condition. It was rarely as effective as the hormones produced by stimulating the organism itself through some mechanical intervention (like the Steinach operation), or by injecting or feeding hormones gained from the sex glands, the blood, or the urine of animals. Then he and two of his collaborators, Drs. H. Kun and O. Peczenik, discovered that *the synthetic (or manufactured) male hormone is effective when it is administered simultaneously with the female hormone.* The injection of the female hormone markedly increases the blood supply to the brain.

Numerous other experiments confirmed Steinach's theory that the female hormone is primarily responsible for the hyperemia of the organs necessary to reactivate the aging organism effectively. The doctor who treated Gertrude Atherton used a variety of methods. He nourished not only her system with hormones but applied local diathermy. Diathermy increases the supply of blood in the area affected. The ultra-short wave today takes the place of diathermy, because it penetrates more deeply and induces a more lasting hyperemia. Its limitation is that it reaches only a comparatively small area, whereas the injection of the female hormone affects the entire organism in men and women.

IT seemed strange that the male body should respond to the female hormone, until Steinach discovered that *every normal male human organism produces both male and female hormones.* Woman, it appears, also produces at certain stages of her monthly cycle a male hormone. However, this male hormone is not as essential to her as the female hormone to him.

The female hormone has many mysterious qualities. It seems to be nature's storehouse of vitality. As a rule it is almost impossible to keep alive a child born before the seventh month, even with the aid of the incubator. But the fading spark of life can be fanned anew by the injection of the female hormone, the hormone which the child would have received from the mother's own blood.

Not all scientists accept Steinach's view that the male body actually produces a female sex hormone. Some think its sex is "unspecific" and that its biological action is due to some chemical cause not yet disclosed. But they cannot deny that the hormone in question is found in the male and that it resembles, both in its chemical structure and in its physiological effect, the action of the female hormone.

EVEN before Steinach published his discoveries, other investigators and physicians in this country and elsewhere occasionally injected female hormones into males and male hormones into females with unexpected and startling results. Steinach's discovery that the female hormone surcharges the blood with new energy seems to solve the riddle. Others—the Chinese 2,000 years ago, and a German and a Frenchman more than a hundred years ago—had brilliant intuitions, but it was Steinach who, in a lifetime of unremitting labor, established the firm scientific foundation for rejuvenation.

Steinach's last word on the gonads (sex glands) is by no means the last word on rejuvenation. All methods at present employed are largely "substitution therapy." They introduce into the body material which the system produces in insufficient quantities or not at all. This process may stimulate the entire system but its effect is temporary. The Steinach operation is somewhat more lasting than other methods because it stimulates the creation of hormones within the body itself. However, its effect rarely lasts more than a few years at the most. Moreover, it excludes the female sex from its benefits. The injection of hormones, which takes the place of the Steinach operation in both sexes, often requires repetition, sometimes two or three times a year, as the patient increases in age. Usually such a course of treatment involves three or four weekly injections over a period of four to five weeks.

When science knows as much about the pituitary, the master gland imprisoned in the brain, as it now knows about the sex gland, it may be possible to restart the motor of the human organism not only briefly but for a lifetime!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 37

1—Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (1856-1900).

2—England in 1840.

3—The late Admiral William Sowden Sims (1858-1936), commander of the United States fleet in European waters during the Great War.

4—Application with an unheated iron of a combination depilatory and caustic.

5—Nell Gwyn, mistress of Charles II.

6—Luzon, with an area of 40,814 square miles.

7—William Powell.

8—"Oh, liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

9—About three billion, according to baking-industry experts.

10—Cuba.

11—The Jungle.

12—Six.

13—Commodore Matthew Perry. The treaty between Japan and the United States was not signed until March 31, 1854.

14—Nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen.

15—About seven thousand.

16—New York University, with an enrollment of 42,850.

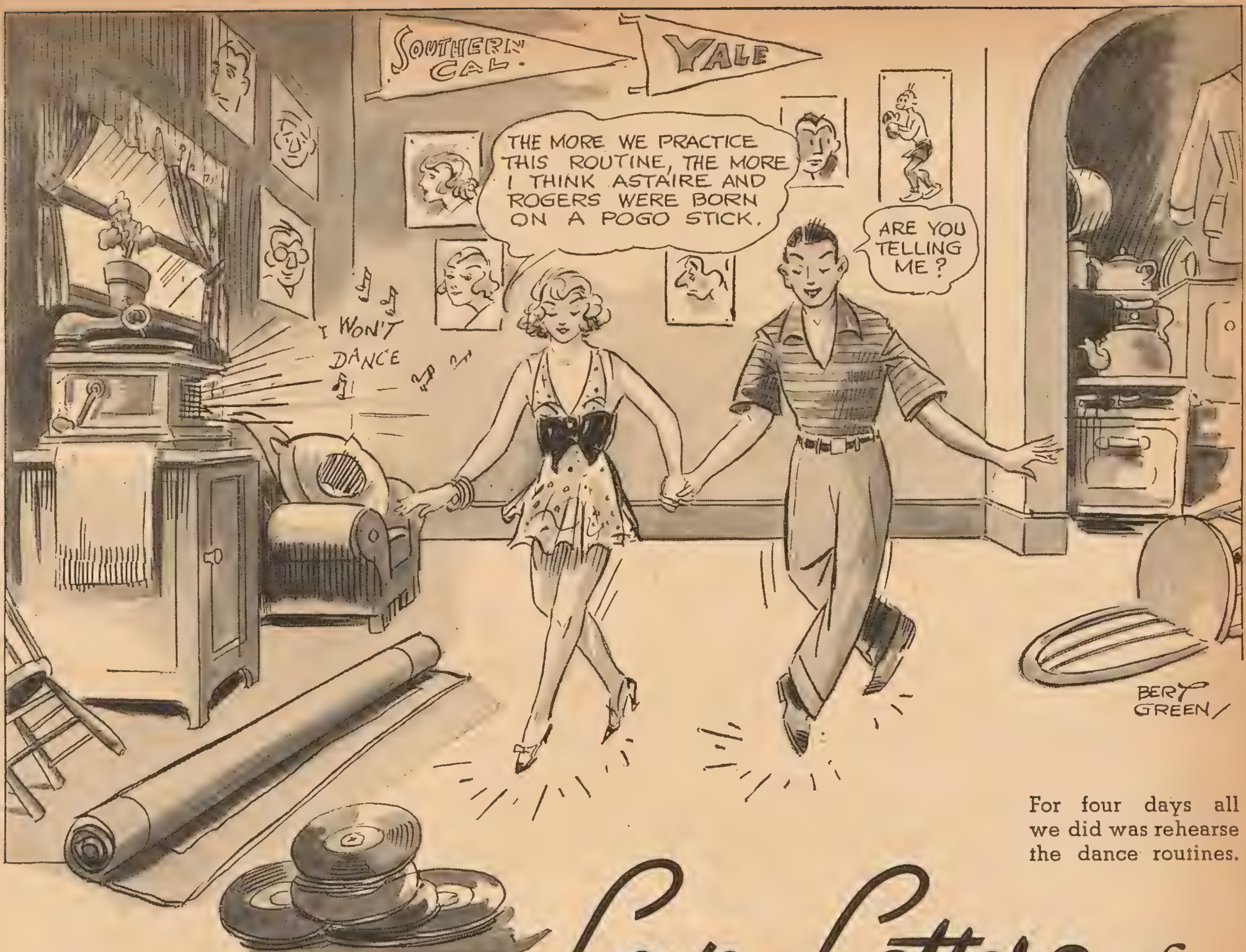
17—It is so considered, since tauromaquia is the Spanish name for the sport of bullfighting.

18—The brown rat, which attains greater size and ferocity.

19—Nebuchadnezzar's, Daniel 4:33—"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar: and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."

20—

T. F. Millet


SOUTHERN CAL.
YALE
THE MORE WE PRACTICE THIS ROUTINE, THE MORE I THINK ASTAIRE AND ROGERS WERE BORN ON A POGO STICK.
ARE YOU TELLING ME?
I WON'T DANCE
BERT GREEN

For four days all we did was rehearse the dance routines.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Ginger Grabs at Fame—Hope and Hot Hoofing—That's Hollywood!

Words and Picture

by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

DEAR SOCKO:

I must tell you about the good looking new roomer we've got in our theatrical boarding house. No fooling, he aroused my curiosity from the kick-off. The funny part about him is, he's always half binged, but in spite of that, his aristocrasy sticks out like Chic Sales' bungalow. Oh boy, and when it comes to kicking the King's English around, he can out-Lawton Coleman without half trying.

Ever since he arrived, Mr. Watson and Mr. Twist have had him in a very serious conference behind locked doors and I wouldnt be surprized if they bounced out with a idea. If anything happens I'll tip you off.

To change the subject, Jack and I nearly got a job in a big feature picture, but it dudded. Heres what happened:

The other night when I had finished my speciality number at the Glendale Nut Club, the manager told me I was wanted on the phone.

"Its Maizie Metcalf," he said, "the flicker star."

I grabbed the Graham-Bell.

"Listen, Miss Ryan," teed off the star, "some time ago you did *me* a good turn by returning the little shammy bag I lost in front of the Brown Derby, remember? Well, I'm going to try and return the complement. I might be able to get you in a good job in pictures."

"Honestly, I'm floored!" I exclaimed, forgetting my Emily Post.

"Heres the dope," she continued. "I'm going to star in a super-eppic containing a very ritzy night club, and unless I'm goofy, its made to order for *you*. Yesterday I had a chat with the director and he told me he is looking for a team of fast steppers like Astaire and Rogers to play the dance routine, so I put the boost in for *you* and your boy-friend."

"Gosh, youre a peach," I replied. "What can I *ever* do to repay you?"

"Never mind that!" chuckled the box office attraction. "Next Saturday night I'm throwing a big party at my Beverly home and I want you to come over and dance as my guest stars. I'll have the director all ribbed up to catch your stuff. The rest is up to you. Good-bye and good luck."

Well, Socko, when I left the phone you could of knocked me over with a shovel I was that dumbfounded. Oh, boy, and when I spilled the glad news to Jack, it all but floored him.

Anyhoo, if you ever saw two busy people after that invitation you should have hung your optic over us. For

"and MY beard's tough! . . ."

"Years on the bridge, with wind-driven salt spray beating on my face, toughened my skin until it was like leather. But after I had used the Schick Shaver a couple of months, the old, blade-calloused skin vanished.

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Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

four solid days we hardly left our rooms. All we did was throw stove lids on the ten-cent phonagraph and rehearse the dance routines over and over again until we had them perfect. Honestly, I thought we'd go nuts. To make matters worse, we cooked our meals in our rooms and if you dont think we kept the makers of can-openers in sport planes, youre crazy.

To add to the excitement, I borrowed a perfectly georgeous ensemble from a pal who is a costume designer on the Static lot. He slipped me a long-flowing creation of white cintillating material that didnt have enough material in front to dot a semi-colon and as for the back, there was no such animal. Across the front were gold sequins. To top the affect, I wore a ermine cape trimmed with a huge fur collar. When Jack lamped me, he told me I looked like a movie queen that had just fallen off the cover of Photoplay.

Well, Saturday night blew around. It was our *one big chance* and we hoped to make the most of it. Yes, and did we put on ample dog. Jack rented a twenty-four cylinder Minerva—at six bucks the hour—that was so long you couldnt park it in Mr. Madisons cauliflower garden. No kidding, it had so many trick gadjets on the inside it would make the Queen Mary look like a coal barge. To go with the car, we had a Jap on the uptown end, who sported a better uniform than Lord Beatty had during the battle of Jutland. A panic what?

Well, Socko, I'm not kidding you, when we barged into Miss Metcalfs shack on Rodeo Drive, we stopped everything. My gown ruined every frail in the room, and the boys had a kink in their Adams Apple from lamping my silhouet.

And now comes the grief, Socko. For three solid hours after we arrived, the guests did nothing but fold their dukes over the can-apes and hoist champagne cocktails. By eleven bells, everybody was half crocked. As for Jack and I, we was just about crazy because Gregory Gillis, the big director, hadnt shown up to see us do our stuff.

"I wonder what on earth can be keeping him?" said Miss Metcalf, who was as dissapointed and jittery as we was. "He *promised faithfully* he would be here at nine."

Just then a cop came in and told us that the big director had made the fatal misstake of taking a Spanish bungalow for Laurel Canyon by driving his leaping tuna into a ladys boudour. The dames husband got so peeved he took Daniel Boom off the wall and used Mr. Gillis for a shooting gallery.

Now aint that a nice load of clams, Socko?

So from now on, our work, trouble and picture prospects will be shelved until the surgeons get through picking cavier out of the director.

And thats Hollywood for you. One minute youre floating over Beverly Hills looking for a spot to build a dream-house, and the next minute youre back putting out the garbage pail. Whata what.

Instead of us returning home in the rented limousene, we took it on the heel and loved it. Whats more, if you ever saw two dejected and heart-broken hoofers in your life, it was us.

When we entered our theatrical rooming house we found Mr. Watson, Mr. Twist and the other man still in a huddle. When we told them about the miserable break we got, they roared.

"My dear young people," said Mr. Watson, rising to the occasion and assuming a very up-stage pose, as he fingered his glassless monicle. "Do not allow such a trivial and impalpable matter to harrass you. It may interest you two to know that I am about to embark upon a gigantic cinema venture that will not only prove profitable, but one that will stagger the miraculous minds of Hollywood."

"Just what do you mean?" I asked, a bit dazed by his sudden outburst of enthusiasm.

"If you will permit me, my dear, I shall elucidate," he continued, as he thumbed a crabs claw in his vest pocket. "By a stroke of rare fortune, we have in our midst Mr. Gordon Baxter—one of the greatest motion picture minds that ever lived. He has consented to join my staff and supervize the direction of my new titanic picture entitled Colisium which will have its origin around the characters living in this theatrical rooming house. In short, I wish to put you two under a long term contract."

"What are you going to use for money, Mr. Watson?" Jack asked him, trying to foil a smile.

"Lissen," butted in Mr. Twist. "Mr. Watson has dug up a angel from some whistle-stop in Kansas what wants to *back* the picture. The yell is, he's richer than a nut-sundy and being chromium crazy he wishes to frolic in the creeping pastels. Not only that, but he's stuck on a sage-hen who has six bucks for every grape in Del Monte. When we get through putting em in the footlight opry they wont be able to Model T their way back to Dearborn. Snap that off your gurdle, hey?"

"It might turn out to be a Rolls Royce instead, Mr. Twist," said Gordon Baxter, in all seriousness.

Funnier things than that have happened in Hollywood, Socko. Anyway, I'll let you know what happens in my next letter.

So-long foolish!

Your pal, GINGER.

WESTERN UNION

MISS GINGER RYAN
HOLLYWOOD CAL
TAKE MY TIP AND COP A SNEAK FROM THAT DIZZY BREAK AWAY JOINT BEFORE THEY HAVE YOU BUILDING BUTTERFLY SWINGS IN THE NUT HATCH STOP WISHING YOU THE SAME SOCKO

Further adventures in the hectic lives of this daffy twosome will be told in any early issue.

READING TIME
5 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

A HOLE in WATER

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by LYON MEARSON

THE train was made up of day coaches only and stopped at every station up to Middletown, at which place, if you were going to Plainville, you had to change. When Irma Vaughn got on the train it was not particularly crowded.

Irma was glad to sit alone. She wanted to think—though she had been thinking for fourteen years and getting nowhere. People, even if they were your parents, had no business interfering in your life.

Her father, if he were alive, would say it was all for the best and that she had had a nice life. He was a bundle of maxims and sayings.

She never forgot the first thing he had said when he heard that she had gone and got herself married at the age of sixteen. Calf love, he had said it was. He had had the marriage annulled because she was under the age of consent, and he explained to Virgil Martell that he could have had him arrested, but he would be content to annul the marriage.

He took her away from Virgil, whom she had known for one week before marriage and to whom she had been married for six days. It was a long time ago and Irma had lived a lot, but she doubted whether there was any pain in life to equal that, which her father had waived aside with a ready-made phrase.

She had married Bill Vaughn two years after that, and her father had approved, saying he was glad she had come to her senses. Come to her senses! That was another of his phrases.

They say that after a person dies you begin to forget just what he looked like. That had happened to her with Virgil, but he was still alive. She did remember he had been tall and straight and only twenty-three, and he had flat black hair that kept falling in a lock over his forehead and that he kept pushing back.

She had never heard from Virgil again, and during these years she wondered about this, and about what had happened to him and what he had become in his little country town.

And after a while her father died, and some time after that Bill died from not having put iodine on an infected insect bite. And now she was thirty-one and had two children and some money and was single again. So, on an impulse, she had decided to run up to Plainville just as a casual visitor and see what had happened to Virgil in fourteen years. She had no intention of interfering in his life. She just wanted to know. Thirty-one isn't old.

A great many passengers got on at Centerport. In a few moments all available empty seats were taken. Irma's bag was on the seat next to her, and as a man paused in front of it she reached to take it away.

"Do you mind?" he asked. She assured him she did not, and he took the bag from her hands and placed it in the rack over her head. The train started, and Irma crowded close to the window, because the man was rather stout, approaching middle age. He sank into the seat and mopped his brow and the front part of his head, which was bald.

IRMA, busy with her thoughts, forgot him until his voice broke in on her. "Would it bother you much if I opened the window?" he said. "It's hot here."

It was hot, but Irma had not noticed it. She gave her assent, and together they managed to get the window up.

"These windows stick as they used to years ago." He laughed, and his laugh was pleasant and tolerant. "This always was a jerkwater road, and in ten years it hasn't improved any, except to get more jerkwater."

"You've been away ten years?" she asked, because the question seemed to be expected.

He nodded. "Been living in Europe with my wife and kids for ten years," he said. "Just got back, and thought I'd take a run up and look the old place over." He looked out of the window. "That used to be the best view of Lake Mapac. Now all you get is a close-up of a coke mill."

"That's what you get for going back," said Irma.

"You're right. One should never retrace one's steps."

"Not if you don't want to be disappointed and saddened," said Irma. She was thinking of Virgil Martell, who had been her husband for six days, and wondering whether she was doing the right thing.

"It isn't only your own disappointment," said the traveler. "You never can tell what you'll do to other people—to people who don't want to look back. When you're gone, things adjust themselves, and the place that you occupied closes up like a hole in water. It might be just as well not to disturb it again."

That was a good way of putting it, thought Irma. A hole in water. And now she was going back merely because she was able to, without regard to what it might do to Virgil. She had no right to do it.

The conductor announced that they were entering Middletown.

The traveler took down Irma's bag for her. "The train for Plainville is right across the tracks," he told her.

"Thanks," she said. "I've changed my mind about the trip. I'll take the next train going back."

THEY both got off. Before reaching the car that was waiting for him, he turned to take a last look at Irma. He was lost in thought as a hand clapped him on the shoulder.

"Virgil Martell coming back to the old home town!" He turned and shook hands with a neighbor.

"Nothing like renewing old acquaintances," said Virgil Martell, turning to look at the retreating back of Irma.

His neighbor followed his eyes. "Friend of yours?" he asked, with the freedom customary in small towns.

"Uh-huh," said Virgil absently. "I used to know her years ago. Funny thing how people forget faces, though. She didn't recognize me."

Irma turned into the restaurant and walked right into a friend she had not seen for years. "Irma Vaughn! I haven't seen you since George Arliss was playing juveniles. What are you doing up in these parts?"

"Oh, hello, Gladys," said Irma absently. "I'm just visiting around."

"I didn't know you knew anybody around here," offered Gladys. She looked at her for a moment. "Say, didn't you once used to have a first husband around this part of the world?" Irma nodded. "Didn't come up to visit him, did you? Looking for a lost romance, or something?"

Irma laughed soberly. "Hardly. As a matter of fact, though, we met on the train coming up."

Gladys laughed. "Get a thrill?"

"I might have," said Irma, "if it hadn't been for the fact that he didn't even recognize me."

THE END

RIDING HIGH

by Dora Macy

AUTHOR OF EX-MISTRESS AND PUBLIC SWEETHEART NUMBER ONE

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

A GIRL can make big money as a rodeo rider. Realizing this, and facing the fact that her home ranch is half buried in debt, Patsy Wyde decides to take her horse, Gabriel, and enter a show. Her brother, Dusty, is already a rodeo rider, and so is Chance Wagner, from a neighboring ranch. Patsy has fallen for Chance and doesn't believe the evil things people say about him. She is glad when, at last, she and Dusty and Chance are all together in Colonel Manger's great rodeo, due to hit New York as the season's climax.

From Indianapolis on, Chance, driving alone, pulls Patsy's horse behind him in his trailer, while Patsy pushes off by special train with Dusty and a bunch of other cowboys and cowgirls. Unfortunately, Dusty goes for Mildred Graham in a big way. Rich, vain, scheming, Mildred is with the rodeo as the fiancée of Hector Ryon, the publicity man. A further complication is Monk Raleigh's passionate enthusiasm for Patsy. Monk is one of the rodeo judges.

Gail Parker, girl champion rider, stands by Patsy, as does Hugh Branders. Hugh, a New Yorker, is trying, in the interests of Mildred's father, to keep Mildred out of trouble.

When, at Dayton, Patsy gets a telegram from Chance asking her to meet him at Pittsburgh and saying that Gabriel, Patsy's horse, has been injured, Hugh begs to be allowed to give her another pony. He comforts her in her grief.

Arrived at Pittsburgh, Patsy joins Chance, to drive to New York with him. She learns that Gabriel is dead. Chance had to shoot him after the trailer had skidded into a telegraph pole. Chance is in a dark mood. He tells Patsy he doesn't love her; nevertheless, he is in a fury over what Gail Parker has told him about Hugh and Patsy. Hugh is only a friend, Patsy assures him. Then she opens her purse. In it, according to her, there is only two dollars. But she sees—and Chance sees—five ten-dollar bills!

PART FIVE—IT MUST BE LOVE

CHANCE'S expression was one Patsy could never forget. "Real nice man!" He spat the words venomously. "Nothin' to suspicion any one. Trinity!"

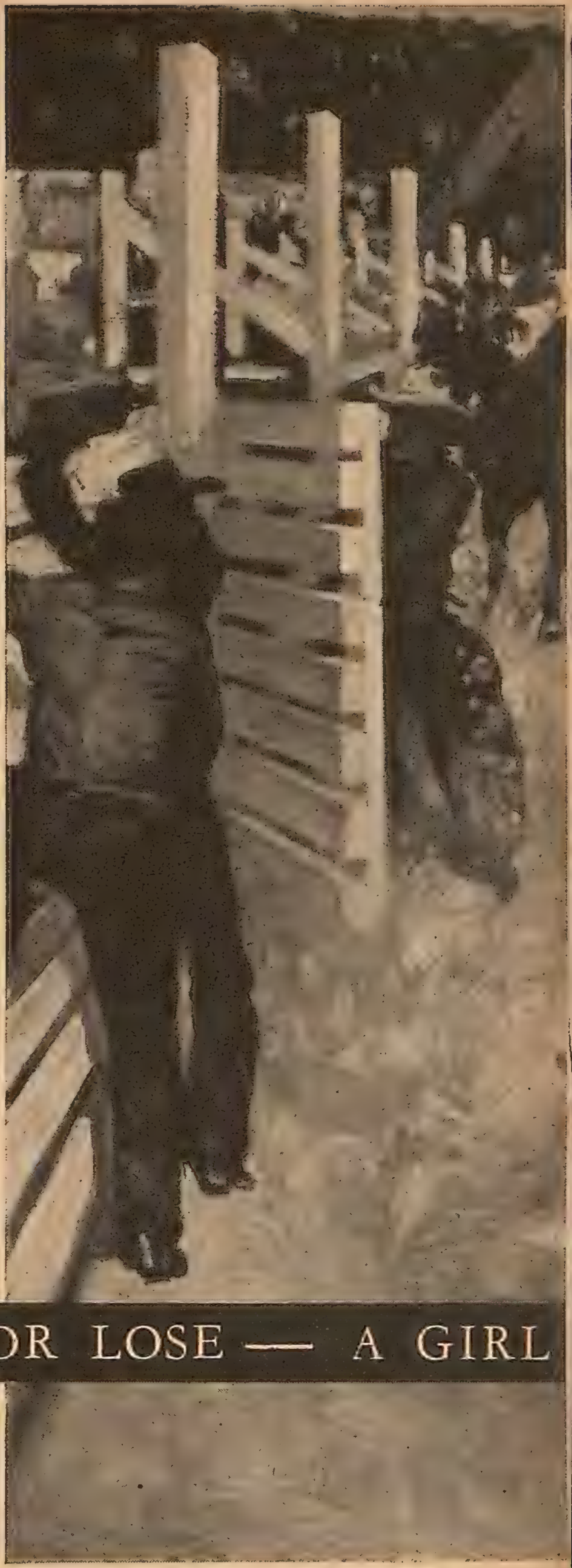
He took the bills from her and tore them in two, tossing them out on the road. With a small cry she reached out instinctively, and was stunned that he struck at the gesture. She glanced at him, aghast.

"One word out of you," he snapped, "and I'll knock you into the middle of next week! I'll learn him plenty before I check out of New York, too. Now hand over your own two bucks."

Her silence startled him; he focused his gaze on her with shocked bewilderment. Whatever redhead tempers he had ever seen Patsy indulge in, her present rage topped anything he had ever experienced. Without a word she opened the door of the car and climbed out.

"Patsy!" He wet his lips uncertainly.

But already she had reached for her worn buffalo-skin satchel. "I've had enough from you," she said coldly. "You raise any further row and I'll call the police from here. Bigod, I will!"



Like a shot out of hell Salty flung forward. A moaning hullabaloo resounded. Gail had given up and at her signal a pickup man rushed to lift her out of the saddle.

WIN OR LOSE — A GIRL

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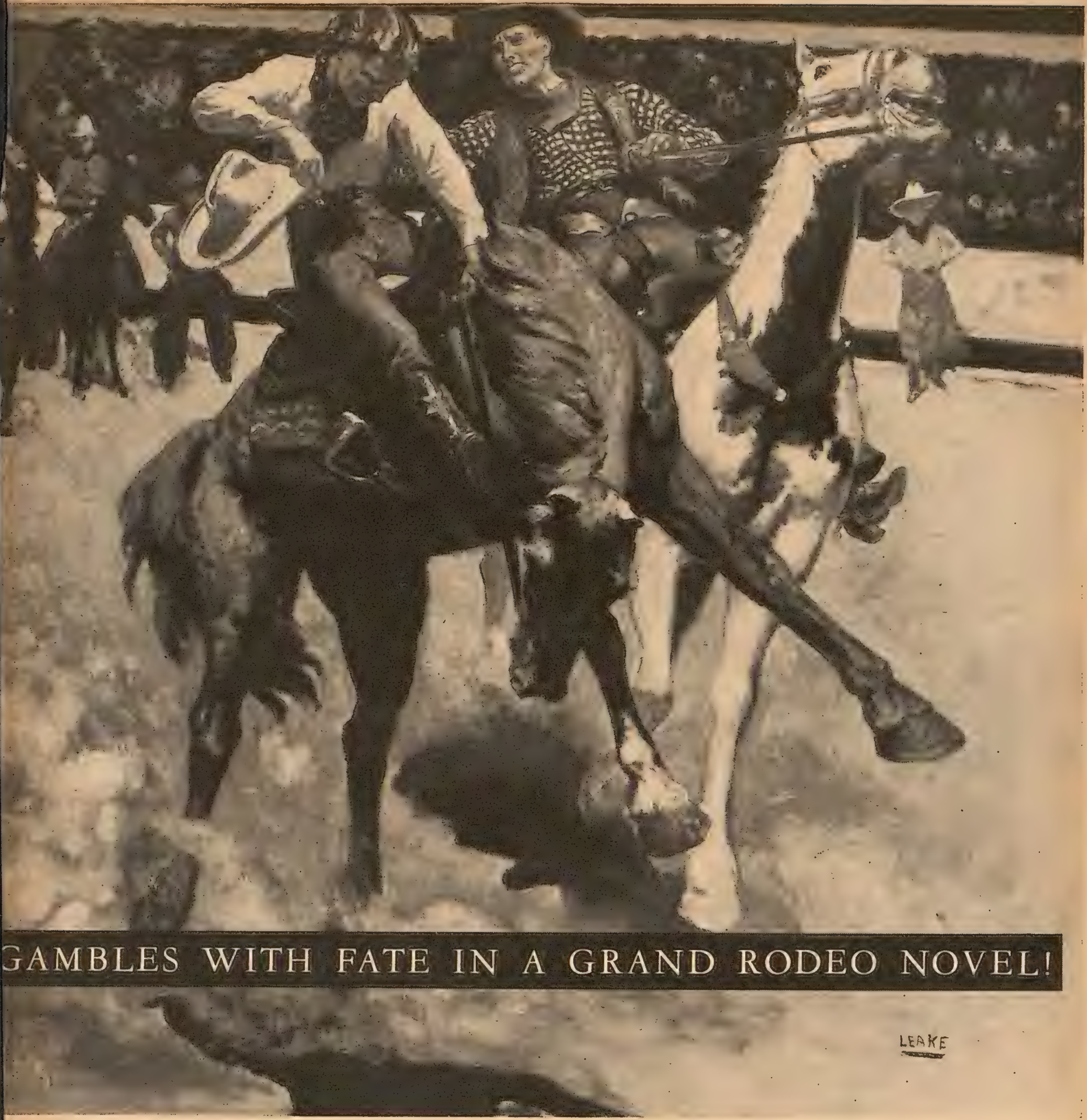
50 SECONDS



GAMBLES WITH FATE IN A GRAND RODEO NOVEL!

He passed his hand over his face in a dazed gesture. "What do you think you're goin' to do?" he demanded.

"It ain't none of your business what I do!" she said crisply. "There is banks that'll give me money for them torn bills. I'll get to New York. You needn't worry. You needn't never worry about me again! I'll go my way and you go yours, and the quicker you get started on your way the less risk you run of there bein' a scene. And if you don't think I'll make one, you're crazy!"

His black eyes flashed with a resentment that equaled hers. "All right," he said quietly. "All right!"

Perhaps it was the last answer she expected. Perhaps it was merely the tone that cut through Patsy—the last final stab to her faith in him. Perhaps the sound of his motor turning over roused her from the unreckoning, unreasoning demonstration of hurt pride and failing trust. But as the rain-spattered red Buick pulled out of her sight, with its gaunt trailer lurching back of it, she sagged and her lips voicelessly formed the call her heart cried out: "Chance! Don't leave me—*Chance!*"

She felt something tapping her shoulder, and turned. "What can I do for you, miss?"

She faced the owner of the roadside stand.

"Lots of things, mister," she told him portentously. "You can tell me when is the next train from Pittsburgh to New York. You can find me a car to drive me to Pittsburgh. You can give me a cup of coffee. And if you think I'm the goods, you can cash in that torn money there in the mud—or tell me where I can cash it."

The man chuckled. "You and your feller's had a scrap, I guess," he surmised with obvious relish.

"That was no scrap," Patsy said shortly. "That was where I woke up." . . .

Patsy knew that most of the rodeo riders planned to

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stay at the Hotel Holt in New York. Each year Colonel Manger made a deal with some one of the little hotels near Madison Square Garden, and those contestants who could afford the money took advantage of it.

Her trip to New York should have terrified her. But Patsy was in the mood to enjoy being alone. She found people decent and helpful, and while there were many delays caused by her own lack of experience, she caught a late slow train out of Pittsburgh Sunday night.

The big city station had an information desk and it had a Travelers Aid. Patsy settled down in the taxi some one guided her to.

As the taxi stopped before a dingy-looking red-brick hotel, she was startled to see a familiar figure saunter out to greet her: Hugh Branders, looking insultingly smart for seven o'clock of a Monday morning.

"What on earth brought you here?" Patsy faltered.

He grinned and paid off the driver as she climbed out. "I've been here over an hour waiting for you."

"But how did you know—"

"Your wire."

"The wire I sent to Dusty?"

"Yes. Dusty wasn't here and Gail Parker opened it. A little later Chance phoned from somewhere on the road. He seemed mighty relieved we had heard from you."

"Is Chance here yet?"

"No. Had a big quarrel, huh?"

"I lost my temper," Patsy told him dismally. "I don't know as I'm sorry, either."

Branders took her arm with a chummy gesture and walked her through the lobby toward the dining room. "You're all registered. Dusty did that last night. He and Chance are going to room together and you and Gail have a room adjoining. Coffee first, Patsy, and some food. What would you like?"

"Steak."

HUGH BRANDERS laughed. He ordered steak and fried potatoes and toast, and then, sitting back, beamed on her. "Want to hear the good news?"

"I'd like to know how Dusty is, first."

"He's been a pretty sick fellow. But he's O. K."

"So where is he?"

"Well, he's up at Mildred's."

"You don't mean he's stayin' there?"

"No. But Mildred said she was an expert on hang-overs, and talked him into having a masseur."

"A what?"

"A man that rubs you."

A platter with the rich odor of broiled meat was placed between them.

"I'm goin' to eat your big breakfast, mister," Patsy said vehemently, "and then I'm goin' to lick some sense into my tackhead brother."

"O. K.," agreed Branders. "But first I want you to see your new horse."

She put down her knife and fork.

"Don't joke me, Hugh. You honestly mean you got me a pony?"

"Sure. I went to Colonel Manger on the train and arranged everything. Ever hear of Gray Star?"

Patsy's eyes widened incredulously. "Not the horse Colonel Manger's daughter used to ride before she died?"

"Right. I guess his wife finally talked the Colonel into parting with him."

"But what he must have cost!" she murmured. "The most famous trick horse in all the West, almost. Why did you do it?"

"Because I'm crazy about you, I guess."

She flushed, and then decided there was deep earnestness in his tone.

"I figured it out," Hugh said quietly. "I'm thirty-one and ought to have sense. Yet I find myself getting up at six in the morning to hang around this hotel waiting for a kid from out West that's never seen the city. I find myself thinking of gardens and cottages. I find I suddenly buy a trick horse. It must be love."

SHE caught her breath and swallowed hard. He was handsome, he was young, he was rich. His eyes and his voice promised tenderness and care, laughter, comfort, and companionship.

She shook her head. "Listen, Hugh—just to be fair. I'm—well, there's somebody else with me, Hugh. At least, there has been—just one person in my thoughts."

"I've guessed that." He shrugged. "But I rather think you loved Chance because you didn't have any one else to love. Anyway, just as you're determined to win the championship, I'm determined to win you. I think you're beautiful and wonderful and grand."

She considered him thoughtfully. "Well, Hugh, I still can't take Gray Star from you. And as for lovin' you, it ain't likely. Honest."

"Patsy, you said you admired me—remember?"

"I still do."

"That's a start. Now, listen. You don't have to take the horse. He's mine. I bought him. I'll lend him to you for the show. If you fall for me, he's yours. If you don't, I'll sell him. Is that fair?"

"Wait till I get my saddle!" Patsy stood up.

She followed the bellboy to her room and found Gail in possession. "Put your things in the boys' room for the time bein'." Gail pointed to a door that stood ajar between their own and another dismal cubicle. "I'll be settled soon. Chance just blew into town. He's checkin' in his horse at the Garden. He phoned me."

"Was he sober?"

"Nasty sober. Him and Dusty is goin' to room right next door to us. And if you want to hear some news—Monk is on the other side. Sure planted himself next to you. Look—I put the desk smack up against his door."

Patsy regarded the setup absentmindedly. She began to strip.

"What the hell went on last night?" demanded Gail.

"Oh, Chance and me had a blowup. I quit him cold."

"Take a good look at yourself in the mirror. A girl only looks like that when a man's in love with her."

Gail's voice was compelling. Patsy faced herself in the mirror.

At least once in a lifetime a woman can stare at her reflection in wonder and say, "Self, you're gorgeous!" Not that Patsy could analyze it. But the girl who had felt awkward, ignorant, and out of place had been told she was beautiful by a man who meant it.

"The dude!" Gail decided. "The whole train knows he bought Gray Star from the Colonel for you."

"Wasn't no gift. Just a loan."

"Yeah? Don't believe nothin' a dude says. They listen good—but give me a guy that sleeps in his clothes!"

Patsy faced her. "It ain't like that, Gail. He's serious."

"He means marriage?"

"He'd better mean marriage."

"Aw, rats! He'll mean divorce soon as he smells horse on you. Then he'll marry into his own crowd and settle down."

Patsy climbed into her work pants. Her red hair tumbled about her face as she looked up angrily.

"Lemme tell you somethin', Gail. I'm real overfed with bein' told what to do and I can't digest no more. Now, I'm goin' up to the armory to break in Gray Star."

The telephone rang and Gail reached for it.

"Well, it ain't only bulls that got horns," she remarked a moment later, as she hung up. "Down in the lobby is a taxi driver. Of the jolly name of Pinkowitz. He's to drive Miss Patsy Wyde around anywhere she wants to go. Mr. Branders's orders."

PINKOWITZ drove her from the Garden to the armory, where Patsy set about winning Gray Star's affection and trust. She asked the hostler to leave her, requesting privacy in the huge drear ring. Minute by minute she pitted her strength against Gray Star's until he stood shifting his weight on all four feet as if testing them. He nodded his head and sighed. He was steaming wet, and so was his rider. But he would know her voice over and above any blare of music, any roar of a crowd, and he would never doubt her orders again.

Patsy slid down to the ground beside him, put her face against his hot sweaty neck, and cried.

"Hey, cut that out!" It was a man's scornful voice.

Patsy straightened up and looked through tears and sweat at the figure of Dusty ambling toward her.

"You winned over him!" Dusty threw out his hands in high admiration. "What you got to cry about? Me and the groom was watchin' you. He's went to phone the Colonel now to tell him Gray Star's got a rider."

Mastering Gray Star was only the first step toward Patsy's goal. From the moment Dusty joined her in the armory, it was work. Patsy's body seemed to lose all sensation except the rhythm of Gray Star's hoofs. She flipped off his back, somersaulting to the ground, grabbing his tail, and with a pull leaping back into the saddle.

The afternoon wore on. The Colonel came and watched. In a fog of fatigue, Patsy heard him talk to her and felt him pat her on the back. Hugh Branders came and begged Dusty to take time out. But as long as the horse was not tired the Wydes had no desire to rest. Mildred Graham arrived, fresh and feminine, determined to carry off Dusty. Mildred succeeded where Hugh had failed, pleading for them to quit for dinner.

So they quit, to meet again at eight. Dusty went off with Mildred. Patsy gratefully let Branders lead her to a cab. Pinkowitz took them to the hotel.

HER room, fortunately, was empty. Patsy threw herself across the bed and slept with her boots on.

When she woke it was dark, and for a time she couldn't remember where she was. With great difficulty she found the door, guided by voices and laughter. A couple of cowboys in the hall were roughhousing a chambermaid. One of them came and showed Patsy where her room lights were and told her the time. Seven ten. There was no one in the adjoining room. The door between stood open, and beyond all was dark, empty. Somewhere, no doubt, Chance was out, raising the devil. Sore with her about Hugh. Misunderstanding. Well, let him!

Patsy sighed, pulled off her sweat-caked clothes, took a bath, and changed into fresh work clothes.

Downstairs Branders and Pinkowitz were waiting. She became used to finding Branders and Pinkowitz waiting. Bossing her. Making her drink milk. Wrapping her in warm things, making a fuss.

For two days and three nights Dusty gave his clam-eyed attention to his sister, working almost as hard as she did.

The last night before the show, it seemed everybody drifted in to watch her. Mildred sat clumsily knitting. Hugh, perched on a rail, kept his eyes on Patsy even when some one spoke to him. Pinkowitz in the far shadows leaned against a post. Hector Ryon hung around. Gail was silent, brooding on the fact that this kid rival of hers had one thing she could never have again—youth. And beside Gail sprawled Chance. Maybe he was having a hell of a good time in New York, like he said—but he didn't look it.

It was after ten when Dusty let Patsy quit. "You're as good with him as you ever was with Gabriel," he grunted. "Let's go get a raw steak."

By twos and threes they all headed for a Childs near by. But Mildred and Dusty gave the crowd the slip.

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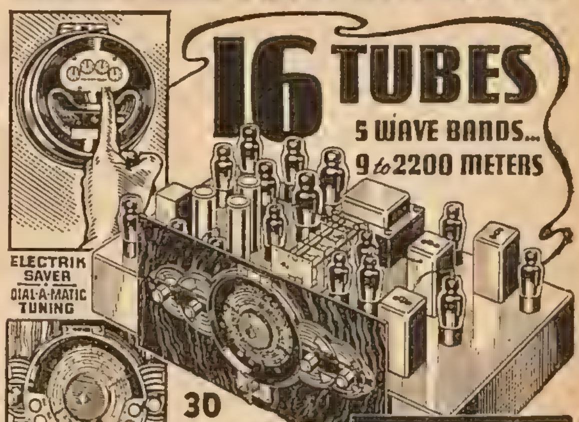

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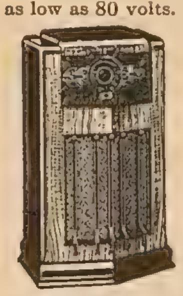

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As soon as it became obvious, Hector Ryon exploded.

He and Hugh quarreled over Mildred; Hector started to fling a drink in Hugh's face, but Chance interfered. Hector and Chance became suddenly pally, and took to telephoning, carrying their straight Scotch into the booths with them. But their calls were unsuccessful. They decided personally to comb the town in search of Mildred and Dusty, and left together.

Hugh took Patsy back to the hotel, but there was no sleep for her. She was too fearful of trouble between Dusty and Hector over Mildred. Dusty got in around two with a canary-swallowing look. She quarreled with him — bitterly — calling him seventeen names for fool. When Chance came in, she was only vaguely aware. But she knew he came in tight—and noisy. Turning in her lumpy bed, Patsy buried her face in the coarse lye-smelling pillowcase and wept.

A short quick sound roused her. Some one was softly knocking. She fumbled with the bed light and turned it on. Almost at the same moment a piece of paper slid over the carpet beneath the desk—from under the door of Monk's room.

> No need for you to cry, honey. Come on in and tell me your troubles.
>
> MONK.

Again the knock—soft and urgent.

On the back of Monk's note Patsy wrote:

> I'll try to sneak out, but don't wait for me later than six.

With her toe she edged the paper under the door, and listened to Monk pick it up. Then she climbed into bed and snapped out the light, relishing the picture of Monk waiting for her through the dawn. . . .

IT was the big day at last. Opening day in New York! The parade at noon. Championship. Nineteen days—thirty-eight performances. Fame and money. Win or lose. Fortune or failure.

After a hearty breakfast, Gail and Patsy went over to Madison Square Garden. With so many girl riders, each would ride a bronc every second show; but both Gail and Patsy were listed for the opening night. Gail had drawn Salty, which no woman had ever sat for eight seconds. Patsy was slated for Payoda, a horse she had successfully ridden a year before in Pendleton. So far, so good.

At eleven thirty the parade started. Through the streets of New York, carrying the brave colors of their states, they rode their mounts—one hundred and eighty-five men and women of the range.

At a halt in a traffic jam, Patsy heard her name called. She turned, saw Chance grinning. He caught her glance and flung back his head, his eyes full and direct for the first time since their quarrel. A swift assurance poured through Patsy's body. She smiled a truce at him. Whatever his sins, he was all that manhood meant to her: strong, weather-worn, astride Stinger, the flag of Montana streaming over his head.

Back in Madison Square Garden, Patsy sought for her brother in a quiet panic. She put her hands on his arms and gripped him tight. "Sorry about last night," she said huskily. "You go to seed with Mildred if you want. Only, Dusty, please win on the way!"

"I'm fixin' to," he said. "Ain't no maybes. But if you and me is to keep the peace, you be nice to my girl."

"Your girl! She's engaged to Hector Ryon."

"Maybe yes, maybe no. We ain't got a right to sit judgment on other people, nohow. She's sure had a life of nothin' but temptations, Mildred has."

"Maybe you're right." Patsy shrugged helplessly.

NO use quarreling again—not before the show. You just didn't enter an arena holding a grudge. Your best friend, your worst enemy, or yourself might be dead before the night was done.

As Patsy was taking her place in line for the first grand entry, Monk Raleigh, grinning like a well fed Cheshire, stopped behind her and helped tighten a cinch. "Pitchin' tonight, sister?" he asked.

"You ought to know—I've drawed Payoda."

"That nag's for kids. Goin' to the big party after?"

"Sure. It's Hector's orders. Night club in costume."

"Save me a dance?"

"I don't dance."

"You will with me. Say, I lost a chunk of sleep waitin' for you last night."

She laughed. "I just figgered that note would give you a few hours of high lonesome."

The first signal was called, and Patsy, still grinning, mounted her horse, deliberately knocking off Monk's hat as she did so. . . .

Although the show was about to start, Colonel Manger was holding his nightly levee. Eastern horse traders, Long Island polo players, racing men, racketeers, state police, and millionaires all pumped his hand and called him by name. Behind him cowboys and cowgirls in blatant costumes were lining up for grand entry. The flags were already dealt out: silk banners of twenty states, of Canada, the Stars and Stripes forever. The forty-piece band was lined up in squadron form.

The Colonel's famous white horse was led up, and he mounted it silently. Then he raised his hand. Every eye watched him. Animals and contestants quivered with anticipation. Down went his hand and the cowboy band toned off. The stock gates swung open, and the band, playing the National Emblem March, strutted through.

The grand entry moved forward

into the arena, greeted with a burst of applause and cheers.

Gray Star quivered and tossed his head, and Patsy heard herself laugh. She felt stimulated, heady. As the rodeo riders circled the flag-draped arena, Hugh Branders called to her: "Good luck, kid!"

For the first time, the thought struck her seriously: What would it be like to be married to a city man? Married to money and ease? Probably, with all his thoughtfulness, all his quiet love, he would always be—a stranger. . . .

Patsy rode the showy quadrille with Monk Raleigh as partner. Over and under the music of Turkey in the Straw she heard the rumbling bellows of steers and calves behind the chutes, angry, nettled, and penned, ready to dash madly for freedom and release. She laughed. Rodeo in her blood!

While the fancy-roping exhibition went on, Patsy got ready for her own ride. She pulled on her horsehide chaps and adjusted her pet spurs. She saw Dusty crawl over the chute, ready to help saddle Payoda for her. Trust Dusty to be on hand and watch every buckle on the committee saddle for her!

"Event Number Five!" roared the amplifiers above her. "The Cowgirls' Bronc-Riding Contest. And ready for Chute Number Two. Watch Chute Number Two for the Woman Champion of the World on a horse that no woman has ever been able to ride!"

The audience tensed.

"Gail Parker—here she comes. Gail Parker on Salty. *Let 'er out!*"

The chute opened, and like a shot out of hell Salty flung forward. With one foot on the rail of her own chute, ready to climb over, Patsy stopped to look.

A moaning hullabaloo resounded through the great Garden. Gail had given up, and at her signal a pickup man had rushed to lift her out of the saddle. She had stayed in the saddle four and a half seconds.

"Chute Number Nine—Patsy Wyde of Montana, first time in the big city, riding Payoda. *Let 'er go!*"

"O. K.?" said Dusty. "O. K.?" clipped two other voices. "O. K.!" Patsy called.

The chute opened. Payoda sailed out in fine form. There wasn't a trick of his that Patsy didn't know. It was easy for her to ride him, right hand waving. Even a showy plunge left her unwinded, and following Gail it was natural that Patsy made a brilliant showing.

But when the announcement of winners came through, she placed fourth. Last! Her bewildered eyes flashed to Monk, sitting his horse at the end of the arena. He was waiting for that look from her, and his answering smile was derisive.

"Well, I'll rot in my shoes!" muttered Dusty beside her. "Damned if I know how they figgered that out."

"Me either," Patsy mumbled.

Somehow, someway, she would have to manage Monk Raleigh.

THE first show was over. The first casualties treated. The first collection taken for the first cowboy to be sent to the hospital.

The first party. Patsy's first night club.

"Can I sit beside you?" Monk grinned and slipped into the chair at Patsy's right. She turned her back on him and faced Hugh. Theirs was the largest, most prominent table in the place. The orchestra leader introduced the cowgirls and cowboys with a neat mixture of wisecracks and sob stories.

Hector, jaunty in evening clothes, was heady with an on-the-house manner. "What do you want to drink?" he demanded, and smiled at Patsy's bewilderment.

"Orange juice," she said thinly.

"Orange juice for Dusty and me too," called Mildred, and winked at Hector. Patsy saw him wink back.

"A bottle of Jameson up here," he ordered.

"A bottle of Scotch down this end," put in Chance. "And I want a hot steak big enough to see and a half a cup of hot brandy poured over it." He stood up. "Wanna dance, Gail?"

Chance was a natural dancer; there was something naughty and provocative about the way he swung into his steps. Dusty and Mildred were dancing. Patsy noticed, when the whisky bottle came, that Hector poured some into Mildred's orange juice. No doubt that's what the winks were about.

"And if you don't dance with me, so help me God, I'll make a scene!" Monk was saying in her ear.

She looked him in the eye. His smile was too pleasant, his mouth hard.

"All right," she sighed. "I'll try."

The music was loud, so full of cornets running wild that it seemed strange and awful to Patsy. For a few miserable moments she stumbled awkwardly. Then Monk took a tight hold on her. He breathed a few directions. She found herself miraculously following him. His cheek against hers was hot.

When the music stopped, Patsy emerged from a sensuous mist slowly.

"Don't you think—honestly—that I have my high lights?" he asked with a murky grin.

"I imagine takin' dope must be like you, Monk. If and when I go to the devil, I'll probably pick you."

HE nodded, smiling a secret satisfaction, and led her to the table.

Dancing with Hugh was different. He was so gentle as to be impersonal.

"Mildred and Dusty are beating it," he told her presently. "Mildred says she has to be home for a long-distance call and those who want can join her at her apartment later. She had it all fixed ahead."

"I'm tired," Patsy decided suddenly.

"I know, honey. We can't duck too early or Hector will be sore. Later, I'm going to take you for a drive to get some fresh air before you go to bed."

Back at the table, she ate dutifully the broiled half chicken Hugh had ordered for her. She looked up and saw Dusty returning to the table. Mildred, in the smoke-hazed doorway beyond, was waiting placidly for him.

"Oh, Chance!" Dusty called. "I plumb forgot. A telegram for you. I signed for it—yesterday, I think it was."

Patsy saw him toss a grubby yellow envelope on the table. Then he took renewed leave of the party. But his big bland eyes avoided his sister's and he was a guilty red as he crossed the floor and rejoined Mildred.

Patsy saw a flame directly opposite, lighting for a moment the dark somber face that she loved. She saw Chance gather a heap of torn paper on a saucer and burn it. Then he poured himself a tidal wave of a drink.

"I've got to dance with that Mrs. McCormick," Hugh told her. "She's backing a play Hector wrote. Then we'll go."

Monk rose to dance with Gail. Patsy and Chance were alone at the table. His eyes were slightly bloodshot.

"Chance, I has no notion of interference, but that's the second telegram in a week I seen you destroy."

"What about it?"

"Whatever they are, they've upset you. If you're in any trouble—"

"I ain't in no trouble," he snapped. "You'll know soon enough what them wires was about. So will everybody else. I'd rather not talk about it."

He reached for the bottle of Scotch.

"Chance! Don't drink no more."

He glanced at her—put down the bottle. "All right. Where are you goin' with Branders?"

"Drivin'. Just to get some air."

"Don't go, Patsy."

"Why?"

"I didn't ask you why when you said don't drink."

"I'd like some air, Chance. Would you take me for a drive?"

"No."

She bit her lip.

"Are you goin' with him?" Chance's voice was dry and clipped.

Patsy must make a fateful decision. So much depends on her answer to Chance's question. If she goes off with Hugh—what then? Follow her fortunes in next week's issue of Liberty.

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

LEGION OF LOST SOULS

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT was Red who dragged Digger to the lines from no man's land. They got him aboard a hospital ship, and in Alexandria for ten days the surgeons dug buckshot out of his shoulders. His recovery began the instant he set eyes on Grace Waller, a Madonnalike American girl who had been widowed during a broil with coolies in Arabia and had plunged into service as a war nurse in order to forget. Soon her comings to his bedside were the moments Digger lived for, and there were signs that the anticipation was mutual. When he could walk, they had a golden afternoon together in the city. Then a problem arose. The medical officer proposed to have him sent to London, to surgical specialists. Because he didn't want to leave Alexandria—not now!—the M. O. pronounced him crazy and lost patience with him. Late that night Grace came to him, aquiver with the notion of a delicious conspiracy: He was to agree with the M. O. and go to London, and she was to get leave for a trip there. The one cloud left in their skies was a dispute about marriage, Digger insisting that he was not a marrying man anyway—and how should he be, with this war and Heaven knew what ahead? At all events, their conspiracy was a success for the time being. She got her leave and in due course took ship for England, assuring him that he was to follow.

An Interlude in Heaven, Then Back to Hell—A Vivid New Chapter in a Stirring Story of War at Tragic Gallipoli

PART FOUR—THE ANGEL WITH THE FLAMING SWORD

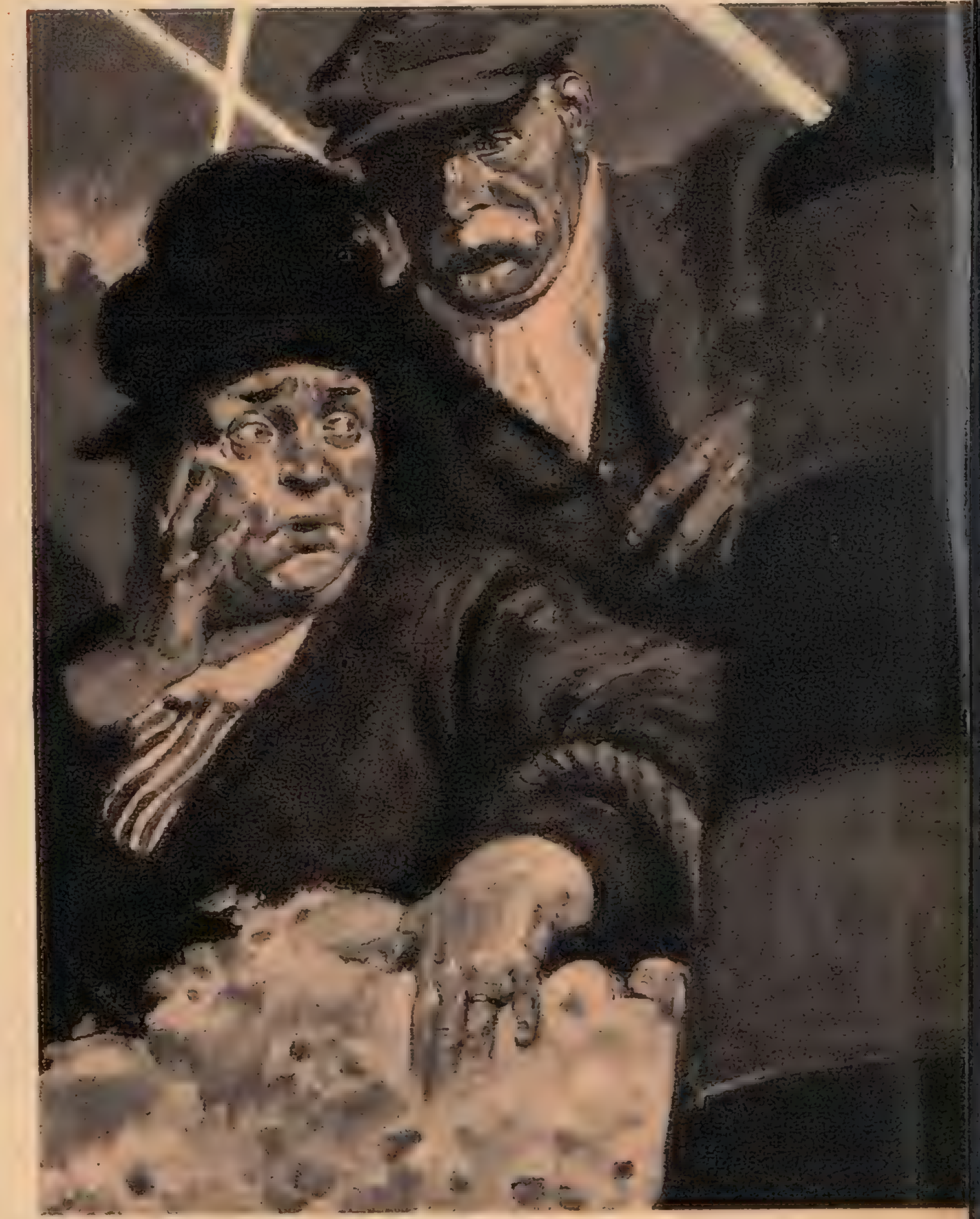
ALL too good to be true! This sort of thing did not happen. There was bound to be a slip, sure to be a snag somewhere. I had a growing fear of this snag in the days that ensued after the Madonna had left. It took all kinds of forms, but chiefly it was that I should never reach England. How could any one say what the medical and military authorities would do with a man in these days? And sometimes I went right down into the depths, feeling certain I'd never see her again.

The fear bred a resolve. If we should meet again—*if!*—I would not argue any more about marriage. Not the way I had. I'd been a fool. Why, sure, we should marry. I wouldn't stand for any other arrangement. How could I, with a little lady like that? She was so ready to give. So ready! Her readiness was amazing. It wasn't that I'd any idea of playing the game, standing up to my responsibilities, or any of that nonsense. Neither of us thought on those lines.

My fear bred a desire to be secured about her. Man is a possessive animal, even the nongregarious male. I was not thinking of the future any more either. Anything might happen in this changing world of war. She was right. We should never see these days again. Other, less peaceful, days would come soon.

It was beginning to dawn upon us then, us who were in the thick of that strife, that bloody chopping and restless changing, that this was to be our life for an indefinite period. Life was to go on like this without any clear sight of the future. We should go on, trooping here, fighting there, getting killed or wounded, seeing the inside of hospital wards—if we were lucky—going back to the lines, delving into the dirty business all over again.

I was within a stone's throw of my destinatio



And in the middle of it—this beauty in the absolute, this heavenly phase that comes to a man once in a lifetime. She was right. I had been a fool not to see it in that light. I must have been crazy to argue with her as I did! When I thought of all that she must bring to me—

So I lay on my tummy as the days went by and followed her every inch of the way along that strip of blue, picturing in my mind the various stages of her trip—she'd left Malta far behind; another day she was sighting the lovely bay of Algiers maybe; then the first glimpse of the giant rock of Gibraltar, a glance at the coast of Portugal; in four days she would be in the London river. All the landmarks I knew so well. Those pictures were far more real to me than the ward in which I lay.

I was still living in that far-away dream of her when I went aboard the hospital ship, a stretcher case. The vessel had no bunk accommodation for half the wounded. There were rows of stretchers on what had once been promenade decks. Men lay and groaned where men and women used to laugh and dance to the tunes of the ship's orchestra. It was a strange world, my masters, a strange world. But less than half of me was there. My mind was far away from the reek of antiseptics and the sights of this improvised ward for sick and wounded. Something had come over me. Even the burials that took place in the stern of the ship, within a few yards of where I lay—the fluttering Union Jack, the tipping of the plank, the splash of bodies committed to the blue deeps of the Mediterranean—these hardly registered with me. They were just part of the routine of days which I must get through somehow; and the happiest way was to shut one's mind to sordid realities and—dream.

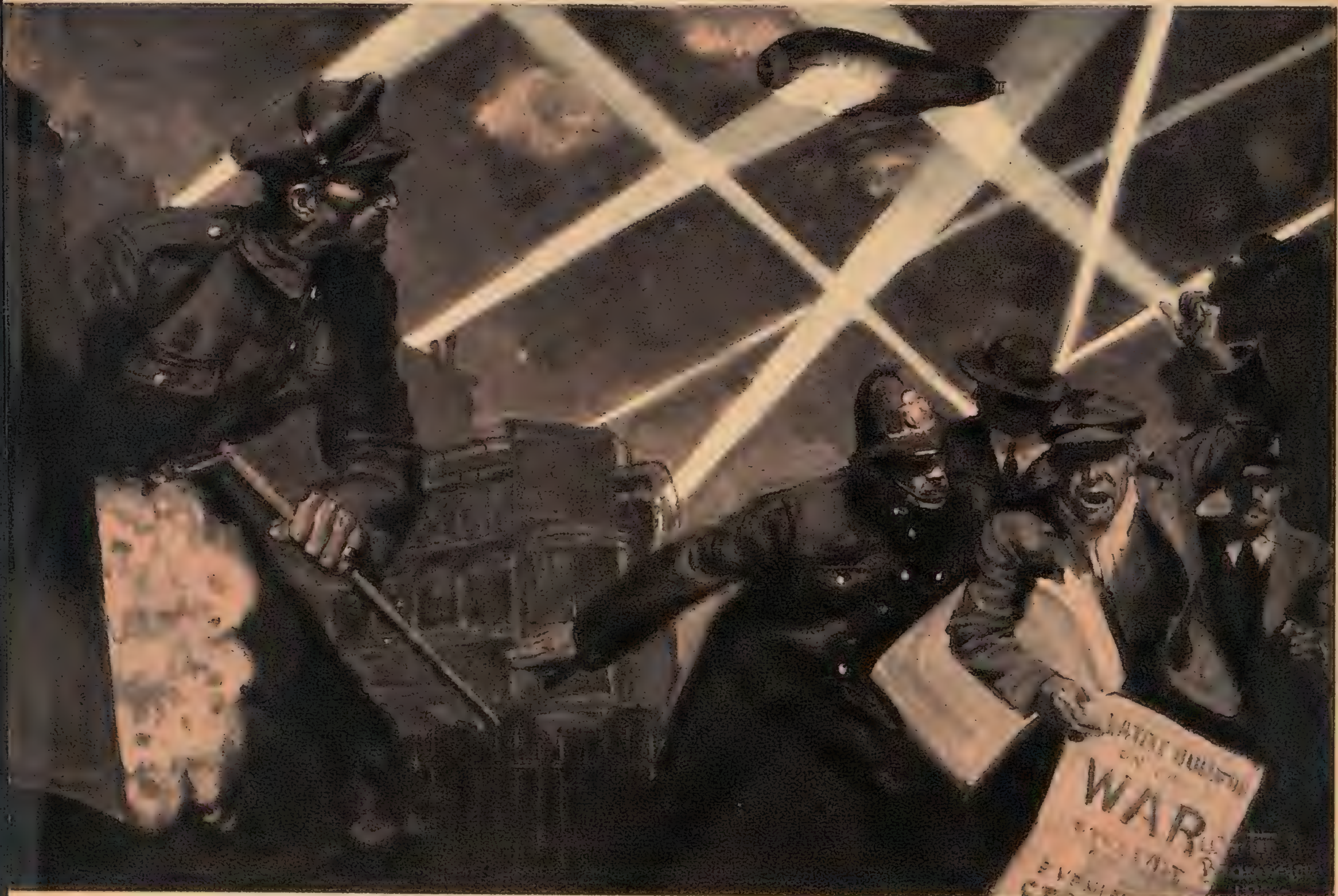
It was different in the Thames. The London river was alive with shipping. It seemed that every sort of craft under the sun had collected there. I had passed every danger spot now. There was no question as to my destination now. London! Piccadilly! Leicester Square! Theaterland! Underground railways, Green Park, Hyde Park, Regent's Park, Kensington Gardens! We'd drive this hellish war right into the background, the Madonna and I.

The window of my ward overlooked Hyde Park Corner—leafy green treetops in June, the hum of London's traffic, a sun that did not scorch and blister the tissues, the heart of the metropolis with yet a great vista, a wide expanse of rich green trees! An appropriate setting, thought I—and proceeded at once to ingratiate myself with the pretty V. A. D. on duty. She was as good as gold, with perfect understanding. Of course she would telephone to Mrs. Grace Waller as soon as she had a minute to spare. She was plump and soft and round, with brown hair and gray eyes and a sort of tired smile. And her boy friend was in Mesopotamia—God help him!

She was my introduction to London on that historic occasion. When I was up I should see the show at the Vic. It was really good. Then there was that thing at Daly's, and not to miss the perfect scream at the Alhambra. Richmond was great for an afternoon's outing. Busses ran by the door of the hospital. And so forth and so on. I hadn't been in the old country for a few years. It was like coming home.

She had put the call through all right. I was drinking tea, sugarless and with hardly a suggestion of milk—these terrible restrictions, you know!—when the Madonna came down the ward. My innards turned over. I remember the moment so well, for there was a slight distraction among the beds just then. The fellow next to me, having his temperature taken, had waited until the sister's back was turned to dip the thermometer in his tea. It bust, of course. There was hell to pay just as

when the alarm sounded. The Zeppelins were coming! The people were taking to the underground.



the Madonna floated into my ken. We met with a laugh. Everybody was laughing—every one, that is, who could sit up and see the seriocomic situation in which that fellow, who wanted a high temperature, had placed himself.

Heavens, she was good to look at! She was all asparkle, lovely white teeth, deep blue eyes, and ear dangles with stones as blue. I adored the way her lip lifted when she smiled. There was something about her—her satin blue eyes seemed to rock a secret. I'd have given anything to be alone with her then, and told her so. She flushed, turned away. For the first time her eyes could not meet mine. I apologized like a lovesick youth who had made a grave error.

She shook her head. "I understand, old boy. It's been an age to me too."

We didn't talk a lot. It was enough to be together, looking at each other.

"I haven't brought you flowers, or cigarettes, or goodies—I came in a hurry."

"You came. That's all I wished."

We didn't have to talk a lot. There was a sort of silent communion between us. I thought of my resolve, but it would have been sacrilege to break in then with anything controversial. I wanted to preserve this perfect reunion. I don't hope to describe such a feeling as existed between us then. It is not the sort of thing that can be explained. It has to be experienced. I've been in a lot of strange places since then, had some experiences, some strange, some rather fine, never one quite like that. I don't believe it could happen a second time.

And all the time there was that secret something deep down in the blue of her eyes. I wasn't flattering myself, but somehow I knew it was for me. It was in her bearing, in the way her eyes met mine, the way her hand reached out, in every little familiar gesture, in the smile she flashed when she had to rise and go. The pretty, plump V. A. D. was very apologetic, but it was the rule. The war was full of damnable rules and regulations. But Mrs. Waller could come again on the morrow.

That secret rocked in her eyes when she flashed her smile of good-by. I passed shadowily through the remainder of that day. As I look back on it now, the whole period seems like some lovely but unendurable dream, a heavenly interlude in a period of life stretched to its greatest tension. My knowledge of her was a matter of only a few short weeks. After all, the whole Gallipoli campaign was only a matter of eight months. But it was a lifetime, a lifetime frightfully intense, a period into which events, episodes, and experiences of many years seemed to be concentrated.

BEING in the early thirties, I was young enough, and not too young, to be impressed by every one of life's experiments that swam into my ken; and the experiences of those days were by no means small. Life wasn't normal. We all lived at greater tension. It was a man's world run mad. Manhood was off the leash. We said it was the kind of thing that could never happen again. Yet today, as I write, twenty-one years after, there are whispers, rumors of war in nearly every quarter of the globe, armaments are being piled up in every country, frontiers are being stacked with concrete edifices of defense and offense, drums beat, more and more troops march—there is talk of fortifying Gallipoli.

Gallipoli! I didn't want ever to see it again—and I am the sort of fellow who loves adventure. But that was not adventure. It was sheer slaughter, wholesale, bestial murder. I knew then, however, that I should see it again, even as I lay and stared at the green treetops of Hyde Park and listened to the hum of London's traffic, and thought about the vision of loveliness that had come into my life at this hectic, abnormal period.

She came every afternoon to the hospital. Naturally I was impatient to be up and about, not caring that the sooner I was convalescent, the quicker I should return to the peninsula. It was then, when at last I was allowed to move abroad, that the trouble began.

We celebrated my release from hospital with a dinner at a French restaurant in Soho. It began as a very jolly affair and ended sadly. I had never seen Grace look better. She was marvelous. She sparkled. She was both beautiful and witty. The flame of our intimacy quickened. Seated opposite me, the white napery, polished cutlery, clear crystal, blushing red roses between us, the beauty of her sent the thunder to my ears. She was flushed, with that queer look in her shining eyes as if she were hugging some big secret.

She smiled. Suddenly she stretched out a hand, chose the biggest and reddest of the roses and secured it in the deep décolletage of her white frock. It seemed to come alive there, in the bisque-tinted valley between her breasts. The action was impulsive, provocative, typical. She was laughing and fluttering vivaciously. I really envied her careless abandon.

"You're the most marvelous thing that ever happened to me!"

"It's lovely, old boy, to be in decent clothes again."

I was but vaguely aware of the others in the room, the parties and groups at little tables, well groomed khaki figures and attendant girls in bright frocks. The restaurant was typical of London as a whole, a London I had never before experienced. It was June. There was khaki everywhere, and everywhere pretty girls in bright-colored frocks. It was as if these girls were all determined to be as bright and colorful and vivacious as possible for the khaki-clad men whose sojourn in the capital was so short, so fleeting, these men who were merely on loan from that turmoil of slaughter that had brought the world to a standstill.

I HAD eyes only for my companion, her face all laughing like a challenge, breathless, it seemed, with challenge, the satin blue of her eyes gleaming with the joy of life, asserting boldly her enjoyment of this unforgettable hour. She was radiant and magnificent in her self-assertion. She had opened like a flower—like that great red rose which lay on her bosom, seeming, in its dark luxuriance, like a splash of blood on the creamy brownness. One's senses were intensified, heightened just then. She was too exquisitely vulnerable.

I came down to earth and began to talk about marriage. She put down her glass and stared with wide-open eyes. But I wouldn't see. I went on and on, telling of how I had lain in the ward of that hospital at Alexandria day after day, following her departure, and thought and pondered; how at last I had come to the unalterable decision. She was right. We would marry. It could be fixed on the morrow. Any other step would be sacrilege. Such a union as ours—

She was shaking her head, but I wouldn't see. I blundered on and on. The laughter died in her face. I went on. We argued. We wrangled. She insisted that my view had been the right one—she had not realized the uncertainty of the future. If we both came out of the mess safe and sound, then we could talk of marriage. I insisted that she had been right. There must be a legal marriage. I would not see the danger signals—the proud, angry poise, the rebellious upturned mouth, that mutinous chin.

Lord! What a hopeless mess I made of everything! Looking back on the incident, I now know that it was fear, fear of losing her which made me insist so recklessly and stupidly; that the fear possessing me was a disease of the mind born of a vast futile sense of loneliness. It was a mental disease that had germinated during those hellish nights, massive and fluid with terror, that I had spent in no man's land. I was clawing at this idea of marriage as a drowning man claws at the spar which means safety, security, life. Nothing she said would shake me from the resolve. I remember well all that she said, all that she offered, but I have no instinct for revealing it all here.

We were out on the street. It was she who signaled for the taxi. We stumbled in. She gave her address. Her mouth closed. She looked hard and cold. She sat as if trapped. I went on, quieter now, trying to persuade her to my viewpoint, not realizing she was slipping further away. She did not move. She sat with her face averted toward the window. It was more than disappointment that warped that mouth, clouded the deep blue of her eyes so dreadfully. It was despair, the helplessness of a woman who despairs, who sees her dream

British wounded from Gallipoli being taken on barges to hospital ships for transfer to England.

in ruins. The mad stampede of emotions then made me say things that can never be retracted.

She remained quite still. She heard. But it was as if she were washed all wan and without feeling, like a dead thing. Useless to protest that everything could be fixed up for our wedding on the morrow, and that afterward it would all be plain sailing. What woman in her emotional senses wants all plain sailing? I had ruined the dream of this night. We should not, she said, ever see this night again. I talked of leaving her until the morrow—after all we had planned, after all we had dreamed!

So she sat still for fear of her own tears maybe, for her underlip was caught between her teeth. She watched the road. We were running through Park Lane toward Marble Arch. What should we do when the taxi stopped? I fancy my sense of humor had bled inwardly. Passionately did we desire each other, yet every word, every gesture sent us further and further away from each other.

THE taxi drew up. We got out. We were at the door of the building in which her flat was situated. I had dreamed about coming here. She, too, about having me here. It was all so different. I would not enter. The storm broke afresh. She could be horribly cold, pitiless, even cruel. Mine was the supreme insult.

The roadway was dark, the hour late. In the middle of our wrangling we were conscious of a figure hobbling toward us on crutches. He was an officer in khaki with one leg in a swing. We were silent as he approached us. He paused before us, grinned, took out a key.

"Hello!" he laughed. "You two locked out?"

Civilized society entails limits. We would not keep up the childish brawl before this hero on crutches. We followed him into the hall, thanking him, murmuring polite nothings, saw him enter a flat on the ground floor even as we started to ascend the stairs. Grace unlocked her door and we entered. The door was closed, the world shut out. But it was too late then. We both knew it was too late. Any further step would have been too cold-blooded. Sympathy had gone out like a flicker of flame before the wind. She was scrupulously, coldly polite in her hospitality, in her handling of decanter and glasses.

She was a stranger to me, of a sudden an unknown quantity. I did not realize how far the farce had gone. I was, manlike, bolstering up my spirits with the belief that when I came on the morrow with my trumpery preparations, everything would be all right. I ought to have known, even then, that this spirited, independent soul would be subject to no such male domination, that already she was scorning my sex-insignificance.

"I will come tomorrow, early in the morning," I said as I prepared to leave.

"There won't be any tomorrow."

How terribly prophetic were those words!

It must have been well past midnight when I reached the street. London was very dark then. There were restrictions about lights. I hung about, waiting for a prowling taxi. One came at last, and I gave the address of a hotel in Bloomsbury where I had booked a room for the night. That was as far as my plans had developed, for I had imagined the remainder of my sick leave would be spent with Grace.

How well I remember that night! I was within a stone's throw of my destination when the alarm was sounded. Beams of light were crisscrossing all over the dark heavens, a regular trellis of them, searching, searching. We deserted the taxi, the driver and I, and turned into the entrance of a tube railway station. The Zeppelins were coming! People were deserting the streets and taking to the underground stations. It was a new kind of warfare to me. As a temporary visitor to the capital, I was interested. But it must have been damnable for those who had to live with this sort of nightmare.

I did not go into the station but remained at the top of the steps, staring up at the sky. For a brief instant I had a glimpse of one of the monsters. A beam of light flashed over the dim shape. Simultaneously there came the crackle of anti-aircraft gunfire, then the ominous zoom and wail caused by the velocity of a descending bomb, a terrific explosion, another and another. They seemed to follow each other in rapid succession, and the explosions were quite near, though how near I could not guess at that moment.

There came the ring of ambulance bells and the imperious clang of fire alarms. All sorts of rumors were floating around. People rushed into the station with fantastic stories of death and destruction and devastating fires less than a mile away. Men and women seeking shelter had been blown to pieces, others had been killed or injured by falling masonry and splintering glass. A taxi had been thrown into a shop window by the impact, the occupants flung in all directions.

ANNOUNCING

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BERNARR MACFADDEN

HUMANITARIAN — PUBLICIST — PHILANTHROPIST

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I followed a little knot of people hurrying across London. The bombing and firing had ceased. The Zeps had gone home. When I reached the scene of the disaster, there was a cordon of police and troops lining the area. Men and women were lying prone in the roadway, in the gutters, while ambulance men worked with shaded lights, lifting the victims into the wagons. The whole façade of one building had been shattered so that the interiors of its rooms, apparently offices, were open to the street. Glass and masonry lay around everywhere. The work of rescue and clearance went on until dawn.

A MEMORABLE night in all conscience. It had begun, for me, so happily! In that restaurant the hour was radiant with promise. It seemed that everything flowed intensely about us. And then that incredible change. We loved each other. Surely there could have been no doubt about that? The passion was there. But the passion was consumed in that appalling contention of wills. It was as if a strange spell had been cast over us. Perhaps it was in the air, a tensity we could not escape. And then that wretched anticlimax in her abode. After which a London thoroughfare must be turned into a stricken battlefield. Intense gloom drove me into heavy slumber, a sleep tortured by dreams in which we fought again with a stubborn antagonism of moods that was somehow mixed up with crashing bombs, flying splinters of glass, falling masonry, and eerie, insane wanderings over the muck and mire of no man's land!

There were further shocks when I attempted to telephone her flat next morning. No response. I tried again and again. Still no answer. This, I decided, had gone beyond a deadlock of moods. It was time for action. I reached the door of her flat in a sweat of misgiving. No amount of experience can arm a man against just such situations as these. Knocking, ringing, calling, pleading—these brought forth no sort of response. Either she had left the flat—which I didn't believe—or she was playing dumb.

I was sick and angered by realization of the hopelessness of it. There seemed no other move left in the game. Turning away at last, I descended the stairs, wondering whether I looked a bigger fool than I felt. This weird metamorphosis, as much mine as hers, was quite beyond my ken. I didn't begin to understand.

In the hall I ran up against the wounded officer who had broken in on our quarrel the night before. He shook his head at me sympathetically, as it seemed, and murmured something about it being a bad business. I stared, wondering how he knew.

But when he went on to talking in soldierly terms of the bombing raid on defenseless citizens, fear clutched me hard.

"What the hell!" I ejaculated. "I've been trying to find Mrs. Waller."

THEN he told me. He had seen Grace go out after I left. She had not come back. The housekeeper in the building had had a phone message. Mrs. Waller was in hospital. Apparently she had been walking the streets, restless as I, had walked into the area of that damnable raid. I got the name of the hospital, did not wait for more. . . .

Her condition, they told me, was critical. It was impossible for any one to see her. I stumbled into the street. Wandered around in a black daze. I knew, as certainly as I'd ever know anything, that I was the cause of this horrible thing that had happened to her. If I'd stayed last night, instead of playing the moral fool on a high horse, if I'd understood the restless spirit of her, this thing could not have happened. It could not have happened! It could not have happened! I was solely responsible. If I'd stayed, she would never have wandered abroad at that hour of the night.

She might have been in my arms. I pictured her in the gutter, bloody, disfigured—like those I'd seen. I walked about, up one street, down another. Nothing mattered. I knew nothing but this wild rage against my own stupidity. I went at last and got absolutely stunk, blotto, haunted the dives around Piccadilly and Soho. But I could not rid my mind of the picture of her—torn, bloody, in the gutter, that vision once so beautiful . . .

I walked about for days, stiffened with the knowledge of my pusillanimousness. It was the first time in my life that I'd made any sort of stand for the conventions—and the last. Nothing could rid my mind of the fact that I was definitely responsible for this ghastly anticlimax. If she died! The only thing I'd ever loved in my drifting life, and I'd done my damnedest to kill it!

Days went by and then they let me see her. She lay there motionless, swathed in bandages. She would recover, they said. It would take time, perhaps a long time. She did not know me. She had lapsed into a sort of somber exclusion, a mystic dark state that drove me frantic. I went again and again. There was no sign that she was alive save the steady rise and fall of her bosom, so still was she. There was nothing for me to do save look on this gorgeous beauty that I had very nearly destroyed. Days of deranging torment.

Day after day I went, hoping for a sign of recognition. There was none. Only that tense drawn face, the unaltering motionless body lying there as if she would be motionless forever. She lay like a dead thing, buried away in some mystic darkness of unconsciousness.

Mercifully my leave came to an end. I must return, report for duty. There was a war on. There was Gallipoli. Red was there, and others I knew. I should be glad to get back to the normal business of slaughter. I was no good at this game of love. I just couldn't learn about women. I could only destroy them. Perhaps that was my role in life—to destroy.

I went through it all mechanically—the journey to the depot to join up with other details of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, drew necessary kit, back pay; lined up with the rest of them, joined in their jokes, banter, laughter. There were some Aussies there I knew. They too had been on sick leave. They were full of the tales soldiers tell after leave—London with its theaters, cabarets, parks, pubs, sporting events, girls—especially girls.

SOME crazy story had got abroad. I'd disappeared with a girl, had never once been seen at the Aussie rendezvous in Leicester Square. Who was she? What was she? Couldn't I tell a pal? And so on, *ad nauseam*, while I registered an artificial grin that nearly cracked my jowl.

The train to the docks gave way to the troopship. We put to sea, crawled past Gibraltar and Malta, and it was all just so much flat background to the vivid but catastrophic events of my days and nights in London, days and nights that were far more real to me than this troopship, these troopers, these larking irresponsible soldiers.

We sighted Alexandria, that ancient breath of the East. It loomed up at me, pregnant with memories, every familiar landmark an accusing finger—Grace and a thousand incidents. Sights and scenes that raked up unforgettable pictures. God in heaven! What memories!

Well, there was always Gallipoli. I meant to get my own back there, out in that no man's land that had worked such havoc with my mental make-up. No man was more anxious to see that grim pastel of headland and sea than I.

Anxious to get back to Anzac Cove! Digger was to be cured very quickly of his morbid anxiety. An armistice for the burial of those unendurable rotting bodies; Red's disclosure of a blood-chilling secret; a sudden do-or-die attack, and Johnny Turk's reprisal; a night in a death-raked shell crater. Oh, it may not make dainty kindergarten reading next week—but try to lay it down before you've finished it!

DON'T

DON'T BREATHE IT TO A SOUL

If you've been drinking, eating onions or smoking heavily...CHASERS will take away the evidence. They kill the breath...leave no odor of their own. Convenient, effective tablets. Chasers Inc., New York.

CHASERS

5c

per package

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY SUPER SENSITIVE RADIO

COMPARE THESE PRICES TUBE FOR TUBE, FEATURE FOR FEATURE, WITH ANY RADIO ON THE MARKET

***AUTO-EXPRESSIONATOR**
Brings back the expression necessarily taken out in the studio in transmitting the program.

***MYSTIC HAND**
(A. F. C.) Automatically tunes set sharply without use of meter tuning or other gadget.

◡MAGNA CERAMIC DIAL

† VIBRACOUSTIC SOUNDING BOARD

⊙METAL TUBES

and 8 other CROSLEY FEATURES

*★◡†⊙	15 TUBES 44" Console	$174.50
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*★◡†⊙	11 TUBES 41½" Console	$109.50
* ◡†⊙	9 TUBES 41½" Console	$99.50
◡†⊙	7 TUBES 40" Console	$67.50
◡†⊙	6 TUBES 39" Console	$59.95

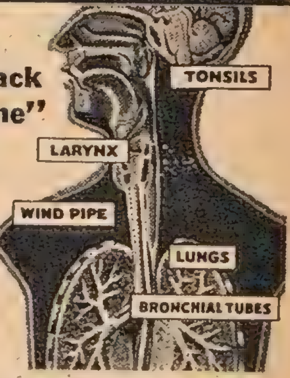
Prices slightly higher in Rocky Mountain States and west.

CROSLEY stands, always, as a warranty of the highest value in radio. It is only natural that the 1937 models are Crosley's greatest achievements. Beautiful . . . as near perfection as science can attain . . . and priced for you who demand the best at prices you're pleased to pay. See your Crosley dealer today . . . you will hear radio you've never heard before.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.

Relieve COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

Get your throat's moisture glands back to work and "soothe" your cough away



THE usual cause of a cough is the drying or clogging of moisture glands in your throat and windpipe. When this happens, heavy phlegm collects, irritates. Then you cough. The quick and safe way to relief is by letting Pertussin stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily raised. You have relief!

Get after that cough today—with Pertussin. *Over 1,000,000 prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year.* This estimate is based on a Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Association.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

30¢ Prescription FREE

AC-1

Seeck & Kade, Inc., 440 Washington St., N.Y.C.
I want a Free trial bottle of Pertussin—quick!

Name____________________
Address

Money Can Ruin a Woman's Beauty

Beware the Gadgets and Nostrums of Wealth— Loveliness Is Earned*: Don't Try to Buy It*

says

MADAME SYLVIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

CONTRARY to popular opinion, the society woman with her money has just as hard a job to preserve her beauty as her less wealthy neighbor. Furthermore, she loses her beauty earlier, in most cases. She thinks she can buy beauty. And it is that idea that floors her gumption. Believe me, without that, she's sunk.

Money buys all the dissipations. Consequently it is often a menace to beauty. It rarely buys beauty. For that you must work, whether you have five cents or five million. The wealthy woman gets so used to having everything done for her, she seldom lifts a finger to help herself. She can afford to go to the modern beauty salon and spend a couple of hours there while they give her the works. And how many women get all dolled up only to make the night clubs, sitting for hours drinking, smoking, and breathing foul air. Getting to bed in the early hours of the morning. Sleeping most of the next day. Then back to the beauty parlor to get the works again so they can make another night of it.

Many women follow such a routine night after night. Those are the babies I'm the toughest on. When I take a gal like that, she's warned from the start that there'll be no monkey business, and she will have to work—co-operate thoroughly and follow my instructions precisely—or else! Her money doesn't impress me.

And don't think a movie star doesn't have her problems. She has money, too, if she's lucky. These gals can afford all the dissipations. But their living depends upon their looks. All of a sudden a star discovers that her beauty is fading. The next step is no contract. Before long not even a bit is to be had. Finally "she's all washed up." It's really heartbreaking, no matter how well you know it's her own fault.

Let me tell you, darlings, in most cases screen beauty is actually synthetic. Handmade. Very few of those girls start with perfect features. Take for example all the glorious teeth that flash out of Hollywood. You have no idea how many porcelain caps, pivots, bridges, special preparations are applied to make them photograph white and glistening. Then coiffures are designed by the best hairdressers; but don't forget that the beauty of the hair itself, just as in your case, depends upon the care those gals give it. If a nose is too long it's bobbed. Ears too prominent are pinned back. Faces are lifted that have sagged beyond control. Unfortunately the lifting is never permanent.

Dentistry and plastic surgery are two instances where money is necessary to buy a certain part of beauty. Everything else you can and must do for yourselves. No matter how many times the face is lifted, coarse pores, dryness, oiliness, pimples, blackheads are not lifted. Those are faults you must correct through proper exercise and sensible eating. Plastic surgery, done properly, is a blessing to humanity. But for goodness' sake, be sure the doctor is reputable and a specialist! Beware of quacks and incompetents!

Now to get back to the handicaps that too much money can put upon your beauty and personality. Many women think they can sit in one of these infernal steam contraptions for a couple of hours and stagger out with a perfectly proportioned figure and a radiant complexion. You housewives all know what happens to a string bean that has been steamed too long: it gets soggy and mushy. So do bodies. Muscles become flabby and stringy. You may lose a couple of pounds of water weight, but you gain it right back the first time you drink a glass of water.

It's healthy to perspire when your own physical efforts make you. As for extremely hot baths, steam cabinets, and sweat baths, those things along with stupid starvation diets are making wrecks out of women. A couple of other pippins that weaken the muscular system are electric blankets and these so-called paraffin baths.

Ordinary massage is swell when you are not able to do any physical exercise. But ordinary massage alone will never reduce you properly. I've taken suet off movie stars to make it possible for them to keep their contracts. But not by ordinary massage. I've taught them to do the same things *you* have to do to stay slim. My reducing treatment consists of going for the glands concerned and normalizing their action as much as possible. I've never used any paraphernalia or gadgets.

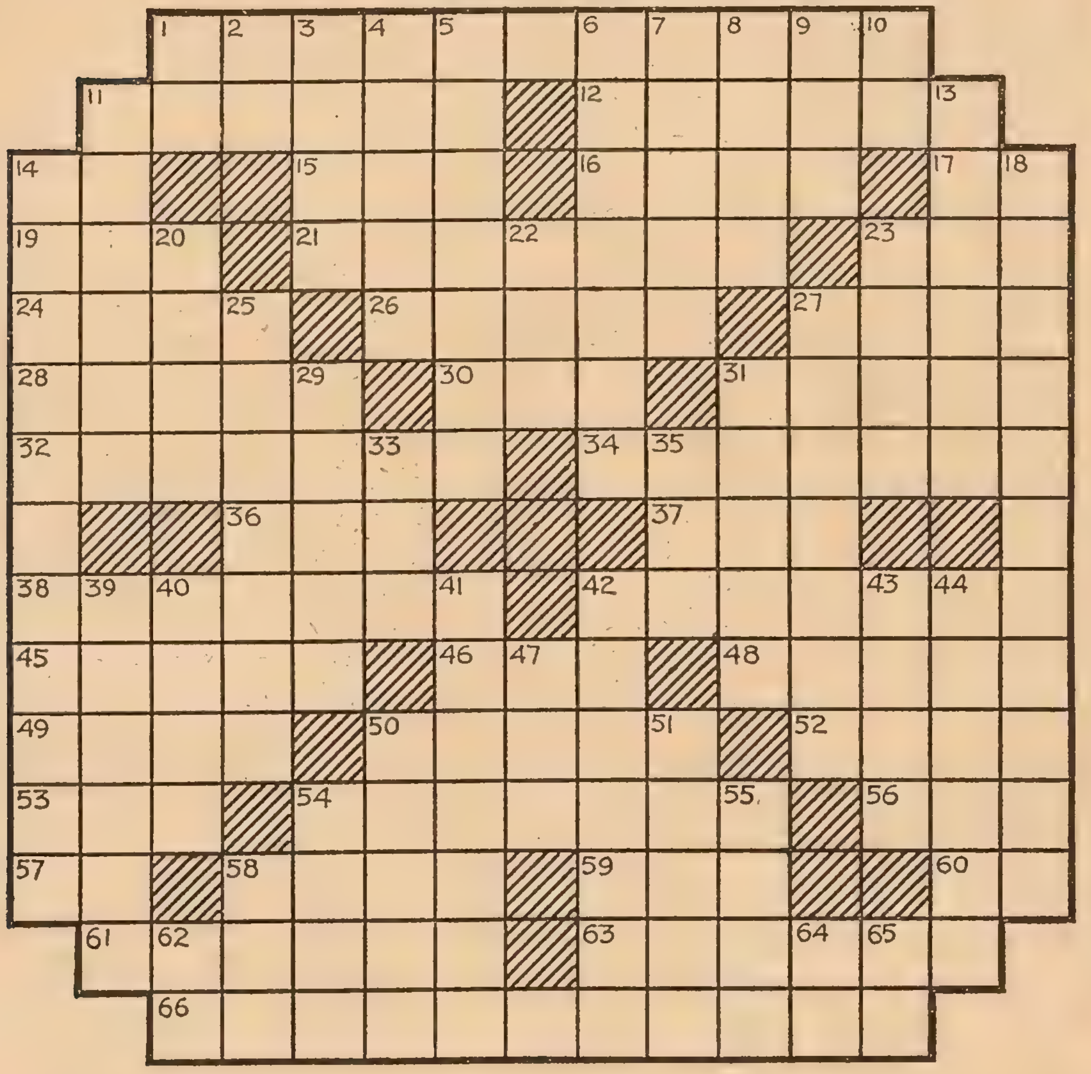
Another thing—about all this pinching and bruising business that goes on: If a masseuse, or any one who is supposed to be giving you a reducing treatment, makes you black and blue, throw her out on her ear. Any one who does that is incompetent. Not long ago a very prominent woman came to me. Her right hip looked like the map of Asia. Blood vessels were broken and she was so black and blue that her flesh was almost bloody. The person who had given her the treatment, or I should say abuse, told her that such disfiguring was necessary to accomplish the results. What results she was after, I wouldn't know, unless she was aiming to murder the poor woman. Such practices are dangerous—and are *not* the way to acquire a lovely figure!

Those of you who perhaps think it is not necessary to keep yourselves attractive, because you have everything you want—do you ever wonder what you would do if you had to make a living for yourself and family, if suddenly the provider you now have could no longer provide? Keep physically fit and mentally alert. It's money in the bank, a trust fund that may come in handy some day.

THE END

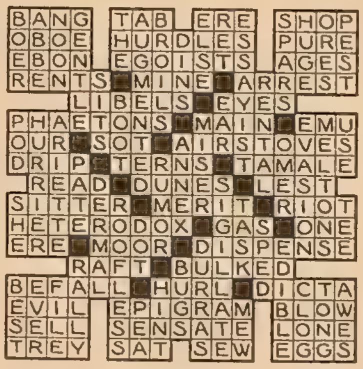
Cockeyed Crosswords

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Notre Dame's lofty aim (two words)
11 A lotta clowns
12 Peach skin
14 The initial poet of Xwords
15 Head stuffing and the makings of a big corporation
16 He was virtually a slave
17 He's studying for a pigskin at Yale (abbr.)
19 Never was a boulder project in our time
21 Tin can attached to a tin can; a movie house
23 A paid amateur who admits it
24 Four sad letters
26 When she let her back hair down she wrecked the navy
27 What a lout!
28 Removes hair, like a college boy and a coonskin
30 He despises cattiness
31 What these mortals be
32 Kind of person who can't be kidded
34 A device for turning day into night
36 One, Scotch, please
37 What you may do from too much ale
38 Puts the shirt on a horse
42 Something Dumb Dora can never suffer from—having no mind to lose
45 Pains in the neck
46 The shifty thing about Red Grange
48 A thousand bucks
49 This has a twang
50 You see by these peepers; two big shining things about Carole Lombard
52 Okey-doke in Spain



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BANG TAB ERE SHOP
OBOE HURDLES PURE
EBON EGOISTS AGES
RENTS■MINE■ARREST
   LIBELS■EYES
PHAETONS■MAIN■EMU
OUR■SOT■AIRSTOVES
DRIP■TERNS■TAMALE
 READ■DUNES■LEST
SITTER■MERIT■RIOT
HETERODOX■GAS■ONE
ERE■MOOR■DISPENSE
   RAFT■BULKED
BEFALL■HURL■DICTA
EVIL EPIGRAM BLOW
SELL SENSATE LONE
TREY SAT SEW EGGS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

53 What Hitler is full of
54 Falls out (but doesn't necessarily get hurt)
56 Feminine article, used in Spain
57 Hush yo' mouf!
58 Got bounced around by a hay bag
59 What you do till the doctor comes
60 The Granite State (abbr.)
61 What's the color of brown horses?
63 Hits off Hubbell
66 The first victim of the first swing song (two words)

VERTICAL

1 A distant note
2 Where to stay lest you sing Empty Saddles
3 After this, Reno
4 What an old friend does well
5 He owns the best educated dogs in Hollywood
6 What dictators do to Liberty
7 To keep a man waiting a half-hour
8 Love—in Spain
9 A devilish easy thing to do
10 Social Noseblowing (abbr.)
11 An overheated fan
13 Whose rubber leg is famous?
14 They pop in and out while apple sauce is being manufactured (two words)
18 This brings tears to the eyes of many a diner
20 He
22 The end of NIRA
23 This is always on deck
25 This is not well known
27 They get all steamed up and blow up at the wrong time
29 Toots the triller
31 Youthful necessity
33 The most civil person in the Civil War
35 Well known eccentric
39 Mirthquakes
40 Preposition
41 Kind of figures some bookkeepers like
42 To allay, but not oop
43 Spare tire for transatlantic fliers
44 Nuts
47 A bit of a devil
50 Treated like an ass
51 To shoot like a fool
54 Wind machine; the windiest thing at the Philharmonic
55 What every six-foot Pole is
58 Recovery from the Recovery Administration (abbr.)
62 It's that mystic force again!
64 Well known receiver of passes (abbr.)
65 Jr.'s rock (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE . . .

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Tens of thousands of folks who used to suffer from miserable backaches, shoulder pains and chest congestion, now put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster and find the most soothing relief. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains caused by rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago, sprains and strains.

The beauty about Allcock's Porous Plaster is its nice glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Actually, what's happening is that it draws the blood to that spot. It treats the backache where it is. No dosing when you use Allcock's Porous Plaster. No fuss or muss, either. Allcock's is the original porous plaster. In almost 100 years no porous plaster has ever been made that goes on and comes off as easily, or that does as much good. Be sure the druggist gives you ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. 25¢.

Maybelline

WHAT AN IMPROVEMENT
Maybelline
DOES MAKE!

Eyes framed by long, dark, luxuriant fringe of lashes. Twin pools of loveliness—yours instantly with either Maybelline Solid or Cream mascara. Harmless. Tear-proof. Non-smarting. Not waxy, beady or gummy. Applies simply, smoothly, and gives a natural appearance. 10,000,000 discriminating women now use Maybelline mascara regularly. Black, Brown, Blue. Only 75c everywhere. Here is the very essence of romantic charm.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

to the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

HERE'S an acidulous little story I heard the other day from Helena Rubinstein, high priestess of pulchritude: Two nice girls met on the street, and one of them said, "I've just been to a beauty parlor." The other nice girl looked the first one over, then ever so sweetly said, "Oh, was it closed?"

Helena Rubinstein has long been famous throughout America and Europe for her beauty treatments and ointments, her cosmetics and culture. Her New York home is really a museum.

I spent an enchanted afternoon there not long ago, examining her unique collection of period rooms in miniature, all dollhouse size, all genuine works of art, each one of them amazingly perfect to the last tiny detail.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Mme. Rubinstein believes most women love dollhouses because they take us back, in memory, to the dear protected days of our childhood when life couldn't hurt us. But now that we are grown up—and can't help it—she thinks we ought to take every possible care of ourselves. At home, she tells you, it is restful and invigorating to walk around barefooted as much as you can. Devote fifteen minutes a day to calisthenics, five minutes for breathing exercises, five for stretching, five for bending. Use cold cream on your face morning and night, always wiping it off and splashing on plenty of lukewarm water. Twice a month, after you're forty years old, stay in bed all day Sunday and eat practically nothing. In the autumn take a peach cure—two days a week, for eight weeks, eat three pounds of peaches and nothing else.

● Some one just back from Ireland has been showing me the Free State coins with animal pictures on them—a pig on the ha'penny, hen on the penny, bull on the shilling, other pieces marked with fish, dogs, horses, rabbits, birds, etc. It's the *cutest* money! Whatever you buy costs you so many hens, horses, and so on. Counting your change is as much fun as playing Noah's ark. I wish we had animal money here. It might make spending a pleasure—if you could get any of it.

● At their *wooden-wedding* party the husband of a friend of mine gave her a plain chunk of wood—but it opened like magic, and inside lay a gorgeous diamond ring. Other couples at the party—especially the wives—started recollecting what the symbol of their next nuptial anniversary would be. Some were not sure, so I looked up the information, and will now pass it along. The first anniversary brings your cotton wedding; the second is paper; third, leather; fourth, books; fifth, wood; sixth, garnet; seventh, wool; eighth, bric-à-brac; ninth, topaz; tenth, tin. Skip then to the twentieth, which is your china wedding. Silver for your twenty-fifth, gold for your fiftieth, diamonds for your seventy-fifth. That seems to be all.

● Have you noticed that men who wear wigs are the neatest of neat dressers? That women who do the most prinking in public are apt to be somewhat untidy at home? That a baby girl always adores a papa with a mustache? That bowlegged women attract knock-kneed men? That people who eat too fast generally talk too much? That an umbrella can be as useful as a fan for purposes of flirtation? That every woman of maturity tries to feel younger when she puts on a white dress? That divorce rarely comes to wives and husbands who keep on kidding each other through the years? Have you noticed?

What else have you noticed?

● Thank goodness only one case of the new mental disease has been reported so far. The patient—this story is true—was a woman so queerly afflicted that she couldn't resist any command she saw printed in big letters on an outdoor billboard.

In a city miles from her home she wandered into a police station.

"Send for my husband," she sobbed. "An awful thing has happened to me. I saw a large poster issued by a railroad company. It told me to get on a train and come here for my vacation. I haven't any vacation, I didn't want to come, but something compelled me. I just couldn't help myself."

So there it is—the new form of mental breakdown that makes you obey billboards. Isn't it terrifying?

● Now a *real* witch doctor comes epically to life in the fascinating book, Out of Africa, by F. G. Carnochan and H. C. Adamson. Recommended by the Book of the Month Club—and also by me. (Published by Dodge Publishing Co.)

● All through the southern part of France potatoes are cooked deliciously in white wine. Made with our own California wine this recipe is inexpensive and quite a novelty here. Do it as follows:

Dice 4 rashers of lean bacon and simmer till golden brown in pan with 1 tablespoon butter and 6 small onions. Add 1 pound raw potatoes peeled and cut in egg-sized pieces. Add also 1 bay leaf, pepper and salt to taste, then enough white wine to reach the top of the potatoes. Use white California wine of the dry variety, *not* the sweet kind. Cook very slowly for about 1 hour. By then the potatoes should be easy to pierce with a sharp knife. Lift them out of the pan with the onions and diced bacon, boil up the wine gravy for a few minutes, then pour it over the potatoes and onions and bacon, and serve piping hot.

FINAL WEEK!

LIBERTY'S PATRIOTIC GAME OF PRESIDENTS

$1,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

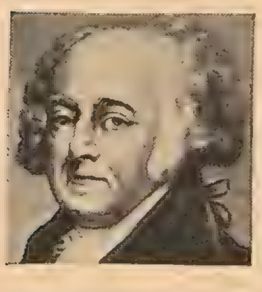
THIS is the final week of this instructive and remunerative game. The time has come to assemble all of your contest coupons and prepare them for presentation to the judges. As you do this keep simplicity in mind. Elaboration and ornamentation are not a part of this contest and will not gain you any special rating.

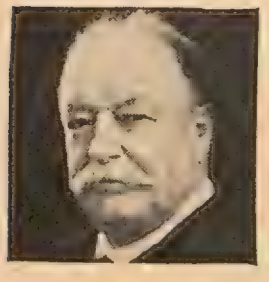
Have you written your brief note on What the Constitution of the United States Means to Me? This must accompany every entry. Without it your entry will not be considered. Such an essay in so short a number of words should prove easy enough at this season of the year when the Constitution is under discussion by major political candidates. Turn on your radio or read the political columns if Liberty's editorials have not given you material aplenty on the subject.

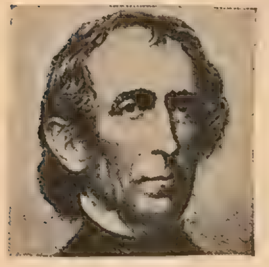
Be sure that you get your entry in on time. The prizes, in case you have forgotten, are: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; and ninety prizes, each $5.

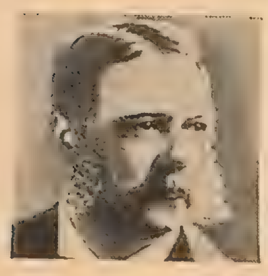
THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.
2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.
3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit, at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining "What the Constitution of the United States means to me."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final. First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; ninety prizes, each $5.









CLIP HERE

GAME OF PRESIDENTS

COUPON NO. 8

PASTE
CORRECT
PICTURE
HERE

He came to the office of Chief Magistrate
Not by accomplishing triumphs of state,
But by a great cabinet of judicial strength
That carried him forward throughout his short length.

....
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE
CORRECT
PICTURE
HERE

When it came to framing the pact of the States
A son of Virginia promoted the Fates.
As framer and signer—the two in the one—
His name will be ever 'neath Liberty's sun.

....
(Write the President's name here)

PASTE
CORRECT
PICTURE
HERE

The second of first of two men of one name
Who came to the fore as a claimant to fame,
A guardian safe for the needs of his day
Who guided the state the conservative way.

....
(Write the President's name here)

CLIP HERE

ARE THE PRESIDENTS DESCRIBED THIS WEEK IN THIS GROUP?

Copyright, Howard W. Bible, 1936

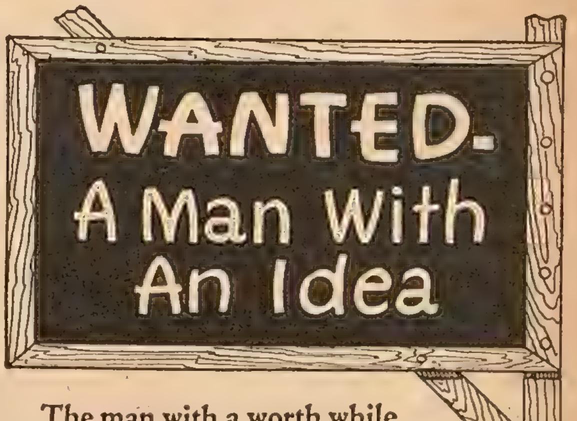
How
I LONGED
TO WEAR
AN
EVENING
DRESS!

but couldn't because of—

PSORIASIS

blemishes. You would be amazed at the number of women who have written us just such words—and at their enthusiastic expressions of gratitude for what **Siroil** has done for them. They tell us what happiness **Siroil** has brought to them and the joy that is theirs in wearing evening gowns and sheer hose. **Siroil** removes the crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieves other of its discomforts. Thousands bear witness to these facts. And **Siroil** is so easy to use. It is applied externally—does not stain clothing or bed linen—and is offered on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee, with you the sole judge of results.

SIROIL LABORATORIES, INC, Dept. L-11
1214 Griswold Street—Detroit, Mich.
Please send me your booklet on Psoriasis
NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________________STATE____________



The man with a worth while idea is never unemployed. Industry, business, and finance are clamoring for him. Opportunity, promotion, capital, await you, if you find within yourself the thought of something new, no matter how simple or small. Ideas are aroused, not found within the covers of books. Learn to use your mind and you will never find your hands idle. Capitalize on your unused abilities.

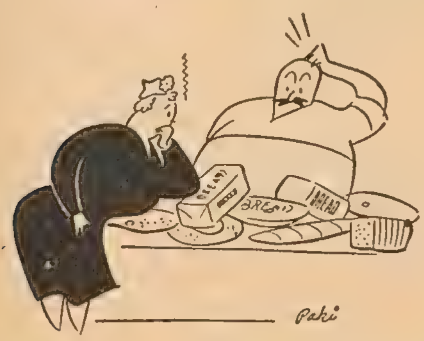
SEND FOR FREE BOOK

The Rosicrucians, not a religious organization, have preserved for centuries these principles of mind development, which were the fountain of wisdom of the ancients. Thousands of men and women have been benefited by them. Write for a free copy of "The Secret Heritage," which tells how you may receive this vital knowledge. Address: Scribe K.H.G. The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC), San Jose, California.

Vox Pop

WHAT IS PUMPERNICKEL?

North Little Rock, Ark.—Madame Sylvia in her September 19 Liberty article, Any Woman Can Be Beautiful, made mention of a bread by the name of pumpernickel. Please, please—what is it? I have looked and asked everywhere and every one I know, but they never heard of it!—*Mrs. R. N. Wood.*



[Arkansas has missed something in not knowing pumpernickel, which is a kind of coarse, acid bread, made of unbolted rye, and a popular item of German delicatessen stores.

Its name is said to have derived from a remark made by Napoleon to some German soldiers. He remarked that the hard brown breadstuff was *bon pour Nicole*—good for Nicole—his horse! Not understanding French, the German soldiers thought he called the sourish bread "pumpernickel."

Perhaps some of our Vox Poppers can give Mrs. Wood a recipe for the delicatessen dainty so that she may introduce it to her friends and neighbors.—Vox Pop Editor.]

FOUR-STARRED MULES

Washington, D. C.—So the movie producers have wrought another miracle! We thrilled to read in Vital Statistics (October 3 Liberty) concerning The Texas Rangers that the mules that dash about so energetically dragging the stagecoach are authentic descendants of the original stage-hauling mules, notwithstanding biological limitations.

We are grown up now, and glad to know the facts of life; but we do regret the long wasted years when we believed that mules were hybrids and could cherish neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity.

Well, well! Now maybe that's why you gave the picture four stars. I've long wanted to know the rules that guided your critics to their conclusions. It is clear now. Not rules—mules!—*B. H. Olmstead.*

HE, TOO, ATE LOCUSTS

Flushing, N. Y.—Well, well, well! So flattening of the eyeball causes shortsightedness, does it? That is what we are to believe under October 3 Twenty Questions (And What's Wrong With the Answers?). What does Bernarr say about that in his books? Perhaps I had better study six more years and undo what I have learned.

And that New Testament character who ate insects under the same caption. I have eaten locust and it is delicious when first picked. Other names for it are *Johannes Brot* and St.-John's-bread, which may be purchased in the dry form in any home-brew store. Try it.—*Malcolm H. Tallman.*

TO BE READ BEFORE VOTING

Milwaukee, Wis.—

Postmaster Farley in recent parley
Said things that made us smile.
  One was—we should abandon
  That archpretender Landon
Because we've known him such a little while!

Some folks we've known too long—
"Three long years" (so goes the song).
  So let's remember
We have a lot to do if we'd
"Come smiling through"
  By next November.

Let's scrap that "alphabet"
That few have fathomed yet,
  And let us win "a breathing spell" to *last.*
Then hold our breath and go
With the man we do not know (?)
  Who has shown good sense and judgment in the past.

—*Evelyn E. Underwood.*

THAT HATTER IS STILL MAD!

Hollywood, Calif.—As to what makes the mad hatter mad (September 12 Vox Pop), I was told by my grandfather, who was son of a hat manufacturer, that continued employment in the "finishing room," brushing the felt in close hot chemical-laden air, was the cause.

The kind employer limited the time for each brusher, but the thoughtless one would keep the man in the finishing room until the poisonous fumes drove him mad.—*Stuart Whitten.*

FIVE DOLLARS FOR MISS CRISPELL

Miss M. M. Crispell's verses, Alone, were printed in the July 25, 1936, Major Bowes Amateur Page, and won a five-dollar prize, announced in September 12 Liberty. A check for that amount sent to her given address has been returned to us.

Will Miss Crispell identify herself and her present whereabouts so that payment due her may be made?

LIVERS AND KIDNEYS IN DANGER?

Phoenix, Ariz.—Did it ever occur to you that stories like Nemesis in Hollywood, by Walter de Steiguer (September 19 Liberty), put a lot of screwy ideas in would-be murderers' heads? So, with the tremendous circulation of Liberty and the percentage of nitwit readers of all magazines, there are going to be loads of livers and kidneys go haywire.—*George A. Flading.*

HIGH PRAISE FOR STAR DUST

Reno, Nev.—I don't often write a letter to a magazine and I rarely read Liberty. But I was so delighted to stumble across a real story in it that I want to congratulate you.

Star Dust (September 19 issue) delighted me. Star Dust wasn't just words. Each one meant something. It was about two real human beings, and about a real race horse, too. The picture of that girl seeing the race in her furnished room is something I won't forget.—*Catherine F. Vanderbilt.*

WIDOWS ARE OVERRATED

Boston, Mass.—One of the most overrated and overpublicized institutions in the United States is the widow. Custom seems to have placed the widow on a pedestal, as something delicate and fragile to be handled with care and treated with almost reverence.

Where this idea originated I do not know, but I suspect the old-time melodramas had something to do with it. The hardhearted old landowner was always hounding the widow for the mortgage money.

If the truth were brought to light, we would see that widows should be handled with care all right. Not because they are fragile and delicate—no; when it comes down to brass tacks, more protection is needed against widows than for them.

DISPOSSESS

A widow is the slickest slicker there is. She uses her weeds and wiles to gain her ends and the most sophisticated bachelor among the worldly-wise is easy prey for her. She can give any modern debutante or fast-thinking chorus girl cards and spades in the business of capturing men and making suckers out of them.

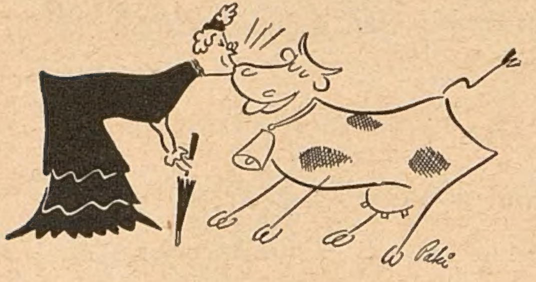
When I read or hear of a widow losing her home because she cannot pay off the mortgage, I have to laugh.

The chances are that she has her eye on a landlord who owns an apartment house!—*Allen Noe.*

DRINKS TOMATO JUICE TO SETTLE BARRYMORE'S LOVES

HICO, TEX.—I thought I had read silly articles before in my life, but The Loves of John Barrymore is beyond a doubt the silliest, most sickening thing I ever tried to read. It took nearly a quart of iced tomato juice to settle my stomach after reading the first installment.

Frederick Collins up till this time has been a favorite of mine; but I'll be hanged if I don't believe the man must have been delirious or hard pressed for money when he consented to write such stuff.



Of course I realize it takes all kinds of people to make the world; but, seriously, I doubt if any one is going to go into any ecstasies of "ahs" and "ohs" over any of the past—or present—of any one as old and outmoded as dear John. Every fellow to his own notion, as the old lady said when she kissed the cow; but I'm darned if cow kissing wouldn't be a cleansing thing after all the drivel in that article.—*Mary Cunningham.*

ALL KNOWN EMOTIONS HERE

WYMORE, NEB.—If one wishes to experience all known emotions, consistent perusal of Liberty's pages, especially the Vox Pop section, will net quite satisfactory results to most of the people.

Hardly a more accurate close-up of a cross section of the public mind could be wished for.—*G. T. Johnson.*

IS W. C. FIELDS MARRIED?

HAWTHORNE, N. Y.—In Clara Beranger's article some time ago concerning the life of W. C. Fields, the comedian, it was stated that he had never married. I happen to be acquainted with a man in Mount Vernon, New York, who states that W. C. Fields's wife is his cousin and also says that Mr. and Mrs. Fields have a son — I believe named Julius. They have been separated for a long time, but there must be an error somewhere.

Please advise if you find out which statement is correct.—*James Q. Carpentier.*

[Mr. Carpentier says that a relative of W. C. Fields claims that the comedian is married. Fields has consistently refused to discuss marriage either with his friends, associates, or newspaper people. So there is no definite way of confirming or denying the report. However, Fields has always been regarded as a bachelor by his friends in New York and Hollywood, and the general opinion is that he has never married.—*Clara Beranger.*]

"THE UNITED STATES . . . A SLEEK FAT LAMB"

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial in September 26 Liberty is intensely stimulating and reveals a very uncommon and admirable sense of patriotism. How tragic it is that we cannot seem to find men to govern our nation with the estimable sincerity, the ability to perceive and correct, which he possesses!

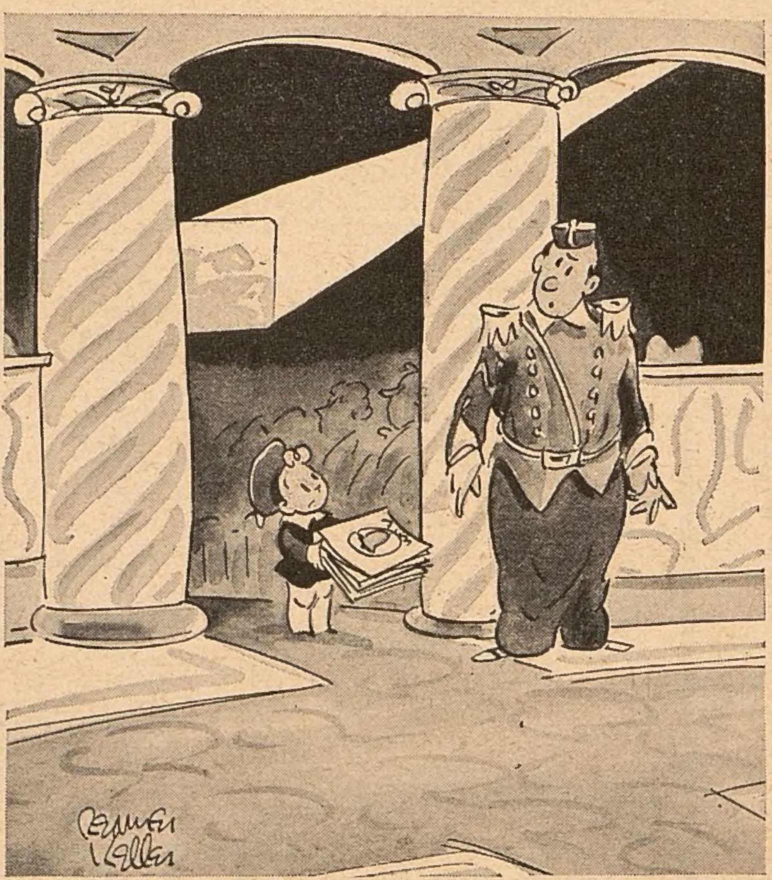
Arm! Increase, revise, correct, improve, invent! Build the army and the navy to the extreme limit. Then we may say with full assurance: "We shall have peace."—*Robert Swanson.*

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—A few facts will reveal to Mr. Macfadden that the sleek fat lamb (the United States) of his September 26 editorial is a lamb, yes—but a wolf in lamb's clothing.

In the first place, America is not unprepared, despite the hysterical comments made by Mr. Macfadden. In 1932 the budget for the army and navy was $545,000,000. In 1935 it was increased to $913,000,000, and it is estimated that this year's budget will amount to at least $1,050,000,000, not including the sum of $250,000,000 which is to be used for public works, among which the national defense is included.

Perhaps it is the raw-milk-and-raw-fruit diet that is responsible for Mr. Macfadden's aggressive nature. In that case, he should change to pasteurized milk and stewed prunes, thus avoiding hasty conclusions.—*Charles Downey.*

"HARDTACK"



"I'll have to have something thicker than a phone book—I still can't see."

"I LOVE FAT WOMEN"

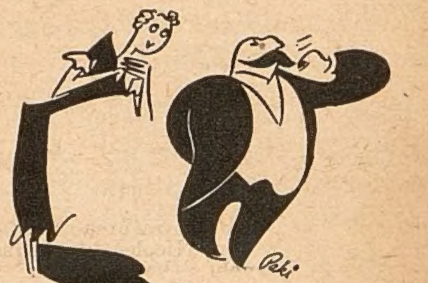
LAMAR, ARK.—G. Whiskey Kelly says he hates fat women (September 19 Vox Pop). The wretch! I love fat women. Whenever I get married I always marry a fat woman. I can pound her up without injuring my fists.—*Gin Rickey.*

WHISKERLESS SISSIES

SPOKANE, WASH.—Men should let their beards grow. The universal use of the razor has militated against man's dominance. Shaving off his whiskers has tended to sissify him and has reduced him to the mediocre average of woman in the scheme of creation.

It is impossible to imagine Moses without a beard. Certainly he would not have been revered without it, nor would any of the prophets. What would Buffalo Bill have been without his long hair and his goatee?

Let us bring back handle-bar mustaches, burnsides, and the supreme glory of full beards. Thus will man regain his rightful place in the world.—*J. T.*



FOOTBALL FANS TACKLE US

SALEM, ORE.—As a confirmed supporter of the football history of the University of Oregon, I am protesting a statement in September 26 Liberty.

On page 49 it is stated that the Washington Huskies "shouldered over everybody but Stanford and California." Who's your authority for that? The University of Oregon beat them in their own home town of Seattle last year, the score being 7-6 for the Webfeet. What is more, Washington has only won one game from Oregon in the last eight years, and has only crossed the Oregon goal line twice in that time!

It may be Liberty but "it sure ain't justice"!—*T. W. Creech.*

MINGO JUNCTION, OHIO—In September 26 Liberty there appeared the featured article Startling Football to Come—Four Great Coaches Prophesy. In Jim Crowley's part there appeared one blunder: It so happens that Clipper Smith is coaching Duquesne and not Villanova.

Evidently an oversight on the Fordham mentor's part.—*Peter Cashiol.*

[Not an oversight, Mr. Cashiol. John P. Smith is at Duquesne and M. J. ("Clipper") Smith is at Villanova. Your mistake!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

BROCKTON, MASS.—Popular tunes drifted into the open windows of District Judge Stewart B. McLeod's courtroom.

"This smacks of contempt of court," the judge said as he halted the session and ordered Court Officer John Romanus to stop the music.

The music ceased, and when Judge McLeod asked Romanus where it came from, he replied:

"From your car outside, your Honor. You forgot to turn off your radio."

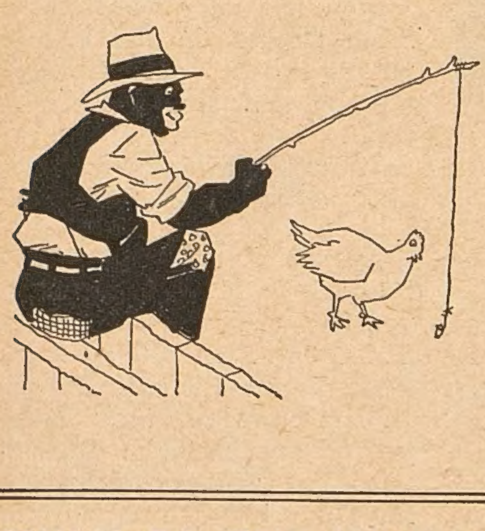
MEMPHIS, TENN.—Dorothy Becker won a one-dollar prize offered for the best "keep cool" idea. "I place fifty pounds of ice in the tub, then fill it with water, and remain in it fifteen or twenty minutes before retiring," she said. "I keep cool the rest of the night."

EVANSTON, ILL.—Mrs. Arthur B. Haven scored in Traffic Court. "I can't pay my fine," she said; "it's not in my budget." The judge, himself budget-bound, dismissed the defendant.

OKKAH, LABRADOR—An Eskimo entered a Hudson's Bay Company trading post after a four days' trip from the interior. He handed over a torn catalogue page showing a beautiful model wearing a dress marked $25. Then he handed over a $25 fox pelt and said: "Send me this woman. I want to make her my wife."

DETROIT, MICH.—Thieves looted the Zoological Park's safe of $1,000. Director John Millen moved the safe. To reach it burglars now must pass through a den of fifteen lions.

LEXINGTON, KY.—James Farris, a Negro, was caught baiting fishhooks with grains of corn and catching his neighbor's chickens over the back-yard fence. Judge Clyde Burton fined him ten dollars for fishing without a license.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The following came from a cigar store in Texas:

Through this door pass the finest people in the world—our customers.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY SCOTT EVANS

HAS SHE CAPTURED CLARK GABLE?

Has the blonde Venus of the screen—her measurements excel those of the famous statue—succeeded where fifty million other women have failed?

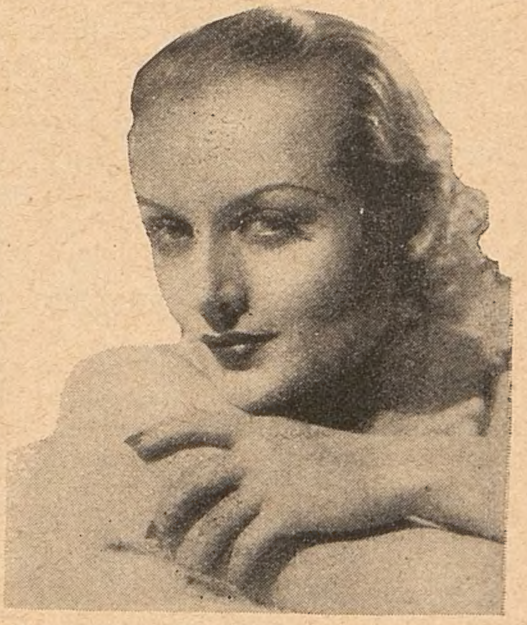
IS SHE IN LOVE AT LAST?

Carole is one of the most vivacious, fun-loving partyingest girls in Hollywood. Clark—although he has recently blossomed out as a social light—frankly doesn't care for it.

Will the lure of Carole's beauty and sprightliness be strong enough to draw the screen's cave man again to the altar?

Carole has naively admitted that she has experienced six of the seven kinds of love. Is her feeling for Gable the seventh—and final? Those who know her think it is. But as for Gable—they're not so sure.

Frederick Lewis knows them both; he knows their pasts and their temperaments. He speaks frankly about this latest romance that is thrilling all Hollywood next week in Liberty. Don't fail to read it next Wednesday, together with



WILL HITLER STRIKE FIRST?

At least four nations are deep in a desperate race to prepare for inevitable war. Two more are waiting the outbreak before they spring. Victory will go to the side that strikes first—and hardest! Will it be Hitler or ———?

George Sylvester Viereck has just returned from abroad with some startling facts about the coming war. He discloses them in a startlingly prophetic article in Liberty next week.

WILL THE VETERANS DEMAND MORE MILLIONS?

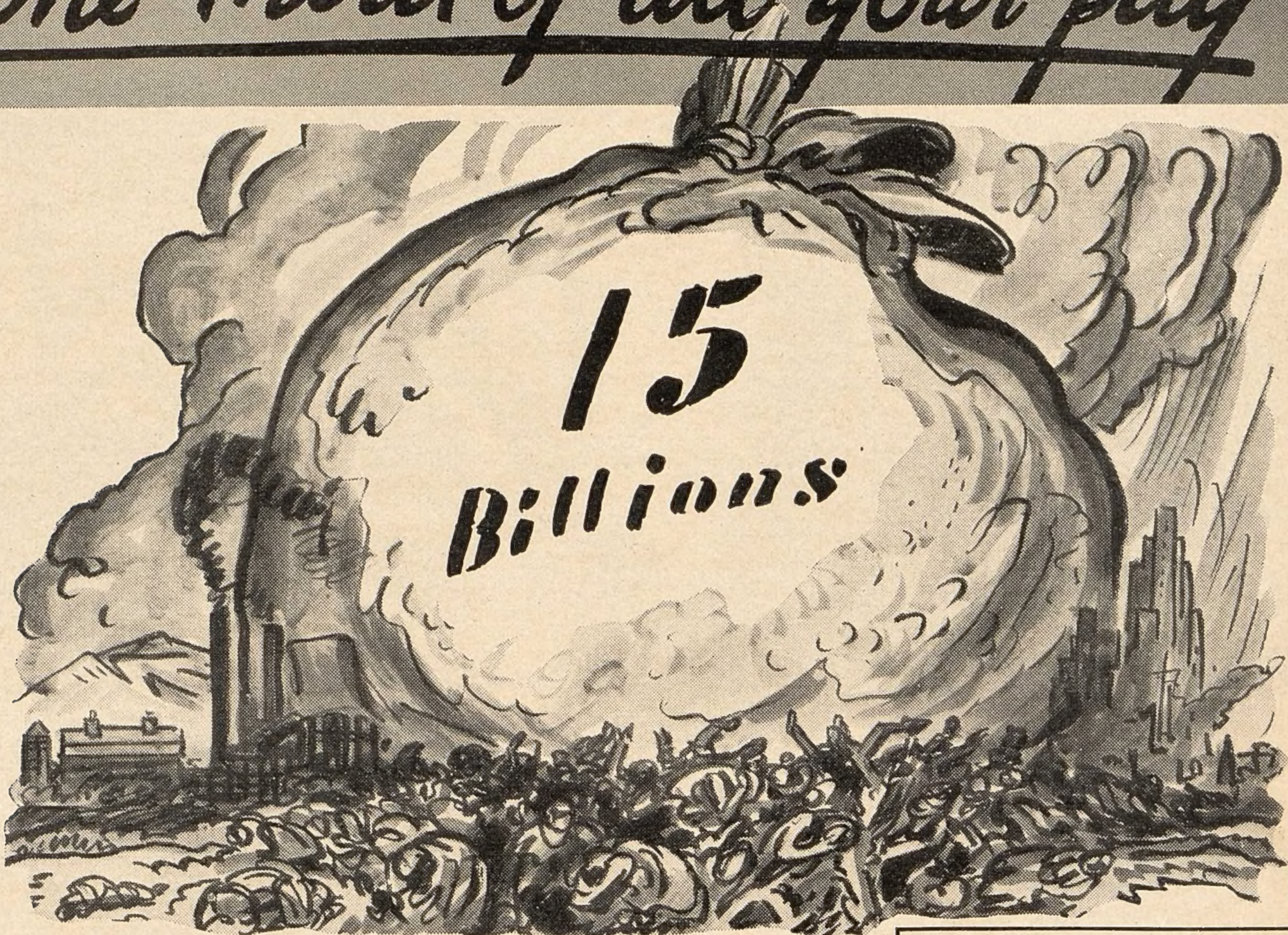
A question of vital interest, not only to those who saw service in the World War, but to their wives, widows, and children—in fact to every citizen of the entire country. Will Irwin answers it in a keen, unbiased manner in the next issue.

Also stories and articles by Rita Weiman, Edward Doherty, Steve Hannagan, Olga Moore, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE NOV. 4

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

GOVERNMENT COSTS EQUAL *one-third of all your pay*



"What! *One-third of all my pay for government?"*

OF COURSE! Perhaps you didn't realize it. It's an expensive business running the national, state and local governments—the way spendthrift politicians waste YOUR money!

The cost equals almost ⅓ of *all* you earn, but that is supposed to be a secret. That's why they *hide* your taxes! Take bread for example. 53 taxes are in every loaf. As for gasoline—40 to 60% of the price you pay goes for taxes.

The tax bill is so great EVERYBODY has to pay—the rich and the poor. (All the riches of all the rich people in the country wouldn't pay one year's taxes!) You just can't get away from it.

One-third of your weekly pay will keep on going for government unless you do something about it.

WHAT TO DO

Our annual taxes can be less, because the cost of government can be reduced.

It has been estimated that the true economy of statesmen, not the spending of self-seeking politicians, would reduce the nation's tax bill by BILLIONS of dollars. And, without sacrificing good government! We would still have money for ALL needed relief—all important projects.

It's up to you to bring your taxes down—by putting a stop to endless EXTRAVAGANCE and waste.

So make this resolution and keep it:

"I resolve to oppose every officeholder who cannot prove to me that he has used all his influence to reduce the cost of government."

Remember this resolution. You have all the power. You alone can oust political spendthrifts and put clear-headed lawmakers in their places.

ACT TODAY

Don't wait. You can stop tax wasting QUICKLY! Write these three letters. Mail them today:

One to your MAYOR *(or the County Clerk, if you live in the country). One to your* GOVERNOR. *One to the* PRESIDENT.

Write only one sentence in each letter and sign your name and address. Say: *"I want the cost of government reduced!"*

BUT DO IT TODAY! It's your job, Mr. and Mrs. Public. You alone can protect yourself. Don't fail. Let the wasteful spender know his game is up. Let's all help give America back to the people!

Write this letter today!

"I want the cost of Government REDUCED!"

MAIL COPIES OF IT TO:

1 **Your Mayor (or your County Clerk)**

2 **Your Governor**

3 **The President of the United States**

REGISTER—VOTE—Give your support to candidates, regardless of party, who WILL cut the waste out of government.

Space for this message is provided by Liberty because of a firm conviction that a reduced cost of government is vital to the interests of all its readers

No
7

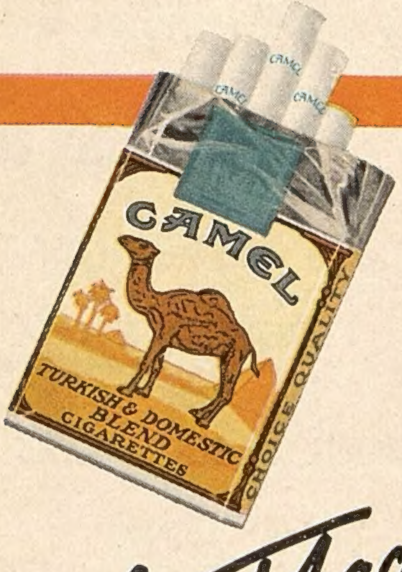
DEEP INTO THE WOODS. No luxuries here, as "Herb" Welch—famous Maine Guide—makes noon camp. Hearty outdoor appetites welcome the sense of digestive well-being that smoking Camels encourages. As "Herb" says: "I've lived on dried meat and I've dined on the best—but no matter what I'm eating, it always tastes better and digests better when I smoke Camels."

WHEREVER...
WHATEVER...
WHENEVER
YOU EAT—

For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels!

Smoking Camels encourages a proper flow of digestive fluids... increases alkalinity... brings a sense of well-being

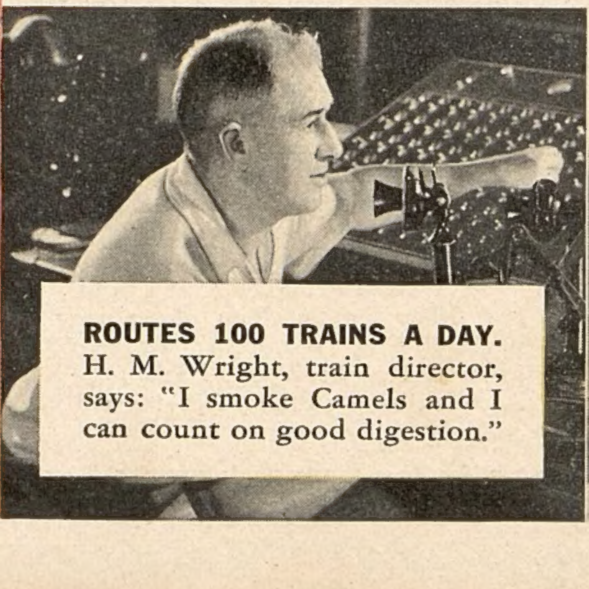
YOU eat over a thousand meals a year! Food is varied. Place and time often differ. Yet, thanks to Camels, you can help digestion meet these changing conditions easily. Smoking Camels speeds up the flow of digestive fluids. Tension eases. Alkalinity increases. You enjoy your food—and have a feeling of ease and contentment after eating. Mealtime or *any*time—make it Camels—for digestion's sake, for Camel's invigorating "lift," for mildness and fine flavor. Camels do not get on your nerves.



Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company



ROUTES 100 TRAINS A DAY. H. M. Wright, train director, says: "I smoke Camels and I can count on good digestion."

GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."